CAPTAIN RENAULT

VO

*We met several years ago when I was Prefect of Police in Casablanca. How and why Rick Blaine came to Casablanca has always remained a mystery. Rick seemed to appear very suddenly one day. He wanted to buy a failing club that was owned by a local executive. For an American to own a club was against bylaws in Casablanca. Like all rules, they are meant to be broken. As Prefect of Police, I see that rules are broken fairly when certain financial obligations are met.*

*Rick was an unusual character from the beginning but I liked him anyway. Instead of hiring local people who had experience in the cafe business, he hired the kind of people who were considered by some to be outcastes, refugees who had come to Casablanca to escape the continuing anti-Semitic, racist Nazis. Everyone knew the war was coming. The only question was how many countries would be overrun by the Blitzkrieg.*

*Rick remained neutral. As Rick put it, “He stuck his neck out for nobody.” His hiring of refugees suggested otherwise. He said it was just a coincidence.*

*From the beginning, Rick’s club was successful. His employees loved him because they were treated well and with dignity. I had suspicions from the beginning that underneath the rough exterior beat the heart of a sentimentalist. However, like most of us who were forced to “cooperate” with the Germans, Rick had a practical side by refusing to take sides. As Prefect of Police, I stroked more German egos than I care to remember. In the beginning, I knew he was a sentimentalist but one night he proved me wrong. He wasn’t a sentimentalist, he was a blatant patriot. Any man who gives up freedom to America and the most beautiful woman in Casablanca to fight the Germans is definitely a patriot. And that is where our story begins…..*

**EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT - FOG - LIGHT RAIN.**

A Boeing DC3 disappears into the clouds as the drone from plane slowly fades.

CAPTAIN RENAULT [stark white uniform] and RICK BLAINE [tan raincoat and fedora] watch as MAJOR GUNTER and four Nazi henchmen slide MAJOR STRASSER’S body into the back of an ambulance.

Both men walk toward a Citroën barely visible in the fog.

RICK

You were saying.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

There is something even

you don’t know. Something

you will find extremely

interesting.

RICK

Like what, Louie?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Thankfully, my negotiations

with Major Strasser were

completed before you decided

to permanently perforate him.

RICK

Yeah well, he had it coming.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

There was little doubt

about that. But thankfully, I

just accepted his offer to

head the main Prefecture in

Paris. Strasser arranged

everything. All the paper work,

all the red tape is done.

I will be leaving for Paris

in less than a week.

RICK

You sure you know what

you’re getting into?

Occupied Paris could be

dangerous - even for you.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Not the way I have it

planned. A man in my

position, privy to

vital information.

I could pass on that

information to the

Resistance. Imagine

the advantage the

Resistance would have

if they knew what the

German’s plans were

ahead of time. And if

you were in Paris……

Rick pauses for a moment. The grin on his scared face could only slightly reflect his overwhelming approval.

RICK

Louie, as I said before,

this is going to be the

start of a beautiful

friendship.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

In that case, we have things

to discuss. I think you should

stay in Casablanca for a

few days. Without Strasser

around, you won’t have to

worry about the Nazis

bothering you.

RICK

What about Cassel?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Cassel might be a problem.

He is very suspicious of

both you and me. Before

this is over we might be

forced to deal with him too.

When they reach the Citroën - Rick lit another cigarette. He listens for the drone from DC3 with ILSA and Victor on board but it is gone.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

[understanding Rick’s quandary]

Don’t worry Rick. Soon

ILSA will be just an

occasional memory

that will bring a

momentary smile

to your face.

RICK

Yeah, maybe - but somehow

I just don’t think so.

Both men get in the cramped interior of the Citroën and drive toward the Prefecture and the Captain’s apartment.

**EXT. NIGHT - FRONT OF THE PREFECTURE**.

LIEUTENANT CASSEL, a tall, steady man and Major Gunter, second in command to Strasser, stand in front of the two-story, adobe Prefecture. Their arms and hands are gesturing in the air - accenting their argument.

As Captain Renault steps from the Citroën, Lieutenant Cassel aggressively approaches him. The two men stand face to face - a classic confrontation between the power-hungry Lieutenant and Captain Renault’s steely-eyed stare. The Captain finally won the battle as Cassel steps down. Rick and Captain Renault walk toward the apartment door at the rear of the Prefecture.

Lieutenant Cassel and Major Gunter flung their hands in the air and yelled “Heil Hitler”. Rick and the Captain ignore the Nazi salute as they disappear behind the apartment door.

**INT. CAPTAIN’S APARTMENT**

The lighting is soft and a square, mahogany bar dominates the centre of the living room.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I have to watch Cassel

closely. He wants my job and

will stop at nothing to get it.

RICK

He’ll probably get what he

wants after you leave for Paris.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I wish there were ways around

it, but unfortunately

what you say is true. I can’t

imagine Casablanca with him

in charge. We might as well

give the damn place to the Germans.

Captain Renault put a 78 on the Victrola. The lamenting voice of Edith Piaf fills the room with Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien.

[I Have No Regrets]Rick sat at the bar with a pensive look on his face. The two men are quiet. The Captain pours cognac into two snifters. He hands one to Rick as he breaks the silence.

RICK

I’m am interested in

Paris. Somehow, I get that

you’ve been thinking about

that move for some time.

Why didn’t you tell me

about it before?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I didn’t know what your

intentions were. I had

reason to believe you

were a sympathizer, but

I had no idea you were

a blatant patriot - at

least not until this

ordeal with Victor and

the lovely ILSA. Any man

who gives up freedom

to America and the

most beautiful woman in

Casablanca to fight the

Germans is definitely a

patriot.

RICK

Maybe, but I don’t have

to tell you we’re heading

into a dangerous situation

in Paris. If the Germans

find out the Prefect of

Police is helping the

Resistance, they’ll

execute you on the spot.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

That is why I want you in

Paris. If I have any vital

information to pass along,

all communication will be

done between you and I -

*only*. If you are the only

one who knows what I am

doing, chances of me

getting caught would be minimal.

RICK.

I see. You don’t mind

being a hero, but you do

mind being a dead hero.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Precisely. I want to

make sure every Nazi

and their collaborators

are put in front of a

firing squad.

Captain Renault sits at his desk as he whirls the amber liquid around the bottom of his snifter.

RICK

Does that include

your collaborating

second in command,

Lieutenant Cassel?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Cassel is insignificant.

As long as he is in

Casablanca he does not

matter

RICK

Then it’s settled.

Paris it is.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I really think we can

make a difference in

Paris. I am sure of it.

RICK

Since we’re going to Paris

I’d better make a last call

at Yvonne’s. See you later.

Captain Renault laughs as Rick walks out the door but that would be the last time the Captain would see Rick in Casablanca.

When Rick jumps into his Citroen he makes a Uturn and dives toward Yvonne’s. Suddenly, he feels cold steel against the back of his head. Rick looks in the rear view mirror and recognizes Major Gunter.

RICK

You sure you got enough

balls to do this, Major?

That is the last thing Rick remembers.

Major Gunter and Cassel are gathered around a metal table at . Gestapo Headquarters on Avenue Fosh. Cassel is easily recognized, he stands a foot taller than Major Gunter.

Both men beat Rick with nightsticks. He is slumped over, head planted, forehead first, upon the white metal table. His hands are cuffed behind his back. Major Gunter of the Third Reich, grabs Rick by a clump of unruly hair and pulls his head off the table. Irritated by his lack of response, he slams Rick’s head down. He is out cold. His whole body is one bloodied mass.

Cassel does not want to be implicated in the crime so he has Major Gunter take him back to Germany to stand trial for the murder of Major Strasser.

**EXT. NEUTRAL LISBON - WARM HUMID NIGHT.**

ILSA and Victor stood on the balcony, savoring their freedom and the nightlights of Lisbon. ILSA is laughing and smiling. Victor puts his right arm around her and pulls her toward him. He kisses her on the cheek.

VICTOR LASZLO

I love you very much, ILSA.

ILSA

[Her gaze was soft and alluring]

I know.... I know.

You are the most

reassuring man I have

ever known. I owe

very much to you my

darling - more than

I can ever repay you,

no matter how much

time we will have

together in America.

VICTOR LASZLO

The fact that you are

here is payment enough.

Their bodies move together in one solid mass as they capture the mood, but their interlude is short. They hear a muted knock on the door.

Victor breathes out in frustration as he answers the door. ILSA could hear the muted sounds of voices - one familiar, one not. They were the voices of caution that have become so familiar after four years of secret liaisons with Resistance fighters.

When ILSA enters the living room, a tall muscular man with thick black hair and an equally thick moustache stands and waits for the introduction.

VICTOR LASZLO

ILSA, my dear, this is

Senhor.....

ANTONIO GILBERTO ESTAFANIA

My name is ANTONIO GILBERTO

ESTAFANIA at your service.

ILSA smiles and shakes his hand.

ILSA

Hello Senhor Estafania.

To what do we owe the

pleasure of your company?

He kisses ILSA’S hand and looks at Victor for permission. When Victor gave a slight nod, Senhor Estafania began his explanation.

SENHOR ESTAFANIA

I don’t want to alarm you,

but I feel I must warn you.

The Germans are trying

to stop Senhor Victor

from leaving Lisbon.

They know you are here.

ILSA

Yes, I was aware they followed

us here last night.

VICTOR LASZLO

You knew?

ILSA

Of course, Victor.

SENHOR ESTAFANIA

People feel safe here

but the Nazis have many

spies. They wear no

uniforms, which makes

them dangerous.

ILSA sat deeply down on the sofa.

SENHOR ESTAFANIA

We followed them while they

were following you. My

friends and I in Lisbon

who are as you say....

Estafania pauses for moment, searching for a word.

ILSA

Sympathetic to the cause?

SENHOR ESTAFANIA

Yes, Yes, Senhora. That

is not the word, but

that is a better word.

Please, may I continue?

ILSA finally broke into a smile, finding their newly found friend quite comical.

ILSA

Yes, of course.

SENHOR ESTAFANIA

We will plan for your

escape tonight at the

meeting. I asked Senhor

Victor if you would like

to come along, but he

said it would be safer

if you stayed here. Will

the Senhora be all right?

ILSA

Thank-you for

your concern, Senhor

but I will be fine.

I gotten used to this.

VICTOR LASZLO

We’ve got to leave now,

ILSA. Don’t forget

to lock the door when we leave.

ILSA

Of course.

Victor put his arm around his wife. He whispers in her ear.

VICTOR LASZLO

We won’t be long

and I promise you

this will be the

last meeting.

ILSA watches the two men disappear down the stairway before she locks the door.

**EXT. LISBON - IN TRANSIT**.

Moments later they are out the side door. Estafania escorts Victor and opens the front door of a waiting car for him. Estefania sits in back and introduces him to the driver. Victor reaches out to shake his hand when Estafania grabs Victor’s arms from behind and pins him to the front seat. They struggle as the driver sticks a syringe into Victor’s arm. The needle breaks but the effects of the drug are almost immediate as Victor passes out.

The diver speeds down several streets until they enter two large open gates that lead to Our Lady of Fatima Funeral Parlour.

Two nurses place an IV in Victor's arm to keep him sedated while the driver and Estefania change into mourning suits. They place him in a coffin and slip it into the back of a hearse.

In less than an hour, Victor is on his way to the concentration camp in Terezin, Czechoslovakia, the camp he had escaped from more than two years before. Victor's brazen escape embarrassed Anton Burger the camp Commandant and Burger had spared no effort or money in getting him back to exact his revenge.

**INT. HOTEL**

All Resistance meetings last for no more than two hours so ILSA knew there was a problem by midnight when Victor did not return. If there was something wrong he would have phoned but there was no phone call and no Victor. She fell into a fitful sleep and by early the next morning there is still no sign of Victor. He would never leave her alone for any long period of time and it had been fourteen hours since he left. Like it or not she had to face reality. There is a good chance that she may never see Victor again. She phones the desk clerk.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Front desk.

ILSA

My husband and I are

staying for one more

night.

.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Yes Madam.

They day goes by painfully slow and by 2PM she orders two sandwiches from room service.

After she eat, ILSA phones Rick’s Café Americain in Casablanca but the phone is out of service. She phones the Prefecture in Casablanca but she is told Captain Renault has been transferred but they refuse to say where.

ILSA packs her clothes and Victor’s in case he returns before their flight leaves. She found the essentials in Victor’s briefcase; airline tickets leaving at 7PM today from Portela International Airport, destination, Washington DC, $30,000 in US and French Francs, the all important letter of introduction from Charles de Gaulle. The letter gives Victor and ILSA legitimacy and *power of attorney* to represent and transfer all funds for the Free French to a commercial account in the Bank of England.

When she finishes getting ready she took a cab to the Airport. She didn’t want to be late for their 7PM flight to the America but her last wish didn’t come true. Victor didn’t show up for the flight.

**INT.MAYFLOWER HOTEL - WASHINGTON DC**.

The 22 hour flight from Lisbon to Washington DC gave her time to plan her strategy. After ILSA checks into the Mayflower Hotel, she hires a secretarial service to have 535 letters of introduction typed and delivered to each congressman and woman and all 100 senators. When she is sure all politicians are aware of her as representative of the Free French under Charles de Gaulle, ILSA starts to make phone calls. There are only 8 congresswomen out of the 435 so she contacts them first and tries to make appointments, thinking as women, they would be more approachable.

She is disappointed when she can’t get past their first line of defense - their secretaries. When she introduces herself as a representative of Charles de Gaulle, questions like Who? Resistance? Free French? She is surprised how uninformed these women are but the men are even worse. And when the brief conversations got around to money, the conversation is stopped, usually politely but stopped none-the-less. ILSA knows she has to get through to the congressmen and women in order to have a chance to explain what is going on in the world.

ILSA finally succeeds in seeing Edith Nourse Rogers, a long time congresswoman from Massachusetts but it wasn’t without a little trickery.

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS’SECRETARY

Congresswoman Rogers’ office

ILSA

Hi, my name is ILSA.

I am a constituent of

Congresswoman Rogers

from Massachusetts. I

would like to make an

appointment to see the

Honorable Congresswoman

at her convenience but

I am only her for three

days. I apologize for

the short notice.

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS’SECRETARY

[over the phone]

What is this regarding?

ILSA

Sorry, I don’t mean to be

flippant or rude but this

is a personal matter. But

it is of grave importance

to the Congresswoman.

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS’SECRETARY

Let me check her schedule.

She can see you tomorrow

afternoon at two o’clock.

Please be on time.

ILSA

Just to confirm.

She is in the Cannon

Building on Independence

Avenue, Suite 345.

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS’SECRETARY

That is correct. I am sorry

what is your name again please.

ILSA

ILSA. I will see you

tomorrow at two o’clock.

Thank-you.

**INT. CANNON BUIDING - OFFICE 365**.

The Congresswoman stands and reaches over her desk to shake ILSA’s hand.

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS

How can I help you my dear.

ILSA

First, I have to apologize

for misrepresenting myself. I

am not one of your

constituents. I am here

representing the Free French

under Charles de Gaulle.

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS

REALLY, Miss Lund? You have

come a very long way.

ILSA

As I was saying

I represent the Resistance

Fund that was established by

Charles de Gaulle and my

husband in order for the Free

` French and the Resistance

to succeed. They need money

for arms, food and….

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS

Please Miss Lund, let me stop

you there. I am sorry to tell

you this but there is a very

anti-war sentiment going on in

the US at this time.

Isolationist America does

not want to go to war and to

be honest, it would be

difficult for me to send

tax dollars to an unknown

organization to fight a war

that doesn’t directly affect

us. I am sorry but I think

you can understand my

predicament in this matter.

ILSA

I understand fully. Do you

have any advice on who to

contact?

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS

The best advice I can give you

is to hire a lobbyist. It will

cost you but they know the right

congressman or woman to ask.

Your chances will be much

better with them. I assure you.

She hands ILSA several business cards.

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS continues

They deal with mostly

government persuasion but

perhaps they can help with

private sector as well.

I wish you luck in this

God-forsaking war, Mrs. Lund.

I have to admit, what you

doing is honorable. Hitler

is the devil’s advocate

and he must be stopped.

ILSA

Actually, it was my husband’s

idea. He is missing. He went

to a meeting one night and

never returned but I am

hopeful he is still alive.

I am carrying on his legacy.

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS

I am sorry about your

husband, Miss Lund. I would

like to help you in any way

but you can understand my

situation.

ILSA

Yes, I understand. Thank you

for the advice.

**INT. MORNING - THE MAYFLOWER HOTEL**

Early the next morning, ILSA is having coffee in the restaurant adjacent to the front desk. She is looking at the cards Congresswoman Rogers gave her.

The TV was just feet away and the weather report said it was an unusually cold for December 7th. Suddenly, there was news flash. Edward R. Murrow cut in and announces the Empire of Japan had attacked Pearl Harbor. Like everyone, ILSA is shocked. She sat in the lounge and watches for an hour before she returns to her room. Just as she closes the door her phone rings.

ILSA

Hello

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS

Miss Lund? This Congresswoman

Rogers. I am sure you have seen

the news.

ILSA

Yes, of course

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS

I have spoken to several lobbyists

this morning and explained your

situation to them and I am sorry

but it would be difficult for them

to lobby on your behalf, given the

present situation. I am sorry to

tell you that.

ILSA

Please don’t be sorry, Ma’am.

I appreciate what you have

done. Thank-you.

CONGRESSWOMAN ROGERS

I wish you good luck Miss Lund.

Good-bye.

When ILSA hung up the phone, she immediately book a flight for England with inevitable stopover in the Azores.

**INT. JAIL CELL - SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY**

Rick wakes up in a 10 X 15 cell with a metal sink, a toilet and a thin mattress on a concrete slab. Despite his spartan surroundings, someone has taken care of him. They bandaged Rick’s head and his rib cage. Someone shaved him and he wore a clean hospital gown. When he moves any muscle, his face would grimace as the pain shot up his back. He had only been awake for several minutes when he hears a key penetrating the lock echo off the walls and the cell door creaking open.

She wore a full operating gown, which is designed for maximum protection, with mask, eye visor, hair cover, and gloves. There were blood stains on her gown.

RICK

Do you speak English?

DOCTOR

Yes.

RICK

How long have I been here?

`

DOCTOR

Three weeks to the day.

You were close to death

when you arrived.

You had to be resuscitated.

RICK

Who did the honors?

I should thank them.

She didn’t answer the question but Rick knew when her face turned red, she gave him, “Mouth to Mouth”.

RICK

Why am I in pain?

DOCTOR

Judging by the contusions

someone beat you severely

with nightsticks. You

have broken ribs,

a fractured skull, numerous

muscle and probably bone

contusions. You have been

assigned to me but that is

temporary until another

physician can perform

your surgery.

RICK

Why am I having surgery?

She hesitates for a moment as if to think of an answer to give him.

DOCTOR

He has to repair damage

made by the nightsticks.

Moments later two orderlies bring in a tray of food. One loosens the restrains around his wrists and the other waits until he sits up before he places the tray on his lap. Both orderlies wait in case their prisoner gets aggressive.

RICK

That smells good.

The doctor looks at food on the tray.

DOCTOR

It’s sauerkraut, pork

schnitzel and boiled

potatoes.

RICK

That means, There’s a good

chance, I’m in Germany.

DOCTOR

Very observant.

RICK

That’s not too difficult to

guess considering sauerkraut

is the national dish of

Germany.

DOCTOR

That is true.

RICK

Why is the other doctor

taking over my care? I

kinda like you. Can I

keep you for my doctor?

DOCTOR

No.

Suddenly, Rick lost his appetite

RICK

I was reading in Stars

and Stripes that Germans

were experimenting with

organ transplants. They

would harvest organs and

transplant them into

Germans that were going

to die anyway if they

didn’t get the needed

kidney or liver. The sad

part is that none of the

transplants worked - so far

Both patients die. That’s

why you kept me healthy.

DOCTOR

[to the orderlies]

Tie him back up.

RICK

I guessed right didn’t I?

I am usually better at

judging people. I was

definitely wrong about you.

DOCTOR

Put restrains on his legs

and tape his mouth shut

as well. Then go home when

your shift is over. He is

not going anywhere but be

here early tomorrow. Dr.

Mengele will operate

tomorrow morning. He wants

you here early.

Later that night when his orderlies had gone home, Rick’s doctor unlocked his cell door. She put a vertical finger to her lips to keep him quiet.

DOCTOR

[whispers]

Are you right handed?

RICK

No

She opens the lock around his left wrist and put the key on his chest before the doctor quickly locks the cell door and scurries away. Not surprisingly, the key opens the other locks around his wrist and his ankles but the cell door is still locked.

He had no choice but to wait. Later that night, Rick hears gunfire that lasts for more than an hour before a massive explosion shook the building so hard fragments of the building fell on him. The dust is thick, making it difficult to breathe. He put his shirt around his mouth. His eyes are burning.

Suddenly, there are three men at his cell door yelling at him in English and French. Rick moves toward the door then he quickly backs away. Moments later, a small explosion blew the cell door open and with a flash and a bang, he is free. As Rick and the men ran out of the building, he looks around but there are no guards. They are dead. His rescuers gave Rick a small satchel before they ran off in different directions so Rick took heed and did the same.

When he is far enough away, he searches his satchel. It contains rations, a small flashlight, five Reichsmarks, 5 French Francs, a compass and a note written in English. He uses the flashlight to read the note.

CAPTAIN RENAULT VO

*Catch the 7am train to Neuilly/Paris at the station in Strasburg. You are 6 kilometers due east of Strasburg. The Germans set hundreds of prisoners free from the nearby concentration camp. Blend in with the rest of the prisoners when they board the train.*

***Important.*** *Use Reichsmarks in Strasburg for it is now part of Germany. You* ***do not*** *want to draw attention to yourself by using French Francs. Your contact in Neuilly will be a man named “Marcel”. He will meet you at the station. Good Luck.*

With his compass showing him the way, Rick starts walking. He was on his own but he could not complain. He was free.

**EXT. ILE DE LA CITE, PARIS**

As he did on most days, Captain Renault leaves the Prefecture at noon. He walks across the Seine at Pont Neuf and enters the Latin Quarter. When he reaches Cafe Les Deux Magots on Place Sainte-Germain, he sat on the inside.

As he did on most days, Captain Renault sits at the same table and Marcel, serves him a cup of real coffee and places a Paris Soir, a pro German newspaper, on the table next to him.

As he did on most days, when the Captain visits he discretely slips a note into the folds of the Paris Soir for Marcel to read after the Captain leaves. This day is different, however. Along with the usual note, the Captain slips an envelope into the folds of the paper.

As he did on most days, when the Captain has left, Marcel clears the table and reads the note in secret.

CAPTAIN RENAULT VO

*Tomorrow you must meet the morning train [9am] from Strasburg at the Neuilly train station. Look for a man who will be near*

*the last to leave the train. He might be wearing a tan trench coat and a fedora.*

*He goes by the name of Rick Blaine. I assure you he can be trusted. From now on, you and Rick are going to be working together. Read the contents of the envelope before you give it to Rick.*

**EXT. COLD DAY - NEUILLY TRAIN STATION**

A crowd of optimistic French women and a few men gather and wait for a train from Germany. The Nazis freed two hundred French war prisoners. They hope the gesture would entice the much needed French labor force to work the factories in Germany.

Few people, though destitute and starving, sign up for the train ride to the German factories. To the ardent French, working for the Nazis is considered nothing less than a flagrant act of treason.

Faces in the crowd reflect the gamut of emotions. Some faces are smiling and other faces are visibly strained and overcome with anxiety.

The crowd began celebrating the exodus, as the locomotive came into sight. Some mothers lift their children over their heads, hoping their fathers would recognize them. Others are too afraid to look.

Someone told the lady in waiting some time ago that the Gestapo had killed her husband but she came anyway. She hopes for a miracle.

The train eases its way into the station with tattered men with skeletal but beaming faces hung out its windows. They are waving at a frantic pace. Liberation from a Nazi prison is at hand for these Frenchmen.

Even before the locomotive stops, the prisoners jump onto the platform. A middle-aged woman who is dressed in elegant clothes cries in the arms of a consoling friend. She has learned the fate of her husband. Her worst nightmare is realized.

Two children finally get a glimpse of a man they hadn’t seen in two years, broke from their mother’s grasp and ran toward him yelling, Pa - Pa, Pa - Pa. Their father crouches down as his children run into his arms, screaming in jubilation. His wife slowly walks toward him anxiously crying with hands clinging to a hanky. The man stood erect, never taking his eyes from her. When they met, their bodies, pressed together hard and fast in an emotional embrace with their children wedged between them.

The lady-in-waiting Is waiting no more when she sees her husband jump from the train. He is badly bruised and battered, but alive. When they embrace, the woman looks over his shoulder toward the heavens. She thanks God for bringing her husband home to her.

Suddenly, four years of anxiety, frustration and hatred fled their bodies. Once again, it is like before - before the occupation robbed them of their dignity, humanity and liberty.

Behind the train station, up on a steep, snow-covered knoll, Marcel waits and watches. His eyes nervously dart back and forth from the men as they disembark and the Germans. The Germans and their Vichy puppets are working the crowd like ardent politicians taking credit for the liberation.

Marcel finally sees someone who matches the description of the man Captain Renault gave him. Marcel moves carefully down the slippery knoll. He crosses the concrete platform and moves toward the last man to set foot off the train. He wore a fedora pulled down on his forehead and a lose fitting tan raincoat. When he realizes the last man in the fedora is coming his way. Marcel stops him.

MARCEL

Monsieur Blaine?

Monsieur Rick Blaine?

RICK BLAINE

Who wants to know?

MARCEL

My name is Marcel.

I have been instructed

by Captain Renault to

give you important

information. Please,

follow me, Monsieur.

They cautiously walk with the dispersing crowd. As they pass the station, both men keep a wary eye on the German officials. They stop well beyond the train station at a small cafe on Rue Sainte-Germain.

The cafe is across the street from the last stop on the Metro subway, which leads into Paris. The typical Parisian cafe is empty and dark, an ideal place to talk beyond the scrutiny of Germans. As they sit at a table, Marcel begins the conversation.

MARCEL

You are a little thinner

than your description,

Monsieur.

RICK BLAINE

I recommend anyone who

wants to lose weight to

enroll in a concentration

camp. I can guarantee the results.

Never one to beleaguer the pleasantries, Rick got to the point.

RICK BLAINE

So what do you want to

tell me?

MARCEL

Yesterday, I received

a communication from

Captain Renault.

You of course know him?

RICK BLAINE

Yeah, I know him.

MARCEL

The letter instructed me

to meet you at the train

station. Captain Renault

is well connected because

no one knew about the train.

RICK BLAINE

Captain Renault is a very

resourceful guy.

MARCEL

Beside your description,

he gave me a deed to a cafe on

Avenue Marceau, not far from

the Champs-Élysées - in your

name, Monsieur. Here are all

the documents.

Marcel discretely looks around before he hands Rick a folded manila envelope.

MARCEL

And even more amazing or

perhaps it was just a

coincidence; the name of

the cafe is Rick’s Cafe.

The cafe is closed now

but everything is there.

We could open today.

These circumstances are

most unusual, Monsieur.

Don’t you think?

RICK BLAINE

Yeah, well Captain Renault

is just an unusual kinda

guy. I take it you and

the Captain have been

working together.

MARCEL

Qui Monsieur,

He had given me interesting

information in the past but

nothing like this.

RICK BLAINE

Let’s hope he has more

interesting information

in the future.

A tall gangly server with a prominent overbite asks the two men if they would like anything to drink. Rick speaks with a sense of purpose.

RICK BLAINE

No thanks. Come on Marcel,

we’ve got work to do.

**EXT. PARIS, SPRING OF 1942**.

They took the Metro for several stops and got off at Avenue Fosh. A man named Perrot is waiting for them in a bicycle taxi. Rick is impressed.

MARCEL

Since there is no gas

some cab drivers welded their

bicycles on the back half

of their cabs. Perrot is a

former Tour de France

professional so he is

probably the fastest cab

driver in all of Paris.

After Marcel introduced Rick to Parrot, he took them on a tour of Paris. Within moments, Rick notices the ugliest signs in Paris.

RICK

What the hell are those?

MARCEL

The Germans get lost easily

so these ugly white wooden

signs with black letters

have sprouted up around

the city giving them

directions.

RICK

I’ve got a good idea

already on how to

confuse the Germans.

MARCEL

Qui, Monsieur Rick.

I know exactly what

you are thinking.

We can have the Germans

lost by several miles

before they even

know they are lost.

RICK

I’m glad we think alike

but you can drop the

“Monsieur”. Just Rick will do.

Perrot turns around and discretely points down Avenue Fosh. There is a changing of the guards at Gestapo headquarters.

MARCEL

He is pointing at Gestapo

headquarters. Parisians

have been banned from

that street.

People who live near-by say

they can hear captured

Resistance fighters

being tortured. If they can’t

get information from them

they are killed. They are

led by Major Hanns Gruber

who is famous for his

brutality. He spares no pain.

Perrot took several side streets until he stops at Rick’s Café on Avenue Marceau. The drop off is fast. There was no idle chatter just an exchange of money to make it seem like a genuine cab ride.

PERROT

[paranoid whisper]

Welcome to the fight,

Monsieur Rick.

Rick and Marcel paused for a moment looking at the front of the café. A folded door stretched 15metres across the front, separating the inside from the patio. The sign “Rick’s Café” was small and circular and split the terrace from the downstairs bar. The tables and chairs on the patio look new but the umbrellas are not. Marcel gave Rick the keys.

At that moment, a woman turns the corner from Champs-Élysées and walks towards the two men. Marcel recognizes her.

MARCEL

I forgot to tell you.

I took the liberty of hiring

a good cook, and waitress.

She does everything.

As she got closer, Rick recognizes that walk, which oozed sex appeal. It is Yvonne. Rick had a relationship with her before ILSA came to Casablanca but that was a long time ago. He never thought he would see her again but he is glad she is here.

YVONNE

Hello Rick, Hello Marcel.

Yvonne and Rick hugged. For the two of them it is a familiar hug and a familiar fit. It felt like old times.

RICK

Hello Yvonne. It’s

good to see you.

[Rick to Marcel]

Yvonne and I have worked

together before. We can

trust her.

MARCEL

That wasn’t difficult

to tell.

RICK

In that case, we

better get started.

They unfold the front doors and when they turned on the electricity, they were in business. An hour later, Perrot, their first customer arrives for coffee. When the day is over, they amassed a fortune of 6.5 francs, which wasn’t bad considering.

Rick, Marcel and Yvonne are sitting on the terrace marveling at documents Captain Renault had put together.

RICK

All the legal documents

are here in that envelope

and up to date. I am

impressed. He even wrote

us a note.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

[VO]

*Welcome to Paris, Monsieurs.*

*I hate not using names since it seems so impersonal writing my best friend and not being able to use your name. I understand from our mutual friend that you have survived and are doing remarkably well considering what you have gone through. That is good news considering this year could be a difficult one for both of us.*

*It is difficult to believe that it has been more than a year since we planned for this day. Unfortunately, we cannot toast to this occasion in person. We have our jobs to do, as we planned long ago.*

*To say the city has changed a lot in the last year would be a monumental understatement as you are now finding out. The city may seem calm to you after your first impression but it is in turmoil, my friend. You are soon going to find out there is a war being waged. It is a quiet war but scores of people are being killed every day without fail. It is sad to say I know too many of them.*

*I don’t have to tell you the occupation forces dominate every aspect of life in Paris. I can’t even look at that damn swastika hanging from the Eiffel Tower. You know as well as I do that it is the ultimate insult to proud Parisians and especially to us. The happiest day of my life will be when we rip that Nazi flag down and have it burned. And have every Nazi hanged and burn in hell for all eternity.*

*Our Paris was vibrant and alive but now the city streets and massive boulevards are cold and empty.*

*Just a word of caution; Don’t be judgmental of Parisians who seem to collaborate with Germans for most Parisians begrudgingly participate with them. They really have no choice. These are not militant people. They can only wait for the liberation of their beloved Paris - when the City of Light will be rekindled by you and me and thousands of others who are known as the militant Resistance, without us, the eventual liberation of France will not be possible. They are us and we are them. But be wary of the blatant collaborators. These are the people who are worse than the Nazis ‘cause they have turned on their own people for political and financial gain. Anyway, welcome home my friend. It is good to see you. Talk to you soon. Be safe.*

**EXT. TERRACE - 24HOURS LATER.**

As the clock struck twelve signaling the noon hour, the soldiers of the Wehrmacht began their daily march down the Champs-Élysées.

Not far from the Champs-Élysées, on the west side of Avenue Marceau, amid the never ending row of shops, boutiques and restaurants of all distinctions, Rick Blaine wearing simple black trousers and a pewter grey shirt buttoned all the way to the collar sat on the terrace above his cafe. Gone were the decadent days in Casablanca when elegant black ties, silk shirts and white suits were the norm. These are more stoic times and elegant haberdashery fit neither the mood nor the demeanor of Paris.

Rick watches with fleeting interest the German display from his vantage point as he read another leaflet passed to him by Perrot.

On the terrace, Rick set the leaflets on fire in the ashtray placed in the middle of the white wrought-iron table. He looks at his watch and as anticipated, Captain Renault, unruffled as usual, has rounded the corner with his customary Paris-Soir, neatly tucked under his arm.

As he approaches the cafe, the bi-play between Rick and Captain Renault is discrete at best. None-the-less both men are completely aware of each other’s presence.

Captain Renault sat under the furthest umbrella away from the Champs-Élysées, and put the Paris-Soir carefully upon the table. It is a signal for Rick and Marcel. There was a message stuffed between its pages.

Yvonne approaches Captain Renault with a tray perched on the ends of her delicate fingers. She smiles and places a coffee in front of him.

YVONNE

How are you today, Captain?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I am fine Yvonne.

As she disappears into the shadows of the café, Captain Renault looks at his watch; he didn’t want to be late for his meeting with the head of occupation forces in Paris, General von Choltitz - a meeting, which would change his life forever. The Captain drinks his coffee then leaves as quickly as he came. He left the Paris Soir on the table.

A man and a woman crowded into the rear compartment of a bicycle-taxi turns erratically around the corner from the Champs-Élysées. The lean bicyclist slows the vehicle as it nears Rick's. The man and the woman got out of the cab and leave in opposite directions.

The young man, looking overtly dressed in a leather flight jacket and a white scarf, walks with an arrogant swagger into Rick’s.

Marcel and Yvonne look at each other in total disbelief. Yvonne reacts quickly, approaching him with a smile as he sat inside the cafe. She spoke to him in French and English.

YVONNE

Comment allez-vous.

I think you should

come with me, Monsieur.

The young man’s eyes sparkled, but he said nothing as he rose and followed Yvonne’s inviting smile toward the stairs, which led to Rick’s office and the terrace.

**INT. UPSTAIRS - RICK’S OFFICE**

When they walked through the swinging doors, Rick looked up as he sat at his desk, guarding the entrance to the terrace.

YVONNE

Rick this is Jack Armstrong.

JACK ARMSTRONG

Lieutenant Jack Armstrong,

*sir*. 1st Army Airborne, *sir*.

RICK BLAINE

Relax Lieutenant, acting

like a military man -

especially an American

military man can get you

into a lot of trouble

around here. What’s your

name again?

JACK ARMSTRONG

Jack, sir.

RICK BLAINE

From now on Jack, it’s

first names, no saluting,

no calling anyone, sir,

and most of all get rid

of that flight jacket

and that scarf. It’s as

obvious as walking up to

the Gestapo and telling

him you’re an American

combat pilot. Yvonne, get

a jacket for Jack. Give

him that blue pea-coat I

have in the closet and

didn’t someone leave a

beret here?

Yvonne opens the slightly warped wooden closet door and found the blue pea-coat and the beret.

RICK BLAINE

How did you get here, Jack?

JACK ARMSTRONG

My B26 was shot down on a

bombing run over Rouen.

All my crew deployed their

parachutes but we got separated.

I met a woman and she hid me

for a few days in her farmhouse

then she brought me to the

outskirts of Paris when two

others brought me here. There are

many dedicated people out there,

sir. Oh, Excuse me, sir. I meant

to say, Rick.

RICK BLAINE

That’s okay Jack, you’ll

get used to it. There

could be a time when

your life may depend

on it. What happened

to the rest of your crew?

JACK ARMSTRONG

I’m not one hundred

percent sure. I think

they were captured.

The whole area was

crawling with Nazis.

I was real lucky to get

out without getting caught.

Yvonne slips the pea coat over Jack’s shoulders, and the beret over his head. She adjusts the beret so it dips a little to the left.

YVONNE

There you are -

now you look like

a real Frenchmen.

JACK ARMSTRONG

Thanks Yvonne, you guys

don’t mind if I sit?

It’s been a long trip.

RICK BLAINE

Sorry Jack, you won’t

have time. You’ve got

to get out of here and

fast. You weren’t

exactly discrete

walking through that

door. You’re going to

a safe-house for a few days,

then we’ll have to get

you somewhere else before

we can get you out of

here to England.

JACK ARMSTRONG

Where am I going?

RICK BLAINE

To Madame Bouvier’s. . ..

JACK ARMSTRONG

[voice cracked]

Madame Bouvier’s?

RICK BLAINE

Don’t get so excited Jack.

It’s not what you think.

Over here women who are

married are called Madame,

not because they run a

brothel.

JACK ARMSTRONG

Oh!

Jack couldn’t hide the look of disappointment on his face.

RICK BLAINE

Yvonne, take ‘poker face’

here over to Madame Bouvier’s.

Act like lovers, that usually

keeps the Germans from asking

questions.

Jack’s face beams when he realizes Yvonne is going with him. Rick wants to impress upon Jack exactly what the possible outcome of anyone caught on the streets after curfew.

RICK BLAINE

In Paris, if you get

caught out after

curfew there’s a very

good chance they will

put you in front of

a firing squad. Isn’t

that right, Yvonne.

YVONNE

I’m afraid that’s true, Mon Cheri.

RICK BLAINE

If you don’t believe me

and Yvonne, ask about

four thousand Resistance

fighters, but unfortunately

they can’t tell you -

they’re dead.

Rick looks at his watch.

RICK

It’s five o’clock

so that should give

you plenty of time.

Stay put at Madame

Bouvier’s, Jack. Don’t

go anywhere! We’ll contact

you in a few days, and

remember, if you screw

up, both you and Madame

Bouvier will be killed.

I don’t want any screw-ups.

Whatever she says goes -

you got that?

Jack nods his head and swallows his gum. Yvonne put her arm around Jack, thrusting her ample bosom against him and spoke in French because she knows too well that the French language drives American guys crazy and she love to do that.

YVONNE

Viens Mon Cheri,

we have a long walk

ahead of us.

When they left the office, Rick walks back onto the terrace and watches them as they stroll down Avenue Marceau, holding hands and acting very much like lovers.

**EXT. DAY - RICK’S CAFÉ**.

RICK

Shit - The paper!

Rick runs through the office chastising himself for being so careless. When he reaches the bottom of the stairs, Marcel throws Paris Soir on the bar.

MARCEL

[smiling]

I hope it’s good news.

We *need* good news.

Rick took the paper and fled back to his office. He immediately opens the Paris Soir to the first page where Captain Renault always left a message for him. Rick laughs at the opening salutation.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

[VO]

*Dear what’s your name. If you wish to witness the finest example of German propaganda, be at the Arc de Triomphe at six o’clock. Also, look out for rather peculiar looking panel trucks patrolling the streets. These vans are equipped with a new device invented by the Germans to detect radio waves being sent between piano men and women. The vans were made to look like any other van but they have a tell tale difference, the boot of the vans has been rounded in order to fit the added mechanisms. Be wary, according to my source, these new devices are very effective. I know, I am taking a chance exposing myself by putting this information in this letter, but it is too important. You must know about it.*

*I have come under the scrutiny of the Germans. According to my sources, this afternoon I have a meeting with General von Choltitz, and he is going to inform me that Lieutenant Cassel, our nemesis from Casablanca will be given the second in command of the Prefecture. We must dispose of him for your safety. It is too late for me, but if Cassel finds you here the whole underground operation will be exposed and the security of you and every one of your people will be in jeopardy. Be careful my friend, the wily Cassel is not to be taken lightly. I’ll communicate with you the day after tomorrow.*

RICK

[yells with a sense of urgency]

Marcel, we’ve got work to do.

**INT. DAY, CAPTAIN RENAULT’S OFFICE**

Captain Renault’s already cramped office is made even smaller with the presence of General von Choltitz, bloated from excess and the power-hungry Lieutenant Cassel.

Captain Renault salutes and smiles appropriately in his usual affable way as he acknowledges the two men sitting in front of his desk.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Well, well, this is a

delightful surprise -

General - Lieutenant.

Both men rose from their hardwood chairs, flung their out-stretched fingers toward the shinning copper ceiling.

GENERAL VON CHOLTITZ/ LIEUTENANT CASSEL

[in unison]

Heil Hitler

The Captain’s language was cordial as he pulled his chair up and sat.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Now gentlemen, what can

I do for you?

GENERAL VON CHOLTITZ

Thank-you Captain. We have

important matters to discuss.

The most important matter

of our discussion, which you

are obviously aware, Ze Fuhrer

is getting impatient and very

concerned.

The Resistance is becoming

much too powerful. In the

last week alone, they have

blown up three ammunition

cars, a fuel depot in

the Pigalle and several hundred

feet of track. The Fuhrer

wants this to stop immediately.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I don’t understand

why Hitler is so concerned

about the Resistance

activities. Hitler ordered

you to blow up the whole city,

so it matters little what

the Resistance did or does.

Have you finished mining

the city?

Cassel turns his head and looks at the General in disbelief. Even a collaborator cannot understand why anyone would want to destroy Paris. Captain Renault got the reaction he wants from Cassel.

GENERAL VON CHOLTITZ

Never mind, Captain. You have

your job to do and I have

mine. Don’t forget I take

my orders directly from

ze Fuhrer himself. Therefore,

we have decided since you

and Cassel have worked

together so well in the past

he could be an asset to you

and take some ze burden ze

extra Resistance activity

has put upon you.

As the General speaks his fat jowls loosely hangs over an exaggerated Mao type collar on his tunic and the fatted flesh around his left eye easily supports his monocle.

GENERAL VON CHOLTITZ

[continues]

We also have a report

from one of your subordinates

that recently a Jew was

charged with Resistance

activities, but you recharged

him with a crime that carried

a penalty, which is far less

severe. What do you say

to these charges, Captain?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

What you said is true,

Herr General, but there

are other circumstances.

I did my own investigation

and found the man to be

innocent of the severer

charges. He was merely

guilty of selling false

identification papers for

profit - not because he

was trying to undermine

the Third Reich.

GENERAL VON CHOLTITZ

Do you harbor sympathy for

the Jew, Captain? You know

what ze Third Reich policy

is when it comes to Jews

and ze penalty for anyone

caught helping a race

that is destined for

extinction.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Yes of course, but I didn’t

realize the man was a Jew.

I merely looked at him as

just another Frenchmen.

GENERAL VON CHOLTITZ

I strongly suggest Captain

for your own good; take

a closer look next time..

The Captain knew his day are numbered. The only question is where, when and how?

**INT. RICK’S DESK - TERRACE**

RICK

We have to get someone

out of Paris to England

and fast.

MARCEL

The American flyer?

RICK

I wasn’t thinking about

him, but could we get them

both out at the same time?

MARCEL

Yes, of course. We would

have to get them false

identification, and arrange

transportation either

to the coast where they

could be picked up by

boat, or to Rouen where

they could be picked up

by plane. Either way,

it would take timing

and a lot of co-ordination

and of course, money.

RICK

Which one is the safest?

MARCEL

There is no safe way.

The Germans are everywhere

checking documents and if

they have suspicions, they

hold anyone for interrogation.

If I had a choice, I would

fly - only because it is

quicker, less time for

mistakes.

RICK

How long would it take to get

the documents?

MARCEL

We can have them tonight.

It is ‘Papillon’ night.

The printers will be here

at ten o’clock.

Tonight we are printing fake

ration documents for the

printer’s families. They

are tired of starving.

RICK

That’s right, I forgot

about that. All right,

I want you to get someone

to follow a Lieutenant

Cassel of the Prefecture.

He just got appointed second

in command. I want someone to

tail him, night and day,

and when the right time comes,

I want him dead. We’ve got to

do this as soon as possible.

He knows me, and if he finds

me here, he’ll have a pretty

good idea what we’re up to.

This whole operation could

come tumbling down on our heads.

MARCEL

I better get down stairs

I just heard someone come in.

Marcel starts walking toward the office door.

RICK

Oh and Marcel, I hope when this

stinking war is over, your

country gives you the praise

you deserve, and if they don’t,

I’ll see that they do. The

people of France owe you a

great deal.

MARCEL

[voice cracking with emotion]

Maybe they can return the lives

of my wife and my brother.

Rick looks at him as he disappears down the stairs. What else could he do or say.

Rick discretely slips out the backdoor toward the Champs-Élysées. He keeps a rapid pace up Avenue Marceau rounding the corner in full view of the Arc de Triomphe and that Swastika draped over its facade. About fifty meters ahead a multitude of civilians are waiting on the right side of the massive boulevard. From afar, they look like ordinary citizens, but a closer look reveals these people are dressed in fine expensive clothes. All that finery smacks of one thing - collaboration.

Rick took a closer look before he retreats down the boulevard about fifty meters and sat down at the outdoor cafe, George V.

A waitress, cautiously watching the spectacle, approaches Rick but she pays more attention to the commotion than to her customer. Finally, she smiles and sets a coffee in front of him.

The collaborators start yelling. The Gestapo parades captured American troops down the boulevard passed the gauntlet of collaborators. They yell obscenities, spat and kick the flyers. The Gestapo tries feebly to stop them with no success. One Allied soldier struck back with a clenched fist at one of the collaborators. The American put him flat on his back with one punch. The closest German soldier brutally retaliates with several blows to his head from the butt end of his MP44. The crowd cheers louder and louder with each blow. The nearest Allied soldier pleads desperately for leniency but he is thrown to the ground. The Gestapo cocks their carbines in unison. They are expecting retaliation but the Allies are defenseless. Rick’s face reflects the utter frustration as he turns away. He viciously scoffs at his inability to act.

The waitress standing behind Rick put her sympathetic hand on his shoulder. She could feel and empathize with his utter frustration.

The high pitch squeal from the brakes of a Krupp troop hauler stops at the point of the conflict. The caustic voice of a German drill sergeant yells out orders. Several soldiers corral the Allies and force them into the back of the truck.

The Nazis left the dead American on the street. When the truck and the collaborators are gone, Rick waves goodbye to his newly found friend and hurries back to the café.

Marcel is pacing back and forth behind the bar. He wants to ready the basement for the printers who are due to arrive in less than an hour.

RICK

What time are the printers coming?

MARCEL

The men and women will arrive

starting at 10 o’clock.

Each fifteen minutes apart

with their assigned

piece of the press.

RICK

Nice plan Marcel.

MARCEL

Once all the parts are

here it takes us only

fifteen minutes to

assemble the press.

RICK

What about Cassel?

MARCEL

He will be dead in three

days. Four days at the most.

But we have a problem.

RICK

With Cassel?

MARCEL

No. One of my contacts passed

the cafe earlier today. He

recognized the German Major

who flirted with Yvonne.

He is Major Hanns Gruber of

the Gestapo. He is notorious

for seeking out Resistance

fighters and killing them.

Was the Major here because

he is smitten with Yvonne

or is he watching the café?

RICK

Keep tabs on him. If he

comes back again we might

have another job for your

hit-man. We can’t take any

chances.

The ‘press party’ didn’t finish until four o’clock. Marcel slept on a cot in a storeroom they jokingly called the guest room. Yvonne slept on the davenport in Rick’s office and Rick fell asleep at his desk.

**EXT. NOON - RICK’S TERRACE.**

Rick is reading the previous night’s press production. He could tell by the sounds from the Champs-Élysées, that the daily German march is ready to begin. He expects Captain Renault to turn the corner at any moment. Yvonne is finishing the morning prep and Marcel is cleaning the bar. It’s fifteen minutes past twelve when Rick looks at his watch. The Wehrmacht is just finishing their march when the band quits playing.

Captain Renault is always on time but today he is late. Finally, after twenty minutes, Rick left the cafe and struts up Avenue Marceau in the direction Captain Renault always came. When he turns the corner onto the Champs-Élysées, there is a frantic mob in front of a bakery and an ambulance parked by the crowd with lights signaling the emergency.

Rick starts a slow run before he quickens his stride. While he ran, his eyes are fixed upon the manic crowd drawn around the victim. Rick is concerned. When he reaches the crowd, he pulls the careless gawkers away, one by one, ‘til he reaches the centre. He sees Captain Renault on the ground, bending over and caring for a man who is shot in the chest.

Captain Renault closes the victim’s eyes. He is dead. Rick is relieved.

Captain Renault looks up and sees Rick staring back at him. Rick gestures with his head for the Captain to follow him away from the listening crowd. When they are far enough away, they spoke together for the first time since they began their charade almost three years ago.

RICK

Damn it, Louie, you scared

the shit out of me. I was

waiting for you when you didn’t

show up. Then I turned the

corner and saw the ambulance

and I thought for sure it

was you.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I am glad you are so concerned.

It is touching. It really is.

RICK

Okay Louie, I’ve got some

good news for you.

Tomorrow you’re leaving

for England.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

[acted surprised but wasn’t]

To England?

RICK

Yeah, plans have been made

for you and an American

flyer.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

You do work fast but you

forget, I have work to do

here. Who else is going

to be your informant?

I think the most important

thing to do first would

be to dispense with Cassel.

RICK

I already have a plan

for him. You know as

well as I do that you’re

in danger. Do you think

the Germans are going

to give you any more

information when they

have suspicions that

you’re connected to

the Resistance?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Of course not.

RICK

If anything, they might feed

you the wrong information.

You know what kind of problem

that would cause. Some night,

we’d be waiting for a convoy

full of ammunition, and instead

of the ammunition we’d have

Gestapo all over us. If you

stay, you’d be putting your

life in danger when there’s

no need.

The Captain knew since that meeting with von Choltitz, Rick was right. His time in Paris is over and he admitted it.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

You know Rick, this was the

first time in my life, I felt

I was contributing to

something meaningful but

you’re right, my stay

here is over. But I couldn’t

have done it without you.

RICK

Yeah, well let’s not get

sentimental. Tomorrow you’re

leaving, but tonight you and

I have a job to do. I had

Marcel assign the job to

someone else but I think

it’s better done by you

and I, and tonight won’t be

too soon.

Captain Renault didn’t need to ask but did anyway.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

A job on whom?

RICK

Yeah, you guessed it - a job

on your buddy Cassel. We’re

going to get rid of that

collaborating son-of-a-bitch

once and for all.

Captain Renault’s face beamed with anticipation.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

What do you have in mind,

something devious and

despicable I hope?

RICK

No, nothing fancy, Louie.

We just have to get the

job done. First of all,

before your friend Cassel

gets home tonight, you

and I are going to be

waiting for him. Do you

know where he lives?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

On Rue de la Court, over

the jewelry shop.

RICK

Good, than we won’t have

to follow him. And don’t

worry, you don’t have to

do any of the dirty work.

You won’t even have to look

at the dead body. I need

you as a look out. He does

live alone, right?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

He is rarely accompanied

by a lady friend. He prefers

to visit the brothels in

the Pigalle.

RICK

Good. It will have to be

done silently, no guns

just a knife will do the

trick. Then when you get

home tonight, pack anything

that you want to carry

with you for tomorrow morning.

Then before you leave at your

usual time to go to the

Prefecture, you call in and

tell your third in command

. . . ., what’s his name?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Lieutenant Tremblay.

RICK

That you and Cassel have

work outside the city for

the day and you won’t

be in at all. After

that, when you leave, drive

to Madame Bouvier’s to pick

up the American flyer - Jack

is his name - and drive

to Rouen. When you get

there, find the cafe

at Inn de la Maison - I’m not

exactly sure where it’s at

but you’ll find it. And ask

anyone in the cafe if they

know if Aurel Gauthier is in

town - that’s Aurel Gauthier

- and from there everything

else will be taken care of.

Sometime tomorrow, long before

they find the body of Cassel,

you and your aviator friend

will be on your way to England.

And say hello to the General

for me. You know, tall, pear

shaped guy with the big nose.

- thinks he’s God.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Rick, that is a great plan.

It makes me wish I thought

of it.

RICK

Yeah, well the connection

at Rouen was Marcel’s doing.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Thank Marcel for me when

you see him.

RICK

He doesn’t mind, it’s his

job. Then we’ll meet

at Cassel’s place.

If nothing out of the

ordinary happens, what

time would he get home?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Shortly after nine.

RICK

Okay, let’s meet a little

before nine at the cafe

across the street.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

How do you know there

is a cafe across the street?

RICK

In Paris, there’s always

a cafe across the street.

**INT. RICK’S CAFÉ. DUSK**

Rick could hear the umbrellas flapping in the wind and rain and the steady cadence of Marcel’s feet hitting the stairs.

MARCEL

It’s eight o’clock Rick.

Time to go.

RICK

Thanks Marcel, did you

get the word to Jack

the aviator that he’s

going to be picked-up tomorrow?

Rick didn’t wait for an answer. He knew Marcel was the most reliable person he had ever known.

RICK

Oh and cancel those plans you

set up for Lieutenant Cassel.

We are going to take care of

him tonight. Captain Renault

and me are going to have a one

sided conversation with Cassel.

Marcel looked surprised.

MARCEL

You mean, our Captain Renault?

RICK

Yeah, one and the same.

He’s leaving tomorrow for

England with the American,

and he told me to thank you

for arranging his passage.

MARCEL

That is too bad. You

and Captain work well

together. We will miss him.

RICK

It seems General von

Choltitz is very

suspicious of the

Captain and has assigned

Lieutenant Cassel to spy

on him. So tonight,

Captain Renault and I

are going to throw

Cassel a little

farewell party he’ll

soon forget - before

he finds out we are

here. I’m not taking

any chances.

Rick stood up stretching for a moment then went for his raincoat in the closet by the stairs. He searches for a cigarette but found none.

RICK

I shouldn’t be too long.

MARCEL

Please Rick, be careful.

In less than an hour, Rick is in position at Lieutenant Cassel’s second floor flat. He watches for a signal from Captain Renault as he sits across the street amongst the empty tables at the Cafe de Paris.

It is almost curfew time. People are rushing home to beat the clock that is still an hour away, but as the war progressively got worse for the Germans they are known to be impatient with those caught even close to curfew.

Rick looks at his watch then over at Captain Renault. It is past nine o’clock, and the waiters that are standing around in their classic white aprons are getting impatient. Captain Renault is the only customer left, and they wanted to go home, but how could they ask the Prefect of Police to leave. Quite simply, they didn’t.

As Captain Renault looks at his watch for the last time, the undeniable figure of Lieutenant Cassel briefly appears then disappears under a street lamp. Captain Renault quickly gave an affirmative gesture to Rick and retreated in the opposite direction, much to the relief of the wait-staff.

By the time Captain Renault reaches the end of the street he turns in perfect timing to see Cassel disappear into his door way.

In the lonely darkness of Cassel’s apartment, Rick positions himself behind the entrance, shielding him from sight. As he hears Cassel’s heavy foot on the wooden stairway, he slips the knife from its sleeve.

**INT. MORNING. CAPTAIN RENAULT’S APT**.

Someone pounding violently on the rear entrance door jarred Captain Renault from a deep sleep.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Yes, yes, I’m coming.

I’m coming.

After conquering his elusive pant-leg, the Captain opens the door to find Marcel out of breath and doubled over with his hand clutching his side. He desperately fought for a breath of air. Captain Renault helps him through the door.

Marcel was still bent over and fighting for air. It was a long run from Yvonne’s apartment. Sensing the obvious urgency, Captain Renault hurries about the apartment gathering his baggage he packed the night before while Marcel tries to catch his breath.

MARCEL

Capitaine . . ., Rick

. ., he did not come home

last night. I have looked

everywhere for him. . ..

He is nowhere to be found.

When I went to the cafe before

I came here. . ., his bed.

….., it was not slept in.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Could he have gone to Yvonne’s?

MARCEL

Non, Capitaine, I stopped

at her apartment before

I came here. She was home

and very concerned.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

My God, I hope nothing

happen to him. I would

never forgive myself for

leaving him alone to

deal with Cassel.

He pulls his military Kepi off the wooden hat rack and plopped it on his head.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I’ll drop you off at the

cafe before I go to Cassel’s.

Maybe it will give us a clue

what happened to Rick.

Rue de la Court looks much different than it did the night before. It is still early and only a few people are going about their business. Captain Renault parks his official car in front of Cafe de Paris where he sat the night before.

As uncomfortable as last night had been, there is no comparison to the anxiety he is feeling now. He got out and began walking slowly across the old cobblestone street. His eyes are fixed on Cassel’s second floor apartment. When he reaches the bottom of the stairs, he listens for any sound but hears none - just the faint sound of a shopkeeper, sweeping the sidewalk in the distance. He looks up to the top of the stairs and saw nothing, but several layers of paint peeling from the walls and a wooden banister.

The morning is quiet which seems to exaggerate every step as he starts walking up the old stairway. Halfway up, he realizes he is so scared his hands are trembling.

When Captain Renault reaches the top, he found the door ajar and no courage to go further. The sparsely decorated apartment is dark, quiet and uninviting. He pushes the door open wider and stood there for a moment - fearful of the possibilities if not the probabilities. He cocks his head, hoping the gesture would improve his hearing, but it didn’t.

As he walks into the front parlor he sees Rick’s knife and a chair lying on the floor in the living room. He turns quickly when he spots a body lying face down under a woolen blanket. He can’t tell who it is as he slowly walks toward the body. It seems to be about Rick’s size - six feet or so - but Cassel is also six feet tall. Captain Renault pauses for a moment. His hands are still shaking. The tension is agonizing until he bent down and grabs the corpse with two hands and spun the stiffened carcass around so fast it splattered blood over the Captain’s bouts. The blood-encrusted blanket stuck to the corpse, but he could tell it wasn’t Rick, it was Cassel.

He backs away out the bathroom door in a momentary respite of relief then proceeds toward the front room where Rick had waited for Cassel the night before. The knife and chair are easily visible on the ground. The early morning sun has just peeked over the windowsill and illuminated the room. As he turns the corner, he saw Rick lying on the divan with his arm under his head - smiling.

RICK

Hello, Louie. What brings

you down to this end of

town? Don’t you know,

you’re supposed to be

on your way to Rouen?

Captain Renault’s face beams at first, but then he grew irritated.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Damn you, Rick!

RICK

Swearing too, you’re sounding

more like an American every

day. Pretty soon you’ll have

ulcers too.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Don’t just lie there. Let’s

get out of here. Why are you

still here?

By the time Captain Renault walked across the room, Rick is on his feet, nursing a large gash across his forehead.

RICK

Drop me off at the cafe and

I’ll tell you on the way.

**CAR INT. MORNING - IN TRANSIT**

CAPTAIN RENAULT

You mean to say it was as

simple as that. After the

struggle with Cassel you

passed out on the divan

and woke up too late to

go back to the cafe because

it was past curfew.

RICK

Yeah, that’s about it,

but it was quite a struggle.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Why didn’t you leave earlier

this morning?

RICK

I was waiting for a ride.

Actually, I was still out

cold when you came in and

woke me up. Good thing too,

I could be still back there.

They turn onto Avenue Marceau when Rick changes his light hearted attitude. Rick hates sentimental goodbyes. After the car came to a slow rolling stop, Captain Renault turns toward Rick, who is way out of his comfort zone.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Well Rick, it looks like

this is it.

Rick looks straight ahead, slowly shaking his head up and down, trying to think of anything to say but what needs to be said.

RICK

Don’t forget to phone the

Prefecture and tell them

you’re out of town today.

That’s important.

And you know the way to

Madame Bouvier’s.

The American flyer is

waiting for you.

Rick pauses for a moment as if to gather his thoughts, then still looking ahead spoke in a softer voice.

RICK

You know, Louie, I couldn’t

have done it without you.

If it wasn’t for you, I’d

still be stuck in that

Godforsaken sand dune in

Casablanca. I probably would

have been dead meat for the

vultures. I……….

Captain Renault, not in any way intending to be rude, interrupts his friend in mid-speech. He knows how difficult it is for Rick.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

You know, I’m going to miss,

Paris. Coming to your cafe

and seeing all the inmates.

RICK

*My café*? You were the one that

put it together. I am just a

temporary landlord.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Most of all - I am going

to miss you my friend.

You made this whole

tragedy almost bearable.

Captain Renault stuck out his hand to shake Rick’s.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

You’re the best friend I have

ever had, Rick.

Rick finally turns and faces up to his obligation.

RICK

No Louie, I’m afraid just

a hand shake won’t due.

Rick drapes his arms over Captain Renault’s shoulders and gave him a hug - albeit a small hug, but a hug just the same.

RICK

Well Louie, this damn war

can’t last forever. Somehow,

we’ll get together again.

That’s a promise.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Sounds good to me.

RICK

See you later, Louie,

CAPTAIN RENAULT

See you, Rick.

Rick got out of the car and stood by the curb. As Captain Renault drove away, he looks in the rear view mirror at Rick who is standing at attention and saluting his parting friend. Captain Renault smiles thinking, that was the first time and the only time he has ever seen Rick salute anyone.

**INT. ILSA AND LASZLO’S APARTMENT, LONDON**.

The wooden clock with the sweeping brass pendulum on the wall struck several times, signaling to Victor that it was time to go.

VICTOR LASZLO

ILSA my dear, we must get

ready. We have a full day

ahead of us.

The apartment is simple but comfortable. There is a kitchen, bathroom, living room and a limited amount of furnishings.

VICTOR LASZLO

ILSA please, our meeting

with General Milford is

in one hour. Lieutenant

MacMillan will

be here in fifteen

minutes to escort us to

Milford’s office.

Victor pulls back the duvet from the bed realizing he is talking to ILSA when all this time she was in the bathroom getting ready.

ILSA

[OS]

If the General approves your

plan, I am going to miss

working for the WAAF

[Women’s Auxiliary Air Force]

as a Radar Operator.

VICTOR LASZLO

I know my dear but I’ve

been told that the activity

at Control has been frantic.

The D-Day assault is just

a matter of days. That’s

why my idea has to get us

back into the action

before D-Day if it is

to be effective.

ILSA

It’s a great idea Victor

that is why I am glad,

we took parachute and

target practice.

As ILSA ties the knot in Victor’s tie, General Milford’s staff car stops at their front gate.

Victor looks at his watch.

VICTOR LASZLO

It’s precisely 09:00 hours.

The Lieutenant is right on

time.

LIEUTENANT MACMILLAN briefs Victor and ILSA while he drives down Queen Victoria Street toward General Milford’s office. His office is adjacent to Command Headquarters and under the parliament building at Cove Steps on King Charles Street.

LIEUTENANT MACMILLAN

As you can imagine with D-Day

preparations, the General

is exceedingly busy. He has

instructed me to have you

stay in the officer’s mess

until he can manage a few

minutes with you. Actually,

there is someone else you

will want to meet. Someone

you already know.

ILSA

Really?

LIEUTENANT MACMILLAN

He is acting liaison between

the Free French and Allied

Command. You know Captain

Renault, formally of the

Prefecture in Paris and

Casablanca.

Victor’s reaction remains subdued but ILSA’S face lit up.

ILSA

Captain Renault is here

at the Command Centre?

LIEUTENANT MACMILLAN

Yes, of course, quite often

actually, he is usually here

on official capacity but today

he has come here just to see you.

He was happy to hear that you

were coming. He thought Mrs.

Laszlo was still in the US and

he was happy or should I say

ecstatic to hear that you are

still alive, Mr. Laszlo.

ILSA tries to subdue her excitement as she comments.

ILSA

It will be good to see the

Captain. It seems like a

lifetime ago since Casablanca,

but the D-Day offensive will

mark a new beginning for all of

us. Isn’t that right, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT MACMILLAN

I should think so. Command

would insist upon it. Let us

hope it will be the beginning

of the end for Hitler. I have

instructed Captain Renault

to meet you here in the

officer’s mess.

Two guards approach the staff car as they stop at a large wire-mesh gate that seems out of place amongst the sixteenth century architecture of the parliament buildings. They present their identification papers to the guards before they carefully scrutinize them. When the guards are satisfied to their authenticity, the car is motioned forward. The process is repeated at Command Centre before they descend into the bowels of the city on an elevator.

The elevator doors open to a frenzy of excitement as people are scattered throughout a never-ending maze of tunnels.

By the frantic movement of military personnel through the crowded hallways, it is obvious that D-Day is imminent.

LIEUTENANT MACMILLAN

Since early 1939 all major

decisions pertaining to the war

had been made in these twenty-

one rooms. Winston Churchill,

Eisenhower, de Gaulle, all major

Allied commanders frequently

inhabited these rooms and

today is no exception.

Lieutenant MacMillan escorts ILSA and Victor down the paneled hallways past numerous doors that are closed except for the largest room; its double doors are open and the room is cluttered with desks, military equipment and personnel. On top of the two desks, there are several phones of various colors.

A detailed map of Europe is securely fixed to a large wooden platform in the middle of the War Room. Numerous military personal, chart all movements of the Allied and Axis military both on the ground and in the air. A gallery circles the room from above offering a different perspective. Lieutenant MacMillan escorts Victor and ILSA into the mess. ILSA and Victor are surprised. They thought they walked into an English pub.

LIEUTENANT MACMILLAN

They decorated the mess like

their neighborhood pub to give

men and women the feeling they

were home not at war. They even

placed several well-used

dartboards across the far wall.

One dartboard had a picture of

Hitler strategically placed at

centre. That dartboard was used

far more than any other.

**INT. OFFICER’S MESS**

ILSA and Victor recognize Captain Renault immediately as he stands amongst several men sitting around a large wooden table, one of many in the room.

Victor and Captain Renault vigorously shook hands but ILSA could not. She flung her arms around the Captain. It is obvious that she is happy to see him. She wants to ask about Rick but thought it is best she didn’t.

ILSA

Oh Captain, it is good to

see a familiar face.

ILSA stood back and looks at him from head to toe.

ILSA

You have lost weight.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Yes, I guess I have.

It has been very hectic

here as you can see.

At that moment, Lieutenant MacMillan appears from the hallway. He motions with his hand for ILSA and Victor to follow him.

When Victor and ILSA stood up, they apologized for leaving but they had an appointment with General Milford.

VICTOR LASZLO

[to Captain Renault]

You should join us, Captain.

I think you would be interested

in what we have to say to the

General.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Why I would love to come along.

Captain Renault placed his Kepi gently on his head before he drank the rest of his Guinness.

Lieutenant MacMillan escorts them into the General’s office and introduces them.

LIEUTENANT MACMILLAN

GENERAL MILFORD, I’d like you

to meet Victor Laszlo and his

wife ILSA and you already know

Captain Renault.

General Milford rose from behind his desk. He greets the civilians with customary handshakes and Captain Renault with a salute.

GENERAL MILFORD

Do sit down. Captain, are you

here on official business

or are you just accompanying

your friends?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

You’ll be happy to hear,

General, I am here on a

non-official capacity.

The General smiled at the news and addressed ILSA and Victor.

GENERAL MILFORD

It isn’t a secret that the

relationship between de Gaulle

and the Allies is tenuous.

As acting liaisons between

de Gaulle and the Allies,

the Captain and myself are

often at odds. The most recent

confrontation was just

yesterday when the Captain on

de Gaulle’s behalf demanded

that the Allies liberate Paris.

But I reminded Captain Renault

that Eisenhower had made the

decision and the D-Day Allies

plans were to circumvent Paris

and get to Germany as fast as

possible. As you are aware Mr.

Laszlo liberating Paris would

take too much time and resources.

VICTOR LASZLO

I assure you General Milford

we are not here to plead

de Gaulle’s case. We do

have a request that we hope

you will consider.

GENERAL MILFORD

Contrary to popular belief

Mr. Laszlo, I am not an

unreasonable man. We seem to

forget that we are allies not

adversaries. If your request is

not unreasonable or a danger to

the D-Day mission, I can’t

see why we cannot accommodate

you. Just what do you have planned?

VICTOR LASZLO

ILSA and myself and

Captain Renault, have many

friends who belong to the

Resistance in Paris. I am

sure you have heard General,

Paris is seething and the

Resistance is ready to start an

insurrection. They think

the Allies would come into

Paris and help them. We all

know the Resistance is out

manned and most certainly

out gunned. What we want

General is to travel to

Paris and warn them that

Eisenhower is adamant that

he will not send troops

to Paris under any

circumstance. All we ask is

that you fly us over and drop

us off behind enemy lines so

we can get to Paris and warn

them that the Allies will not

save them and they are on their own.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I have a contact in Rouen

who will help them get to

Paris. He is the same man

that helped me get here.

GENERAL MILFORD

I must warn you that this

is a dangerous mission.

VICTOR LASZLO

We know, General. ILSA

and I are prepared and want

to leave as soon as possible.

The General smiles and looks at Captain Renault.

GENERAL MILFORD

Captain Renault are you going

as well? They are going

to need someone to make

contact for them in Rouen.

I assume your man will be

difficult to find and you know

where to look.

The Captain wasn’t quite ready for that question. He just assumed he would supply them with the name, Aurel Gauthier to find Hugo.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Well I a.....suppose I

could go with them that far.

Going into Paris is a problem

for me. I am sure the new

Prefect of Police and the

Germans want me dead.

GENERAL MILFORD

Captain, I think all

the Germans want all of

us dead. Don’t you think?

All right then.

The Captain was stymied and a loss for words.

GENERAL MILFORD

All right then, I will make

arrangements with ICOR and

we can drop you off either

tonight or tomorrow night.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

But General how are you going

to land a plane in the dead of

night in Normandy with German

troops everywhere?

GENERAL MILFORD

It’s quite simple, Captain.

You are going to parachute

into the Normandy woods.

I will arrange for someone

to meet you on the other side.

They will take care of you

until you can make contact

with your friend in Rouen.

Victor and ILSA looked at Captain Renault. His face has turned a whiter shade of pale.

**EXT. DOVER - SOUTHERN COAST OF ENGLAND.**

Captain Renault, ILSA AND Victor parachute into Normandy. Victor, true to form, is pushed as he screamed all the way down.

Five contacts give them direction to a safe landing zone with spotlights that are hidden in metal sleeves only visible from the sky.

After finding ILSA and Victor their contacts rescue Captain Renault when he falls out of an old oak tree. They hurry ‘cause a German convoy is closing in on him. They manage to escape in a stake truck with its lights out. It is driven by a contact whose expertise of the topography comes in handy. After the truck is hidden with a tarpaulin and brush, they follow the leader in a single file to a well-camouflaged building. The trio is impressed, but once inside, they knew they are guests in the “Convent of the Our Blessed Lord,” which had been built hundreds of years before and their saviors are not the usual Resistance, for these women are of a different calling.

They took off their hats out of respect. Statues of almost all major figures in the Catholic religion are represented around the circular foyer. The high cathedral ceiling usually present in such a setting is missing. They had to make concessions to hide the convent from anyone with prying eyes.

Victor leans over and whispers into ILSA’S ear.

VICTOR LAZSLO

Please, ILSA, I hope you

don’t get any ideas

about joining the convent.

She smiles. ILSA has never confided in him that she once thought very deeply about the calling but when men arrive in her life those monastic urges were quickly replaced by urges of a different kind.

Moments later, a nun appears through the heavy oak door. She is dressed in traditional garb, stark white wimple, long black robe, and a large rosary hung from her waist. The wimple, which tightly framed her face, animates her already exaggerated features.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I see our guests have arrived.

Her wide eyes scan them as they stood together, surrounded by a gaggle of nuns whose camouflage military-type fatigues seems to contradict the religious fervor of their surroundings.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

You must be Victor Laszlo.

Your reputation precedes

you, Monsieur Laszlo. I

am Mother Superior.

Her right hand appears firmly grasping his. Victor spoke softly as if not to disturb the sanctity of the convent.

VICTOR LAZSLO

We are honored Mother Superior.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

And you my dear must be

ILSA with the angelic face.

Mother Superior softly cupped ILSA’S hand with hers. ILSA bowed then curtsied not wanting to leave out anything she might be obligated to do.

ILSA

Mother Superior this is truly

a beautiful place - so serene

- so peaceful. We are very

grateful to be your guests.

And grateful to these brave

nuns who rescued us.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

That’s quite all right my dear.

We do our best with what God

has been so gracious to give

us. And you must be Captain

Renault. Your reputation

precedes you too, Captain.

The Captain isn’t sure just how to respond, so he veers away from what he thinks she is talking about.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

With all due respect Mother

Superior, I must admit, this

is something quite unusual.

General Milford only informed

us, someone would meet us.

He didn’t specifically say

that we would be rescued

by nuns. I for one am very

grateful.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

The Lord works in mysterious

ways Captain, but now I’m

sure you are tired after such

an arduous trip. Sister

Teresa will escort you to your

rooms and if you have any

questions, I’m sure you will

want to ask them in the

morning. You will be woken at

six o’clock for morning prayer.

**INT. MORNING - CONVENT DINING AREA**

After prayer the next morning, Mother Superior escorts the trio to a large rustic dining area containing four large picnic tables placed next to a well-furnished kitchen. Mother Superior sat at the head of the table. Anticipating the inquisitive nature of her guests, she starts the conversation.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

These walls have protected

many people like you. Not long

ago, we had a particularly

interesting guest, the head

of British intelligence for

occupied France, a man you

fellow Resistance fighters call

Jade Amicol. Last year, we

hosted a meeting between

Admiral Caneris head of the

Abwehr, German’s military

intelligence, and Jade Amicol.

Admiral Canaris was brought

here blind folded. He wanted

to find out what might be the

terms of a peace treaty

between the Allies and Germany,

free of Hitler. It is now FACT

that the Admiral and several

others including General Rommel

were plotting to assassinate Hitler.

But unfortunately, as you must

know, just a month ago, the

Admiral, bless his soul, was

executed for plotting against

that insane monster. Do you

think Monsieur Laszlo, that

Hitler is insane or is he

a representative of Satan here

on Earth?

VICTOR LASZLO

You see Mother Superior I think

there is a certain amount of

Satan in all of us. We have a

good side and evil side and

it’s the responsibility of each

of us to contain the demon

for the betterment of ourselves

and mankind. In Hitler’s case,

I am sorry to report, the

demon has complete control of

his mind and his soul. He has

strayed light years away from

logical, sensible thinking.

For him, there is no turning

back or any chance of redemption.

His treatment of the Jews is

way beyond anything a man with

even the slightest bit of

humanity would do.

I am normally not an

advocate of violence, but

I and of course most people

feel he must be eliminated

as soon as possible before

his insidious disease spreads

beyond our European boarders.

ILSA looks at Victor in admiration then turns to Mother Superior.

ILSA

Victor knows many things about

the inter-workings of the mind,

Mother Superior. Before this

unfortunate war, he studied

psychiatry at the Sorbonne.

He is an ardent follower of the

teachings of Sigmund Freud from

Austria, the father of

psychoanalytical thought.

Victor met him briefly in

London before his

death in 1939.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

You are a very knowledgeable

man, Monsieur Laszlo. Perhaps

Captain Renault can also

enlighten us about the

Allies and if they are going

to succeed in the liberation

of France.

The Captain addresses everyone at the table.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I can’t tell you exactly when,

because no one knows when, not

even the Allied commander

General Eisenhower, but

I assure you all, the

invasion will be very soon.

Perhaps within weeks, maybe

even days.

Unfortunately, if the Allies

manage to get a foothold

in France they plan on

bypassing Paris and proceed

strait to the Siegfried line.

According to Eisenhower, the

liberation of Paris will cost

the Allies too much time and

fuel among other things. That

is why ILSA and Victor are

going to Paris tomorrow.

ILSA spoke up on the Captain’s behalf.

ILSA

When the Captain was in Paris

he was the Prefect of Police

and it was his job to inform

a friend of ours what the

Germans plans were. The

Captain was responsible for

saving many lives of the

Resistance.

Captain Renault didn’t speak about his personal exploits. He only spoke about what lies ahead.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

We have a plan that if

it works, will force

the Allies into Paris

whether they like it or

not. But if the Allies

refuse, Lecleric and his

French forces, the 2nd

Armored Division will

break away from the Allied

forces and march into Paris.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Your analysis is intriguing,

Captain. Well gentlemen and

lady, your company has been

stimulating, but your job is

politics and mine is running

a convent so please forgive me,

I have to excuse myself. It is

time for Benediction. If we are

going to have the pleasure

of your company for long,

I will have Sister

Marguerite make extra food.

Everyone stands as Mother Superior rose from the table but only the Captain speaks.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I am going into Rouen

today for a meeting. ILSA

and Victor will stay here,

and then they will leave

for Paris tomorrow

or the day after.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I’m sure whatever you people

will accomplish will benefit

us all. May God be with you

and keep you safe.

She left the room in a fluttering trail

of wimple and veil.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I don’t know about you, but

I’m going to have that bread

and some oatmeal.

Captain Renault offered some to Victor and ILSA but happily for him, they refused. The trip to Paris and the imminent danger - not eating - preyed

heavily upon their minds but the Captain knew he wasn’t going so....

**EXT. PARIS**

Just before noon Perrot turns the corner in his bicycle cab. As he parks in front of Rick’s, Marcel watches him. Marcel knows, by the look on Perrot’s face, he has important information for him. Perrot, like they have done many times before, follows Marcel and Yvonne upstairs to meet Rick. They sit at Rick’s desk and he gets to the point.

PERROT

A German convoy at this

moment is on their way to

Normandy with a large

shipment of arms. There

are two heavy-duty trucks

and two halftracks. There

are 28 men in all including

the drivers. According to my

source, they left here at

08:00 this morning.

You know the halftracks can

only go 50 Kilometers an hour

so we can catch them but

we have to leave soon.

RICK

We will do our best

but we need gas. Do you

have any?

PERROT

Unfortunately, No. I was

hoping you had gas. But

If *you* don’t have gas,

nobody does.

RICK

If you find any let

let us know? My

car is parked in back.

but it’s empty.

Yvonne escorts Perrot back down stairs and he left the café, peddling in the opposite direction.

RICK

What do you think?

Any ideas?

MARCEL

No. How many times have

we talked about the same

damn thing. And every time

we come up with the same

*damn* answer. This is

getting frustrating.

Rick starts slowly walking in circles around the terrace, his fingers scratching at his day old beard. Suddenly, Rick’s expression on his face changes. He picks up his phone and dials a number before he hands the phone to Marcel.

RICK

Order an ambulance in French

for here - this address.

Don’t forget, in French.

PARAMEDICAL

[over the phone]

Avez-vous besoin d'une

ambulance?

MARCEL

Il y a eu un accident

un blocage sur Avenue

Marceau, Monsieur.

Quelqu'un pourrait

être blessé.

Accélère s'il te plaît

RICK

Your contact in Rouen,

the guy that arranged

Louie’s departure, is he

still around?

MARCEL

Yes.

RICK

Get a hold of him and tell

him I’m on my way to his place.

Rick runs downstairs. Yvonne is pouring coffee into a customer’s cup when she leans toward Rick. He whispers in her ear. Whatever Rick said brought a smile to her face.

An ambulance screeches to a halt in front of the café with its lights flashing and siren pulsating. Two attendants dressed in soiled white uniforms jump out. When Yvonne approaches them, they are mesmerized by Yvonne’s flirtatious voodoo. It took only a brief apology for the customer’s bogus phone call and free real coffee before she leads them into the cafe.

Next door, Armand is at his celebrated easel when Rick zips through the gallery with a large pail in one hand and five feet of rubber hose in the other. Rick stops, looks and listens toward the cafe making sure Yvonne had done her job before he dashes ten meters to the ambulance. He hid at just the right angle to block the attendants view as Rick siphons the much-needed gas for his trip to Rouen. He just hopes there is enough.

**EXT. RICK IN TRANSIT ALONG THE FRENCH COUNTRY SIDE.**

Within ten minutes, Rick was speeding along the wooded area down the unpredictable N.14. He carefully watches the gas gauge and the forest fleeting past him. He drove at a steady pace about 90 km an hour as he anticipates the convoy before the convoy reaches Rouen.

He has driven three hours when Rick got his wish about 40km from the city. He passes the convoy that pulled to the side of the road. The armament is exactly as Perrot had described. There are two conventional halftracks at the front and rear of the convoy and two heavy-duty MP44 machine guns on board.

Some of the men were standing not far from the side of the road urinating. Some of them were smoking which instinctively forces Rick to search his pockets.

Rick looks at the gas gauge. His car was running on empty.

RICK

Come on Baby, just a

few more kilometers.

Come on.

The terrain is hilly but he kept the foot pressure constant on the pedal to avoid using more gas than he needs. The Citroën slows, just making up and over two hills. Finally, when he is on the downside, the inevitable happens. The engine began to sputter. Rick slams his foot to the floor, hoping to get that last bit of speed but to no avail. As he starts up the next hill the car slows to a crawl. When he reaches the very peak, Rick jumps out the door and pushes it those last few meters until the car gains enough momentum. He jumps back inside, and rode the Citroen, silently down the hill. Rick starts shrieking with laughter as he passes the sign that reads, Rouen, population 44,000.

It didn’t take long to find Hugo’s Inn. When he opens the massive front door, Rick is greeted by a pleasant girl behind a check in counter. He spoke the only French he knows.

RICK

Excuse-moi, Mademoiselle,

Parley-vous Anglais?

FRONT DESK CLERK

Qui, Monsieur, un petit peu.

She presses her index finger and her thumb together into that internationally recognized sign for a small amount.

RICK

Could you tell me if Aurel

Gauthier is in town?

FRONT DESK CLERK

Juste un moment, Monsieur.

She disappears behind a door leaving a trail of sweet French perfume. Rick’s face froze with fear. He lunges, shoulder first, opening the front door. His sudden fear is justified as the Gendarmes are speeding down the street sounding that familiar pulsating alarm. Rick slips between two houses to the next street. Rick hears the screeching sound of police cars stopping.

He pauses for a cautious look then runs down the street, not knowing where to go when a ruddy-faced old woman wearing a black babushka waves to him in between two houses. He responds immediately, following her lead as she disappears. When Rick caught up to her, she points toward two swinging doors that led to a root cellar. He ran through the doors without hesitation.

The cellar is dark - only a direct beam of light from a late day sun illuminates the room.

Just above him, he hears the muffled movement as the old woman shuffles across the bare floor. The creeping across the floor stops as an impatient fist bangs forcefully on the front door.

He could visualize the old woman's ruddy face paralyzed with fear. Rick knew all too well if he were caught in her house she would instantly be taken away to a concentration camp.

He pushes the swinging door open just a fraction. When a second fist pounds the front door, he creeps out of the basement and jumps over a makeshift fence to the next house. Rick uses a row of grape vines to shield his escape to the next street. He didn’t pause as he cautiously walks down the street, trying his best to look as inconspicuous as possible. He curses out loud. When he hears barking dogs anticipating their quarry.

RICK

Son-of-a-bitch!

Rick knows he is in trouble - deep trouble. No one can out run dogs. He didn’t look back, he trudges onward, searching his resourceful bag of tricks for a solution to his pending problem but he came up with nothing. All he could do is hope for a miracle when a run-down truck driven by a man with a graying beard pulls beside him. He yells above the commotion, surprisingly and confidently in English.

MAN WITH GRAYING BEARD

I think you should get

in here and now, Monsieur.

With the truck still in motion, Rick opens the heavy metal door and jumps inside. He instinctively bends down between the rusty dashboard and the worn bench seat to hide. He turns his head to have a peek at his savior when he recognizes that beaming face behind the graying beard.

MAN WITH GRAYING BEARD

Well, it’s about time

you join the real war.

Rick shook his head in grateful disbelief.

RICK

Damn you, Louie. What

the hell are you doing

here? Not that I’m

complaining.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

We’re not safe yet, Rick.

We have to get to a safe

house and fast.

Captain Renault slows the truck, not wanting to appear to be anything but a farmer that came to town for supplies. He looks in his rear view mirror to see several policemen with sniffing dogs on leashes emerge between two houses and a row of grape vines. They follow Rick’s trail until they lost Rick’s scent.

The dogs stop abruptly. Captain Renault watches in the rear view mirror and smiles when he realizes the dogs and their masters had come to a dead end.

Captain Renault looks at Rick still huddled on the floor.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Well, it looks like we

have given them the slip.

It’s not far to Hugo’s

safe house from here?

RICK

Hugo! When you left Paris wasn’t

he your contact here at his Inn

de la Maison? That’s where I was

when all hell broke out.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I’m not surprised. Two months

ago, the Germans commandeered

his Inn. They thought it would

make a good headquarters. They

didn’t know there was any

Resistance activity going on

there, but when all these

people walked in and asked for

the same guy. What’s his name?

RICK

Aurel Gauthier.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

They realized they accidently

stumbled onto a Resistance

hide-out. The girl or whoever

was on the front desk was

instructed to call them

whenever anyone came

in asking for Aurel Gauthier.

And when you showed-up,

and why are you here?

RICK

I passed a German convoy of

arms outside of Rouen so I

thought I’d find Hugo to

help separate the Germans

from the arms.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

How are you going to get the

arms to Paris?

RICK

Haven’t figured that one out

yet but we’ll find a way.

The Captain made several turns down residential streets making sure no one has followed them. They follow a dirt road for three miles until it led to an old faded farmhouse.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

We will be all right here;

this is Hugo’s farmhouse.

When they reach the farmhouse, Captain Renault knocks three times - then once again. They hear a brief silence then muted voices are heard before the door slowly opens to a huge six foot six behemoth named Hugo. His massive trunk supports a round Friar Tuck face but when he sees Captain Renault, his face beams with delight and the door opens wide.

The introductions are made and Hugo escorts them into the front room where three men and a woman are scattered around the room. Again the introductions are made. Their meeting is quick, to the point and all business.

RICK

I passed a convoy a few

miles out of Rouen. There

are two trucks full arms

and two halftracks full

of men.

Hugo reacts quickly.

HUGO

Mench, take the tractor

into town and find out

anything you can about

that convoy. Come back

as soon as possible.

Mench leaves immediately on an old Fordson tractor that had seen better days.

HUGO

The Germans will believe

him. They think he is a

collaborator.

With the meeting momentarily adjourned, the Captain had time to update Rick about what has happened to Victor in the Czech concentration camp and how ILSA had made her way to the US and then England. But he didn’t tell Rick that ILSA and Victor are waiting only miles away, cloistered in the convent. The Captain wants Rick to find out for himself, mainly because he admits he was downright afraid to tell him. - afraid of his reaction. Captain Renault had witnessed for himself the effect ILSA had on Rick.

Mench returns an hour later and told them one of the halftracks had a problem, which delayed them for three hours. They would leave at 1900 hours and follow the same course up N.14 toward the coast of Normandy.

They crowd into the front room and discuss the specifics of the plan. Rick and the Captain let Hugo take the lead. He has better knowledge of the terrain between Rouen and the Seine and is better suited to choose the point of attack. They plan to meet later that night on the banks of the Seine where the convoy would be vulnerable.

After they finished the plans, Rick and Captain Renault left for a place to relax for an hour or two. Rick shook his head and laughs.

RICK

Only you could find a

brothel in the middle

of nowhere, Louie.

Captain Renault didn’t say anything. He just chuckles to himself.

**INT. CONVENT OF THE OUR BLESSED LORD**

They are outside the convent when Rick admits he had heard about the convent a year ago from someone in the Resistance who stayed here. When Sister Teresa opens the little Judas window, she permits their entrance to the inner sanctum sanctorum.

When Rick and Captain Renault enters the dining room, ILSA turns around quickly as she reacts to the stunned look on Victor’s face. She took a quick startled breath before she regains her composure. She spoke in her familiar seductive tone when their eyes meet.

ILSA

Hello Richard.

Much to the relief of Captain Renault, Rick didn’t react.

RICK

Hello ILSA. The US must

have agreed with you.

ILSA has not changed. She is still beautiful.

ILSA

Yes, I enjoyed very much

a different life in America,

but we have been in London

for past year helping

General de Gaulle organize

the Free French and I worked

for the WAAF as a radar

operator. Now, America seems

so long ago.

Rick broke away from ILSA’s magnetic stare, acknowledging Mother Superior and Victor. Mother Superior sensing their reluctance spoke reassuringly.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Please gentlemen, have

a seat. Would you like

some coffee?

RICK

Yeah, that’d be fine.

Sister Teresa immediately pours fresh coffee into their cups. As Rick straddles the bench beside ILSA, he turns his attention toward Victor.

RICK

It’s good to see you

Victor. Louie told me

about Terazin. That’s

a hell of a place.

VICTOR LASZLO

There is little doubt

about that. Do you

remember, what I told you

the last time we were

together in Casablanca?

RICK

Yeah, I remember.

VICTOR LASZLO

I said our side would win.

It looks like we have

a fighting chance, now.

Captain Renault tells me

you have been doing good work.

RICK

Actually, it’s the

Captain that should take

much of the credit. Things

haven’t been the same

since he’s been gone.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Thank-you Rick, but you

were the one in danger,

well at least up until

the end when the now

departed Lieutenant

Cassel put an end to

our party.

Captain Renault is relieved. Rick has taken the ‘accidental’ meeting well, so far. Rick took a quick look around the room.

RICK

You’ve got quite a set up

here, Sister.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

We do the Lord’s work

here Rick and if it

happens to help people

like you liberate France,

so-be-it.

RICK

[speaking to everyone]

We’re having a little

surprise party for the

Germans tonight. Don’t

feel obligated to come

‘cause it will be

dangerous.

VICTOR LASZLO

That sounds interesting.

You know I am always

willing to participate

in your kind of parties.

Especially, when it comes

to dealing with the Nazis.

Sister Teresa fills their cups before she leaves the flask on a hot plate in the middle of the table.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Gentlemen and lady, for

reasons I am sure you are

aware, your conversation

should be in private.

I think Sister Teresa and

I should leave you people

to speak freely.

Mother Superior rose from her seat and Sister Teresa joins her as they march from the dining room.

When they are gone, Rick felt uneasy. He used the nuns as a distraction to keep him from thinking about ILSA. He has moments of regret that night in Casablanca when he forced her to leave on that plane with Victor. It was a fateful night for all of them.

Rick began to explain the plan in detail.

RICK

Later tonight, there’s a

German munitions convoy

that will pass very

close to here. It’ll

be heading up N.14

toward Normandy. You

know we need those

guns and ammunition,

and anything else we

can get our hands on

so we……

When he stops describing details of the plan, Rick anticipates questions.

VICTOR LASZLO

How many men will each

side have and how are

we going to get the guns

to Paris? When the Germans

realize what had happened

they will be thousands

of them here searching.

ILSA

And what about the trucks?

We can’t take them to

Paris. The Germans, in a

short time, would find us.

RICK

Hugo says he’ll have

about twenty men not

including us. They

will have ten men in

each halftracks plus

eight men in the cabs.

So twenty-eight men

in all.

Captain Renault’s face lit up as he spoke.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

This is by far the best

part of the plan.

RICK

Hugo has a barge, which he

uses to transport his

vegetables up and down the

Seine so with a little bit

of friendly persuasion and

a few beers. We got Hugo

to lend us his barge.

At this very moment, he

should be parking it

at St. Martain Bridge.

When we get the munitions,

we drive the trucks only

a few meters, transfer

the munitions into the hold

on Hugo’s barge and siphon

the gas out of the trucks.

We will stack the dead

into the trucks before we

drive them into the Seine-

never to be found by the

Germans. The convoy isn’t

scheduled to be in Normandy

until tomorrow. By that time,

we will be in Paris handing

out vegetables and guns.

Captain Renault’s face beams as he watches Victor and ILSA react to the plan but suddenly Captain Renault reacts.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

What a second, Hugo is

staying here so who will

drive the barge into Paris?

I heard they are difficult

to drive, especially at night.

RICK

Piece of cake,

I drove one down the

Ganges into Ethiopia

several years ago,

with the same kinda

cargo. I might be a

little rusty but

I’ll manage.

Rick laughs to himself at the ‘slight’ exaggeration.

VICTOR LASZLO

There is only one flaw.

Victor put his arms affectionately around ILSA and asks the question he knew would provoke a reaction.

VICTOR LASZLO

What about ILSA?

Rick swears he could see the hair on her neck bristle. Rick recognizes her reaction, but spoke up anyway.

RICK

She can stay here

and when all the shooting

stops, we can come back

and get her.

ILSA

NO Richard! I’m coming with

you. It will waste too much

precious time coming

all the way back here to

pick me up, and besides,

I am as good a shot as

anyone. I proved that

in England and you need the

firepower.

Victor admits the truth.

VICTOR LASZLO

She does have a point.

While we were in England,

ILSA took target practice

and she was on top of the

class, which included me

and twenty other men.

Rick knew it is probably futile, but he has to explain the situation to someone who was probably not totally aware of what they are in for.

RICK

If anyone doesn’t want

to go, I understand. I

just want all of you to

know this is not a shoot

the ducks at an amusement

park or rifle range

practice. These targets

will be shooting back

with heavy-duty hardware

a lot deadlier than we’ll

be using. This is dangerous

business and there is a

damn good chance some of us

or even all of us might

not survive, so with

that in mind, if anyone

wants to drop out,

I understand.

With those words, ILSA’s participation is settled.

**EXT. SAINT-MARTAIN BRIDGE**.

They meet Hugo and his men at the designated place, where N.14 crosses the Seine at the St. Martain Bridge. The dilapidated bridge crosses the narrowest part of the Seine and from beginning to end was only two hundred meters in length.

Docked at the bridge, their transport to Paris is hardly visible in the black pitch of night. Like most barges, it is a narrow eighty-meter flat bottom boat with a deep cargo area designed specifically for cartage. But during the war years, most fell victim to disrepair, the lack of spare parts and fuel.

Hugo hands the arms out. A collection of British Stenguns, captured German MP44s, WW1 Mauser and Lebel rifles. Hugo would use a pineapple grenade and he gave Victor a German stick grenade. Victor has the most experience with German stick grenades and they are more difficult to throw accurately than the pineapple.

As rehearsed, they form two lines with each man or woman at arm’s length from the next on both sides of the road, but not directly across from each other. They made sure no one is caught in the cross-fire.

Hugo would throw his grenade at the first halftrack, signaling the fire to begin. Victor would throw the next grenade at the last halftrack.

Rick, Captain Renault and Hugo reminded everyone what they expect the Germans to do when they reach the bridge. The attack will begin when the Nazis are most vulnerable, standing out in the open waiting for their vehicles to cross the bridge, one or two at a time. If the four vehicles cross the bridge at the same time or with the men on board the weight could crush the bridge.

Everyone is in position, and the plan is set, now they need the bait to spring the trap.

It is as though the Germans had anticipated the attack when they stop ten meters from the bridge. The convoy is close to the bridge, but not close enough to attack.

The leader of the convoy defiantly stands in the open cab of the first halftrack. He shouts orders and signals for two of his men to come forward and inspect the bridge. They reacted immediately as they jump from the first halftrack. They cautiously move forward as they inspect the old concrete bridge for signs of excessive wear or sabotage.

Once they thought the bridge secure they jump back into the halftrack, and the leader gave the signal to proceed - not one at a time but they proceed together with the troops on board.

Hugo swore to himself and looks at Rick. The whole convoy with the men on board moves slowly and cautiously forward. They are safer from assault for they have metal walls to protect them. Only the upper part of their torso was visible. Suddenly, every one of them had to become a better shot for there is considerably less target. What is a slam dunk is now difficult for even the best sharpshooter.

Hugo quickly changes strategy as he passes three grenades to Rick and two of his men. They knew they could take out the first halftrack and the ten men. Timing and accuracy now became a crucial factor. Anything less could destroy the trucks and their precious cargo. Hugo is hoping someone on the other side thought of the same strategy for the last halftrack but only Victor has a stick grenade and skill to use it. The men and woman wait as the convoy inched toward them.

Only a few meters away, Victor felt his fingers tighten around the cylinder portion of his German grenade as it rests on his right shoulder. He could see the soldiers straining their eyes as they try to penetrate the black forest. Victor quells his anxiety and the urge to let his stick grenade fly. But he waits for Hugo to signal the alarm. They are almost there, just a few more feet. ILSA subconsciously moves closer to her husband.

Considering the situation, she is unusually calm for she knows she has the grace of God to guide and protect her. Hugo stood steadfast. His timing is perfect as his grenade and three other grenades hit the first halftrack instantly killing the leader and all ten men in the bed.

The Captain pulls the trigger of his rapid-fire Stengun and kills his first German from his lofty tower in the cab of the second halftrack. The Germans from the second halftrack return fire blindly.

They could only shoot in the direction of the gunfire but they hit four of Hugo’s men and Victor square in the chest. The shot knocks Victor and the live grenade to the ground. ILSA instinctively turns to see Victor’s bloodied body on the ground but the live grenade fell at Captain Renault’s feet. When she realizes Captain Renault didn’t see the grenade, ILSA pushes the Captain into the forest with her shoulder into his gut. Captain Renault is stunned until the grenade explodes. When the debris settles it had covered both Captain Renault and ILSA like a blanket.

Suddenly, it was quiet like before - when there were thirty-nine men and one woman alive, but now eighteen men and one woman remain. Victor - fervent leader of the Resistance - and four of

Hugo’s men and all of the Germans save four perished amid the shrill of gunfire, grenades and the misfortunes of a horrid war.

Rick and the others cautiously descends toward the road and the motionless convoy. Everyone put shirts over their faces for the caustic smell of carnage, burning flesh and tires saturates the air.

It is difficult for Rick to see through the acrid smoke and the glare of remaining headlights. Dead bodies hung over the halftracks in their final positions but Hugo’s men shot them again to be sure. The four surviving Germans with their long arms reaching toward the sky appear out of the smoke. They plead for mercy, but to no avail as Hugo’s men shot them without hesitation or remorse.

Rick is relieved when he hears the sobbing sound of ILSA’S voice from the thicket of bush ten meters away. Rick suspects by the anguish in her voice that either Captain Renault, Victor or both were killed. When Rick made his way toward her voice, he saw her silhouette as the moon made a brief appearance. She is still hanging on to Captain Renault and when Rick put his arms around them, she shifts from Captain Renault’s shoulder to Rick’s. Rick looks for Victor’s remains but saw nothing but blood and fragments.

ILSA knew Victor was dead before the grenade exploded, but now his mutilated body is not discernible even in the most basic human form. They stood in the midst of the Normandy forest for several minutes mourning their losses.

RICK

Come on. We’ve got

to go on.

ILSA looks up into Rick’s eyes. She wipes the tears from her face before she gave a nod of approval.

For the next hour, all that are living pile the dead into the cabs. They fill the barge with guns grenades and ammo. There is little time for ceremony. Only ILSA prays as they gather on the bridge to watch the body-laden trucks and bloodied remains of ILSA’S husband sink into the abyss - out of sight but not out of memory. They had to wonder if it is all worth it. But that decision is something, each individual has to decide. Some of them have lost more than others.

Rick put his hand on ILSA’S shoulder.

RICK

Maybe you should go back

to the convent for a few

days to think things over.

Louie will take you over

there, won’t you Louie?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Yes, of course. We can

go right now if you like.

I’m sure Mother Superior

won’t mind. ILSA just stood

on the bank staring at the

water when she starts walking

toward the barge. She spoke in

a voice void of emotion.

ILSA

No, I’m going to Paris.

Victor would have wanted

it that way.

Rick knew it was futile to argue so he just looks at Captain Renault. Rick had an inkling and he was right.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I must be out of my mind,

but what the hell. You’re

going to need someone else

to steer this . . ., this,

Captain Renault pointed at the barge.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Whatever *the hell* it is.

They made their final farewells - a sad departure to Hugo and his men. They had gone through hell together, but Hugo’s next task was going to be as difficult. He has to go back to Rouen and tell four wives, their husbands would not be coming home tonight or any other night.

**INT. LATE NIGHT WITH “LITTLE FLOWER”.**

Marcel is behind the bar as usual and Yvonne is sitting impatiently waiting for ‘Little Flower’ and her roving radio.

MARCEL

This is the first time

she is coming to Rick’s

but I met her before

somewhere else. How did

you meet her?

YVONNE

She was here in the early

afternoon. She was looking

for Rick or you but she knew

who I was so she was

comfortable asking me if

she could broadcast from

here to-night.

MARCEL

Everywhere I went today

everybody was excited.

The word through the

Underground was there

could be news of an

Allied invasion. We have

waited for this day for

so long. Hopefully it is

finally here. The beginning

of the end for Hitler

The sliding door opens slightly and “Little Flower” rushes in and closes the door behind her. There are hugs all around. She put her radio on the bar which impresses Marcel considering she was no more than five feet tall.

MARCEL

I don’t know how you

can carry that thing.

It must weigh a lot.

LITTLE FLOWER

We do what we have to do.

What we all have to do. We

protect ourselves the

best we can that is

why we move every night.

For our safety ‘Piano men’

and women move constantly

for fear the Germans would

find us. We have reason to

be afraid with this new

detection device that

detects radio waves.

YVONNE

Rick told us about them.

That must scare the hell

out of you.

LITTLE FLOWER

That doesn’t make it

any easier. If you are

caught they execute you

on the spot. The problem

they have is there are

so many of us that finding

even one is a task for them.

Right now Frenchmen every-

where are listening. Especially

tonight.

She looks at her watch.

LITTLE FLOWER

Okay it’s almost time.

Little Flower adjusts the frequency on her radio and everyone waits for Charles de Gaulle to give them information they want to hear but the speech is disappointing. It contained no information about an invasion. He spoke of the insurrection in Paris and the need for guns and most importantly the need for barricades. As always he signed off with a warning to the Allies what would happen if Paris is not liberated.

YVONNE

That was disappointing.

I actually think that was

a speech he gave earlier

this year. But we do agree

with the liberation of Paris

part of the speech. Oh well,

maybe the invasion will start

tomorrow.

LITTLE FLOWER

If you want I have

another communication

in one hour with a man

called Geronimo. May be

he can give us more

information. He is close

to the Normandy coast. Do

you want me to stay? I

can go elsewhere.

MARCEL

I have nowhere else to go.

YVONNE

I’ll stay. I’ve got nowhere

else to go, just home alone

and I can’t get laid there.

Marcel looks at her and thought about volunteering but then again………….

LITTLE FLOWER

Maybe Geronimo will have

better news and hopefully

good reception if it is

not raining or worse if

Geronimo had been caught.

An hour later, Yvonne goes outside to see if the conditions are favorable.

YVONNE

I couldn’t be a more

beautiful night.

LITTLE FLOWER

That is half the

problem solved. I

depends what the

weather is like on

the Normandy coast.

They all sat around impatiently until 3am. Little Flower turns the dial just three degrees to reach the right frequency. They hear a voice that is garbled at first but with a slight adjustment of the dial, the voice transmission became much clearer. They all listen attentively.

GERONIMO

Come in Little Flower?

Can you hear me?

Little Flower spoke louder than she needed.

LITTLE FLOWER

We hear you Geronimo.

Can you hear us?

GERONIMO

Loud and clear, Little

Flower. I have news,

my darling. You owe me

for this one. Big time.

LITTLE FLOWER

[INTENSE]

Yes, yes, what is it Geronimo?

Geronimo pauses for moment gathering his emotions

GERONIMO

On this date, June the 6, 1944,

The Allies have successfully

landed on the beaches of

Normandy. *D-Day has arrived*.

Everyone in the basement erupts. Marcel hated to do it but he had no choice. He gestures with the open palms of his hands for them to quiet down. They have to celebrate quietly. Sound travels loud and fast in the dead of night.

LITTLE FLOWER

What else can you tell us?

GERONIMO

The American forces landed

on Utah and Omaha beaches,

the British landed on Gold

and Sword beaches and the

Canadians landed on Juno

Beach. All the beaches are

in Normandy not Calais like

everyone expected.

I am in the middle of the

battle zone. There was an

explosion no more than

100 meters from my house.

All the Allied forces made

successful landings. From

early information,

Omaha Beach proved to be the

most difficult because of

the terrain and it was well

defended. But it’s been

almost 12 hours since

the Allies first landed

on the shores of Normandy

and all is well. That’s

all the information I have

for now Little Flower but I

will talk to you tomorrow

night.

LITTLE FLOWER

Thank-you, Geronimo for

the greatest news ever.

Please be safe, my love.

GERONIMO

I am sure I will know more next

time. I love you, Little Flower.

LITTLE FLOWER

I love you too, Geronimo.

Until next time, darling, Over.

YVONNE

That is incredible news.

MARCEL

Unbelievable. Finally, at last.

LITTLE FLOWER

I am glad that it was

Geronimo that gave us

that information, not

de Gaulle.

YVONNE

It seems that you and Geronimo

should meet after the war.

It definitely seems that

you two were meant for each other.

MARCEL

Absolutely, you should

meet. It would be a shame

if you didn’t.

LITTLE FLOWER

Believe me, I have

thought about it and

I know he has too.

Who knows, maybe.

Yvonne brought out a bottle of champagne she had put away for just this occasion. She wants to pop the cork off and scream in jubilation but she tilts the bottle and slips the cork out almost silently. She pours the champagne into flute glasses.

YVONNE

Tonight, we have reason

to celebrate. I think we

all are in love with

Geronimo.

Everyone laughs and lifts there glasses in unison.

EVERYONE

To Geronimo.

YVONNE

To the Allies

EVERYONE

To the Allies

**EXT. BARGE, SOMEWHERE ON THE RIVER SEINE**.

*Short Version*

It was an uneventful cruise into Paris Rick took the first shift then the Captain took the next until they sailed into Paris where the city is exploding with clots of gunfire were everywhere, Rick parks the barge on the Seine not far from the Prefecture. They left the guns on board and walk to the café amid clots of gunfire from everywhere. It was the beginning of the end.

*Long Version*

Captain Renault and ILSA slept on vinyl cushions that looked like they were from old lawn furniture.

Rick took the first shift at the big wheel direct centre of the bridge and the simple instrumentation.

The night and early morning went by with nothing eventful happening.

ILSA slowly woke up and Captain Renault turns away when the first sunrays shone through the massive windows, casting a beam of light on their faces. The cushion at ILSA’S feet slip across the wooden deck as she uncoiled from a fetal position. She plant her elbow into her pillow propping herself upright as she brushes her dark brown hair off her face.

A grunt of discontentment came from the heap under a horse blanket lying beside ILSA. She put her hand affectionately upon Captain Renault’s head and she managed a faint smile. Her hair began to blow in the breeze as Rick opened one of the widows.

It was a radiant summer morning in central France, which belies the fact that Paris and all of France is at war, and this war is about to escalate to monumental proportions.

ILSA rose from her make-shift bed and put the pillows back on the wooden lawn furniture. Rick put his arm around her as she approached him with face celebrating the early morning sun and breeze. It was a southern breeze now, a bit warmer and more inviting than the cool northern breeze of the night before.

RICK

Sorry for the

accommodations.

There is a head

down in the hold.

It’s not pretty,

but it does the job.

ILSA gathers what little she had, and went through the swinging louvered

doors and down the steep steps leading to the head.

Captain Renault sat up on his cushions. He massages the sleep from his eyes.

RICK

If we pull over at

one of these docks

here, maybe we can

find something to eat.

To Rick’s surprise, Captain Renault disagreed.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I’m not so sure that

is a good idea, Rick.

No sense inviting anymore

scrutiny than we need.

RICK

Good thinking Louie,

Germans might be a little

curious about what we’ve

got on board. Besides there

are some K-Rations here by

my feet. No cigarettes though.

I checked. What made you come

back to France anyway?

Captain Renault got up off the cushions and leaned against the swinging doors. He reaches for a package of K-Rations and opens the biscuits. He took one bight before he threw it over board.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Quite simply, it got very

boring, so I joined

de Gaulle’s Free French

garrison, and that was

just as boring. Even

arguing with General

Milford on de Gaulle’s

behalf got boring.

But I could understand why

Eisenhower and Milford

disliked de Gaulle. Even

I thought he was a pain. But

if you like him or don’t

like him, he is effective

and usually gets what he

wants. Then all we

did all day was march

about the barracks doing

calisthenics.

RICK

I noticed you are a few

pound lighter. It looks

good on you or I should

say off you. I’m not so

sure that beard looks all

that great, but it does

the job. So what happened

after you did your last

calisthenic?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

When ILSA and Victor

heard that the Allies

weren’t going to liberate

Paris, they thought they

had better drop in and do

something about it in person.

I am sure that was Victor’s

idea. It was his reason to

get back to the fight. He was

bored too. So with a lot of

prodding from General Milford

I decided to go with them. I

thought they were going to land

when they flew us over not

parachute but I was stuck.

I made a commitment so I had

no choice but to go.

Picturing Captain Renault jumping out of plane, Rick started to laugh.

RICK

That must have been

some sight, seeing you

jump out of that plane.

I thought you didn’t

even want to go up in

a plane let alone jump

out of one.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I have to admit, it

took a lot of persuasion

on the Victor’s part. God

rest his soul. In fact, he

had to kick me out of the

damn plane. Then I landed

in a tree and some nuns

had to save me. Imagine,

saved by nuns.

That was embarrassing?

Captain Renault wasn’t laughing, but he was smiling. He was happy to see his story was so amusing to Rick. Rick was laughing so hard the barge began to veer off course.

Captain Renault grabbed the wheel.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

You must be tired. Get

some sleep before we get

to Paris.

Captain Renault took over the helm as Rick gladly backed away. The Captain was right. Rick had reached the point of exhaustion.

The fragrance, which ILSA exudes at all times led Rick to grab the same cushions she used. He brought them to the forward part of the deck and sat by his friend.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

One thing puzzles me.

Now that we have the

guns and ammunition,

how are we going to

get them into the hands

of the people who need

them?

RICK

I knew you’d be thinking

about just that Louie so

all night long I thought

about it, trying to come

up with a good solution.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

You can't just circle the

city and give the guns out.

RICK

Why not? That’s exactly

what we are going to do.

When we get back to Paris,

we let the guns sit right

here in the barge. We dock

this tub by the Ile de la

Cite’ near the Prefecture.

Nobody will be the wiser.

It’ll be just one out of

hundreds docked on the

Seine without enough fuel

to move. Do you still have

those connections with

Lieutenant Andre, your man

in charge of the Prefecture

motor pool?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Of course.

Captain Renault looked at Rick and by the expression on his face; he knew what the solution was.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Let me guess. I get

Lieutenant Andre and

a few of his men to

requisition a few trucks

from the motor pool

for later today sometime.

The Lieutenant leaves the

Prefecture and delivers

the trucks to the cafe.

RICK

Sure, we park the trucks

behind the cafe. Nobody

will know. We don’t pick

up the guns until the day

after tomorrow. There is

something else we have to

take care of tomorrow that

we’ll need the trucks.

Something that will be

dangerous, but - to put it

in your words, something

that will be infinitely

satisfying. I haven’t worked

out all the details yet,

I’ll let you know when

I’m finished.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

If we get the trucks later

today why not get the guns

early tomorrow or later

today and start distributing

them around the city?

RICK

Because there is something

you don’t know, Louie,

something that’s going to

throw you for a loop. When

we start this insurrection,

the Prefecture is first

building we’re going to take

over.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I had an idea you were

thinking about exactly that.

RICK

Then we sabotage the

tapping equipment the

Germans use to monitor all

phone calls in Paris.

Think about it Louie?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

So when the Germans can’t

monitor phone calls, we

will be free to communicate

with the whole city with the

communications centre at

the Prefecture.

RICK

Yup and when the insurrection

starts, we’ll have all the

guns and ammo right there to

arm everyone. With your

knowledge of the building, it

will be easy to defend.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Rick as usual that is a

preposterous idea and

amazingly enough, I think

it will work.

RICK

That’s just the beginning

Louie, Marcel and Perrot

have come up with a pretty

good plan. All the mechanisms

are in place, all we have to

do is turn on the switch.

Rick stretched out on cushions as his eyes became heavy. For the moment, the war was far away so he could relax.

RICK

I’ll tell you about them

later, first I’ve got,,,

to get. . ., some sl. . .

The last few words were muttered but it didn’t matter. Captain Renault got the message.

ILSA came up from the hold looking fresh and bright. Seeing Rick fast asleep, she sat beside him, taking his head and placing it on her lap. Captain Renault looked over at her as her hand stroked Rick’s face.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

You still love him don’t you?

She didn’t say a word at first. The look on her face told the story.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I have an idea that is why

you insisted on coming with

us because you knew we would

run into Rick sooner or later.

ILSA

I never stopped loving him

as much as I tried to love

Victor I could never succeed.

As she spoke, tears began running down her cheeks.

ILSA

You can’t imagine how bad

I felt. Here was this

handsome, courageous man

who treated me as well as

any woman could be treated.

I respected him as a man,

a fighter for justice and a

leader of a great cause.

Most women envied my position,

but I still wasn’t in love

with him. I thought after a

while I would just forget about

Rick but it didn’t happen that

way. Even after two, three

years had passed, I still

was in love with him. I

thought of him all the time.

I couldn’t get him out of my

mind. It was beyond my control.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Why didn’t you just leave

and go back to Rick’s?

ILSA

As much as Victor was

a courageous and brave

man, my leaving him would

have seriously hurt him

and his work. In that way,

he was a very weak man.

It would have been very

difficult for him to go on

alone. That part of Victor

nobody knew, although I think

Rick had a feeling. Sometimes

that night in Casablanca I

think Rick made me go with

Victor just because he

knew just how devastated

Victor would be if I hadn’t

gone with him.

Captain Renault admitted what no one understood about Rick.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

That is one thing about

our Rick, he understands

how people act and react

and he has a lot of

compassion for those people

around him. I know he wouldn’t

admit that and I would never

accuse him of it to his face

because he would deny it.

On the other hand, it would

be frightful to have him as

an enemy. I’m glad I’m on his

side. It is much safer that

way.

ILSA

Life goes on for us but

for Victor, may God rest

his soul.

As she spoke she made the sign of the cross.

ILSA

He will always be known as

a hero who died fighting for

the cause he so strongly

believed, and he died

knowing I was at his side,

the two most important

things in his life.

She wiped the tears from her face and ventured a smile.

ILSA

We must look forward now.

When the war is over I will

look back and reflect, but

the Germans are forcing us

to face reality.

She stroked Rick’s scarred face as he calmly slept.

ILSA

He looks so innocent when

he is sleeping.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

[scoffed]

ILSA, Rick may be many things,

but I doubt ‘innocence’ can be

counted among them.

ILSA

I am sure, Captain a woman

sees that side of a man

that no male friend ever

sees. A woman can bring out

a part of his character that

no man would dare let his

male friends see or tell

them about.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I have no doubt you are

right. I can understand

where a woman could bring

out the softer, gentler

part of a man’s character.

Somehow though, after these

last four years, I doubt

there is much innocence left

anywhere in the God forsaken

world. I think the first

casualty of a war of this

magnitude is truth and

then innocence.

**EXT. PARIS, THE BEGINNING OF THE END**

CAPTAIN RENAULT

VO

*For the next hour, I regaled ILSA with numerous stories, some humorous, some sad about how Rick and I spurned the Germans, but the stories ended abruptly when the sounds of war could be heard as we approach the outskirts of Paris. There were little areas of disruption as gunshots and the odd larger explosion could be heard from many areas of the city, as small bands of Resistance were being persistently disruptive to the Germans.*

*I was surprised and motivated. The city had become alive like no other time during the occupation. The anticipated liberation had given Parisians inspiration. I knew the heart of the Resistance would carry them a long way in achieving their plight, but they were sorely lacking in the arms race, which rendered them a distinct disadvantage. However, starting tomorrow, the arms in the hold of Hugo’s barge wasn’t going to even the playing field but the arms would give the Resistance a fighting chance.*

*I had stayed to the Left Bank side of the Ile de la Cite’ in front of the Cathedral de Notre-Dame until we reached the far end of the island where I found a berth amid several other boats and barges.*

ILSA

Richard - Richard, wake up,

ILSA gently rocked him back and forth to no avail.

ILSA

Richard - Richard.

She rocks him harder this time. His eyes open as he slowly brought himself to an upright position.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Well Rick, it’s not Bastille

Day so they are using real

bullets not firecrackers.

It looks like they are starting

the party without us.

Rick looks in the direction of the gunfire for a moment then put his arms around ILSA and kisses her once, then kissed her again. The second is long, reckless and passionate.

Captain Renault became uncomfortable then irritated.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Sorry you two, I hate to

break up such a lovely

reunion, but we need to

park this thing.

RICK

All right Louie, do you

want me to park this tub

or do you want ILSA and

me to tie it up.

Captain Renault steps away from the helm as Rick grabs the wheel. After the barge is in position and secure, they sped off in a westward direction along the Left Bank, carefully eluding the Wehrmacht patrols that are searching the city streets for renegade pockets of Resistance.

By the time they reach Rick’s Cafe thirty minutes later, the fighting has spread and is heard from several different directions. When they enter the cafe, Marcel is alone behind the bar.

RICK

It looks like their starting

the party without us eh Marcel.

MARCEL

It is the Communist, which

is good. They are doing us

a favor. We can start our

plan much easier with them

holding the attention of

the Germans.

RICK

Good point, but we

have to make sure de Gaulle

takes power after the war

is over not Coronel Tanguy

and his communist. I am not

sure how we can do that

but we will figure it out.

These Commies ruling France

would almost be as bad as

the Germans.

Marcel anticipates Rick’s next question and answers it before he asked.

MARCEL

I have already contacted

everyone. They are on their

way with the equipment.

They should be here after

dark.

RICK

Where is Yvonne?

MARCEL

She and several others

are next door preparing

Molotov cocktails. The

potassium chlorate arrived

this morning.

RICK

Oh, you remember Captain

Renault.

The Captain steps forward as Marcel reaches over the bar and shook his hand.

MARCEL

It good to have you back

Captain. We missed you

around here.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Well, I had to come back.

I knew you people wouldn’t

be successful without me.

Captain Renault thought everyone would laugh but no one did.

RICK

And this is ILSA.

Marcel reaches over the bar for her hand then gently kissed it.

MARCEL

Enchante, Mademoiselle.

ILSA smiles as she put her arm around Rick.

RICK

She will be staying here

from now on. Besides

the obvious, anything

interesting happen since

we’ve been gone.

MARCEL

You have not heard? The

Germans, just this morning

have confiscated all the guns

from the police. They are

on strike in protest.

Rick flinches when he hears the news.

RICK

Well I’ll be damned. The

Germans really got one up

on us. We were counting on

the police to turn against

them. What do you think,

Louie?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

It’s obvious the Germans

think they are losing control.

But we can rearm the police

with the guns we have.

Rick just smiles at his friend in admiration.

RICK

See that Louie. I knew there

was a reason you came back to

Paris. That is a great idea.

We can add that message to

the flyer for the police to

look out for Marcel’s van or

we can tell them to come back

to the Prefecture and join us.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

That will work. Rick

I can call the Prefecture

now before Lieutenant Andre

leaves. He can deliver

those trucks any time he

wants. I will ask him

how many men are still there

or are they all on strike.

RICK

Let’s just hope the Germans

aren’t listening to your

call but we don’t have any

choice. I’ll fill you in

on the rest of our plan

when everybody else gets

here. No sense in going

over it twice. Meanwhile,

we just might as well close

this place and wait

for the others downstairs.

We’ve got a lot of work to do.

Captain Renault went up to the terrace to use the phone. Marcel closes the shutters and locks the doors while the others went to the basement.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

I told Andre that he and

his men to park the trucks

a ten meters down the alley

way so they don’t collide

with the printer delivery

and to leave the keys under

the mats. He said

he will be there tomorrow

when we take over the

Prefecture. There is something

else you will find interesting.

Andre told me the Germans will

be leaving the centre of

the city tomorrow after

the noon march.

RICK

Really? Why?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

They are going to set up

a defensive perimeter to stop

the Allies from coming here.

So most of the troops won’t

even be here tomorrow.

RICK

That’s good news. It will

make it easier for us

tomorrow. Okay Louie, I am

going to need help with

this speech. I don’t want

to forget anything. Especially

what you just told me. Everyone

will have to know. We’ve got

to get on that right away.

ILSA can help us too. She’s

good with words. She can

proof-read.

Within two hours, Andre delivers the trucks as promised and the printers had arrived.

ILSA sat at a rusted metal table beside Rick and across from Captain Renault and Marcel. She marvels at the frantic pace, which these men and women assemble the printing press. The normal gloom on their faces had changed.

After inspecting the press a worrisome Marcel walks over to Rick, whispers into his ear then left the room.

Ten minutes later Marcel came back with Yvonne, Perrot and several others.

When Yvonne realizes ILSA is sitting beside Rick. She calmly put the bottles on the floor and walks out the backdoor. Marcel runs after her.

YVONNE

You don’t have to explain.

I understand. He always told

me he was always in love with

ILSA but after she left with

her husband in Casablanca I

thought she was out of his

life. What is she doing here?

MARCEL

I don’t know what

happened. I was surprised

when Rick came here with her

and Captain Renault. I don’t

know what to tell you but

we are close to liberating

Paris. And that is all that

matters to you right now.

Lovers will come and go but

Paris will always be here for

you and for all us. This

is for the liberation of

*your* Paris - *our* Paris.

So we can be free of the

Nazis. Free to love and

be happy. Please mon cherie,

for us and for all Parisians,

we need to work together.

Pour l'amour de Paris

YVONNE

Qui, pour l'amour de Paris

Marcel’s speech works. When Yvonne and Marcel walk back inside she stood beside the Molotov cocktails and didn’t say a word. Marcel checks the typeset for errors on the old Heidelberg press before he prints a copy of the flyer and poster for Captain Renault and ILSA to proof read.

When they gave the go ahead, Marcel ran two sample copies of each. Rick stood beside ILSA and places notes on a metal table that the three of them had written. Rick doesn’t want to forget any important details and Captain Renault, always a stickler for details, made sure he didn’t.

Rick took a deep breath and began his speech….

RICK

Up ‘til now there has been

hardly any organization

when it comes to fighting

the Germans. As you can hear

by the pockets of Resistance

around the city, they’re doing

what they can but

they’re disorganized….

If we’re going to have

this damn insurrection,

we have to do it right….

Rick went into detail every aspect of their plan and when Rick is finished he turns toward Captain Renault.

RICK

Captain Renault has never

been to any of our printing

parties. We all know the

Germans don’t like us to

have any electricity so we

have to supply our own

to power the press. Captain

Renault doesn’t know that

he’s the guest of honor so if

you would just step over here Captain.

Everyone roars as Rick escorts Captain Renault to one of the stationary bicycles.

RICK

We have a special

seat just for you,

front row centre.

Captain Renault laughs and took the ribbing graciously. Then Rick spoke quietly, almost in a whisper.

RICK

Soon as you get tired,

Louie, Marcel will take

over for you. I’m going

up stairs. ILSA and I

have a lot of catching up

to do. You can sleep

in the guest quarters in

back, and better get some

sleep we have a big day

ahead of us tomorrow.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Don’t worry about me,

Rick, I will be just

fine. I should think

tomorrow will be

especially gratifying

for the both of us.

RICK

If we succeed Louie,

if we succeed.

**INT. RICK’S CAFÉ, TERRACE**

They are silent as they proceed up the stairs to Rick’s office and the terrace. ILSA is busy inspecting the cafe.

ILSA

So this has been home

for the last three years.

RICK

It’s hard to believe

it’s been that long.

It feels like only

months ago that Louie

and I came here from

Casablanca with a couple

of detours along the way.

With his connections

and a little bribery,

we were able to get this

place opened - and tomorrow,

if we don’t pull it off,

the whole thing could come

falling down on our heads.

ILSA grabs Rick’s hand and leads him out unto the terrace. The sporadic gunfire had stopped. Paris is quiet and almost peaceful as darkness slowly crept into the canyons of the city.

RICK

So after Victor disappeared

what happened?

ILSA

After Victor disappeared

that’s when I decided to

go to America.

RICK

All by yourself

ILSA

Yes, but I failed miserably,

Isolationist America wasn’t

going to contribute to any

war that didn’t concern them.

RICK

I’m not sure how you

consider that a failure.

ILSA

That is when I came to

London and joined the WAAF.

Then one day I got a

call from Victor. I cried

but they were happy tears.

For almost a year I thought

he was dead.

RICK

That must have been one

surprising phone call.

ILSA

Then a short time later

we saw Captain Renault.

When I saw the Captain, I

realised how much I missed

you. That is why I feel so

guilty. Poor Victor. He

didn’t deserve what happen

to him. I knew he was aware

all along that I was in love

with you, and I’m sure he

felt that someday, he would

lose me to you.

RICK

So the poor guy gets himself

killed and that leaves the door

open for you and me.

But there’s no reason why

either one of us should

feel guilty but I still do.

ILSA

So do I.

RICK

Yeah well, there is someone

else who lost out in the

shuffle. Someone you don’t

know about.

ILSA moves closer to Rick, She put her arms around him and pressed her body against his.

ILSA

Richard, most women are

very intuitive when it comes

to what their men are doing.

I I know you have a relationship

with Yvonne. Don’t forget,

I knew about her in

Casablanca, and when I saw

her here, it was obvious

when she came down

stairs. She could hardly contain

the look on her face when

she saw me. I felt sorry for

her. I didn’t know she had

followed you to Paris.

Do you love her?

RICK

I don’t know. Maybe I do

in a strange sorta way. I’ve

gotten used to her like

an old pair of shoes.”

ILSA

Oh Richard, don’t compare

her to an old pair of shoes.

She is a beautiful woman.

RICK

Yeah, I know, but she’s not you.

ILSA looks out toward the darkened Eiffel Tower. She is happy. She heard those words that she wanted to hear.

**EXT. DAWN. THE BATTLE FOR PARIS BEGINS.**

Perrot, ILSA, Yvonne and several other girls leave early the next morning in one of the trucks to paste a thousand posters and hand out pamphlets around Paris.

**CHECK OUT TIME AT MONT-PIERRE**

Rick, Marcel and the Captain with the fake prisoners in the back of the truck left for the Nazi prison at Mont-Pierre. After a battle they take the prison and release all prisoners that were facing a firing squad. The insurrection has begun. Paris is officially under siege from within.

**EXT/INT. PRÉFECTURE DE POLICE**

Captain Renault Rick and Marcel and many other members of the Resistance take back the main Prefecture in Paris and Captain Renault is reinstated as Police Chief in an emotional ceremony as La Marseillaise is sung and the Tri-Colour is hoisted up the flag pole for the first time since Paris fell.

**EXT. PARIS INSURRECTION DAY TWO**

Rick left the Prefecture before dawn with one truck, three men and three MP44s. They are successful in freeing the telephone exchange from the Nazis monitoring the conversations of all phones in and around Paris. Everyone is free to communicate in secret and without Nazi reprisal.

Captain Renault is planning the defense of the Prefecture against the inevitable German onslaught.

Marcel and several men left the Prefecture in two trucks toward the barge. They recoup their cache of arms and distribute them throughout the city. On their adventures they come across interesting situations and people. Their first such situation and unusual person is in the Pegalle.

**EXT. DAY - THE PEGALLE**

In Pegalle, an area known for its risqué cafes and its artist’s colony, a man holding a World War I Lebel rifle follows behind two Wehrmacht soldiers with their arms raised. As the trucks slowed behind him.

MARCEL

Excuse me sir, Do you need any help?

MAN WITH A GUN

No, but do you have another gun?

Marcel hands him a loaded MP44.

MAN WITH A GUN

Thanks, I need a gun that has bullets.

The two soldiers look at each other when realize they were captured by a man with no bullets in his gun.

**INT. CITY HALL**

When Marcel and his men walk into city hall at Hotel de Ville, men and women asks him if he is friends with the bride or the groom. Marcel explains to them why he is there and asks them why in the middle of an insurrection, are they performing a wedding.

He is told they had taken over the city hall just as the wedding ceremony began. Their leader of the Resistance pronounce the city hall is now under the authority of the free French of de Gaulle. When they put the Vichy mayor and his staff under arrest, the bride began to cry. The leader, thinking fast, assumed his rightful position as mayor and performed his first obligation. He announces the ceremony will continue and pronounces them man and wife.

They had little time for weddings so Marcel allots them much needed guns and grenades and left for the next stop on his tour.

**EXT. DAY - BARRICADES EVERYWHERE**

Marcel sees for himself the profound effect the posters have for it wasn’t just the hardcore Resistance that is disrupting the Germans. Everyday Parisians are getting involved. They are in a building frenzy as numerous barricades block streets and official buildings had been commandeered by the Resistance just as the posters instructed. The poster reminds them that taking official buildings will be easy - keeping them would be much more difficult.

From the northern slopes of Montmartre and the Basilica du Sacre-Coeur, past the crooked alleyways of the Latin Quarter to the far reaches of Montparnasse and far beyond, barricades could be seen everywhere, which is proof, the posters are working. Marcel knew that if the battle for Paris succeeds the poster brigade of Yvonne, ILSA and the rest of the girls are the primary cause.

**EXT. DAY - MOULIN ROUGE**

Marcel just turns the corner on to Blvd de Clichy and is greeted by a pleasant surprise. You couldn’t have a better advertisement than scantily clad women stacking sandbags to build a barricade. The barricade is easily the longest Marcel has seen. It stretches across both sides of the boulevard from the Moulin Rouge to the massage parlour across the street. When word spread, it wasn’t long before every man in the neighborhood came to help out. After Marcel left, the girls thank their helpers by giving them a free pass to get in the club and a free MP44 and grenades to fight Les Boshes.

**EXT. LATIN QUARTER - SORBONNE**.

In the heart of the Latin Quarter, engineering students tore apart the street with pick-axes and shovels to erect a barricade made of paving stones and mortar. When Marcel approaches them, hundreds of enthusiastic students instantly surrounded him. It only took minutes before their enthusiasm had become lethal.

**EXT. LATIN QUARTER - SORBONNE**

Less than two blocks up the boulevard, more students chop down a row of chestnut trees that fell upon the right lane. Marcel drives down the left lane when he notices more students chopping a long row of the trees beside the left lane. His second truck just made it through before the first tree fell. He stops and thanks the students for being so creative because chopping down trees is a brilliant idea. He told them they probably didn’t need them considering their axe wielding skills but he gave them guns and grenades anyway.

**EXT. LATIN QUARTER**

Marcel slips down a side street in the Latin Quarter but stops abruptly. Several people hiding behind a barricade shot two German soldiers that were riding a motorcycle and sidecar. The two Nazis are still alive but a brazen young woman ran to the downed soldiers and hands their weapons to two of her comrades. They drag the two German soldiers and their motorcycle away so Marcel could proceed. Marcel offers them more guns and ammo but for the first and only time did anyone say thanks but they have plenty.

**INT. PREFECTURE**

Perrot stares out the window above the switchboard. He is lost in thought thinking about what to tell Rick. Everyone in the room is quiet. Perrot told them what had happened but telling Rick about Yvonne and the cafe was terrifying. Perrot is wondering how will he react. When Rick enters the room, Perrot didn’t turn to greet him and everyone else is quiet.

Rick knew instantly, there was something drastically wrong.

RICK

What happen?

Perrot finally turns and faces him. The look on Perrot’s face told the story.

PERROT

I am sorry, Monsieur Rick.

The cafe has been destroyed.

There is nothing left.

Perrot flinches as Rick’s clenched fist came down hard on the switchboard desk.

RICK

ILSA, Yvonne and the girls?

PERROT

ILSA is alive but all the

rest are dead. According

to Armand, earlier this

day, a tank and an armored

car stopped in front of the

cafe and called for whoever

was inside to come out. Armand

recognized the man that headed

the assault from the times he

had come to the cafe. He said

it was Major Hanns Gruber.

RICK

Gruber huh. Before this is

over we have a score to

settle that son-of-a-bitch.

PERROT

He said, the girls foolishly

returned fire, and someone

from the inside, threw a

Molotov cocktail, which

missed the tank. Within

seconds, it was over. One

shell blew the ground floor

beyond recognition. Be happy

Monsieur, Armand is most

positive it was Mademoiselle

ILSA. He said, he will never

forget the look of anguish

on her face as they brutally

threw her into the truck with

manacles around her feet and

hands but she is still alive,

Monsieur.

RICK

Does he or you have any

idea where they took her?

PERROT

Qui, to the prison at Fresnes.

It is the closest prison for

female political prisoners.

RICK

How far is the prison

away from here?

PERROT

About four kilometers.

Rick began circling the room, trying to focus.

RICK

What the hell, we did

it at Mont-Pierre,

we can do it there.

**EXT. SHOW OF FORCE AT PREFECTURE**.

As a show of force, the armored vehicle bulldozes its way through the wrought iron gate directly in front of the Prefecture. The German soldiers made a tactical error they would regret as they drove the vehicle too close to the building. Captain Renault and his men quickly retaliate. The deafening burst of fire from their miss-matched collection of firearms shook the empty streets and fills the air with smoke. Within seconds, dozens of rounds hit the armored vehicle killing two of the four men. The right front tire on the armored vehicle is completely blown off the rim. In a panic, the driver turns one hundred and eighty degrees and screeches away from the Prefecture as sparks from naked metal wheel hit the pavement. They pass the Hotel Lambert but Rick and his men didn’t fire. Several of his men held them in their sights, mimicking gunfire and pretending they are at a amusement park shooting gallery. Rick knew next time the real war will start, and he doesn’t want to divulge their position.

Two Panzers follow the path forged by the armored car an hour earlier. When the tanks twist into position a bullhorn squealed before a German officer warns them.

GERMAN OFFICER

Surrender immediately

and your lives will be

spared. If not, we will

destroy the Prefecture

from under you. You have

five minutes.

Captain Renault tries to wait the full five minutes. He is aware his firepower doesn’t match theirs. He knew too well the best he has couldn’t penetrate the 13mm thickness of the Panzers and none of his men could get close enough to use grenades.

He radios Rick to find a solution but the lead tank didn’t wait five minutes before it fires.

As promised, the blast shook the very foundations of the Prefecture. When the explosion rips through the building, the injured and concrete are thrown everywhere. The radio room took the brunt of the blast. The shock spun Andre out of his chair at the switchboard and hurled him across the room under a shower of plaster, dust and flying debris.

On all floors, the men that weren’t injured and some that were fired back as they choke on smoke and dust, but Captain Renault orders them to stop. They might as well save their bullets for another time.

The Captain rips the head set from Andre and phones Rick in desperation.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

If they hit us with

another volley Rick,

we will be in serious

trouble. We’ll have to

retreat to the basement.

We’re useless against them.

RICK

Relax Louie, we’re going

to deal with them, right,,,

,,,,,….NOW.

Three massive explosions not quite in unison shook the building once again but this time the damage was minimal. Captain Renault and Andre rush to the glassless windows to see the three tanks exploding out of control. Captain Renault looks away as a man, with legs shoot off at the knees, pulls himself from one of the turrets. He screams as he rolls to the ground but the fire finally consumed him.

Captain Renault grabs the head set at the switchboard and dust off his once perfectly pressed suit.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Nice job, Rick.

I owe you one.

RICK

No Louie, if we keep on

keeping score we’ll drive

each other crazy.

**EXT. AMBUSH NEAR GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS**

Not far from Gestapo headquarters at 74 Avenue Fosh, just where the boulevard narrowed to a single lane, fighters of the Resistance have gathered on tops of several commercial buildings and at a barricade made of sandbags. They are waiting for their prey when Marcel drove the truck behind the barricade.

Without even asking, Marcel and his men start handing out guns and ammunition to surprised but grateful men and women. One of them quickly explains to Marcel that they called the Gestapo headquarters and told them there is a major disturbance two blocks beyond where they are positioned. They even lit a fire to convince the Gestapo there is a disturbance going on up the road.

Marcel is in a hurry but he has to wait to see this for himself. He didn’t wait long when an open aired armored wagon led three German Panzers past where Marcel and the others are waiting. The Germans thought they are on their way to a make believe uprising but they are closer to the fighting than they think as they are showered with dozens of grenades, Molotov’s homemade cocktails and now an excessive amount of gunfire thanks to Marcel.

When it was over, the lead wagon with four men aboard and the tanks are riddled with bullet holes and the tanks are on fire. Miraculously, the Major who sat next to the diver in the lead armored vehicle is still alive. He got out of the armored car with his hands up. No one could hear what he is saying but everyone assumes he is begging for mercy.

Marcel peered through his binoculars at the Major before he borrows the rifle from the man standing beside him. Without hesitation Marcel shot the Major in the shoulder. The shot spun the Major around 360 degrees. Marcel climbs over the barricade and approaches the Major who is lying on the ground with his hand on his shoulder. The Major recognizes Marcel and asked him for mercy.

CROWD

[starts chanting]

No mercy. No mercy.

No mercy. No mercy.

Marcel spoke loudly so everyone could hear him.

MARCEL

You didn’t give any

mercy to the thousands

of people you tortured

and killed so you will

get no mercy from me.

Marcel hesitates for a moment before he poured six shots into the Major, killing him without question.

Everyone cheers and converges onto the street. They all want to shake Marcel’s hand. His Resistance friends didn’t know it but it wasn’t difficult to tell. Marcel had score to settle with Major Hanns Gruber.

MARCEL

[WHISPERING TO HIMSELF]

That one was for you, Yvonne.

**EXT. PREFECTURE SWITCHBOARD**.

At the switchboard, Andre’s ears are burning. Someone at the town hall in Neuilly, called in a panic. A convoy of tanks had just positioned themselves in the front of their building and when Andre hears a huge explosion at the other end of the line, the phone went dead. He made a note for Marcel whenever he would report, if he is in the area to see if anything could be done, but by the sounds over the phone, it is too late.

Andre tries to keep track of how many phone calls he got like that one where it became obvious they lost to overpowering German firepower. It became obvious to Andre that as opportunistic as the Resistance is in the beginning of the insurrection they are losing the battles and ultimately they could and probably would lose the war for Paris.

An hour later, Captain Renault radios Rick again. This time he spoke with just a tinge of panic in his voice. He stood by the switchboard with one end of a headset pressed to his right ear. The other end was shot off but he is thankful it works.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Rick, Marcel just called

and reported a convoy of

several tanks, and armoured

vehicles coming up the

Champs-Élysées in this

direction, but their

tanks have two passengers

strapped to each turret.

RICK

Seriously?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Very serious. I guess

they didn’t like the last

reception we gave them.

I can only imagine their

destination is here.

RICK

I don’t know about you

but making a decision of

who lives and who dies

doesn’t sit well with me.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Marcel said he would

be here ahead of them

so we better move fast.

Are you thinking

what I am thinking?

RICK

Always Louie. We’ll

meet you in the courtyard

under the Tri-colour.

Let’s hope Marcel gets

here before the human

shield does.

The men meet under the French flag and wait impatiently for Marcel. Andre is gathering his things together at the switchboard and is about to join the others when he answers last call. The screaming and noise in the background at the other end of the phone is so loud, he could not understand what the man is saying. Finally, out of frustration the caller yells into his receiver. Andre pulls the head set away from his ear. He now understood why there is so much noise. They are not cries of anguish under a German barrage of fire, but they are cries of jubilation. Chartres, a mere fifty kilometers from Paris, had just been taken by Lecleric’s 2nd Armored Division and with the unbelievable invitation of von Chotitz, the German commander of Gross Paris the Allies are on their way. They should be in Paris before the day is over - tomorrow by the latest. *Paris will be saved*.

Tires squeal as Marcel turns the corner with the second truck close behind. He could feel the heat from the smoldering tanks as he passes them. When he approaches the men celebrating and singing La Marseillaise in the courtyard, he is confused at first, but in only a moment, he knew theirs is the response only one piece of information could inspire. Marcel began to weep when he knew his beloved Paris would be saved.

Captain Renault, Rick and the remaining men jump aboard the two trucks and within moments they drove out the drive way and fleeing the burning Prefecture.

Rick looks into the mirror on the side of the truck as the German convoy moves cautiously through the fog of war toward the Prefecture. Rick knew the Nazis were warned that the inhabitants are dangerous and have the firepower and the means to use it. However, the Nazis arrive too late. The first incursion of the Prefecture is over but just for the moment. The occupants have stepped out but they would be back, stronger and better than ever.

After much deliberation and with the knowledge that Paris would be saved, Rick and his men were on a rescue mission to the prison at Fresnes.

**EXT. THE TRAIN FROM HELL**

The prison guards park the olive drab busses at the gates of Fresnes. They wait for the two hundred and twenty-eight female prisoners to board. The two thousand male prisoners were already gone. They were taken away before day-break and are now on their way to Germany.

A German officer woke ILSA as he enters her cell. She recognizes the tip of his cross as it dangled from below his tunic. He is the prison chaplain.

PRISON CHAPLAIN

ILSA, I have come to

give you communion for

the ordeal that awaits you.

ILSA rose to her knees from the mat on the floor and kisses his cross as he began the communion process with prayer. He slips the host out of the blessed container and places it gently upon her tongue. She bows her head and folds her hands as he made and spoke the sign of the cross,

PRISON CHAPLAIN

Nomane Patris et Filii et

Spiritus Sancti, Amen.

ILSA looks up at him with tears streaming down her face.

ILSA

Why father - why are they

doing this to us? The war

will soon be over.

There is little sense

in killing anymore?

There is a look of bewildered frustration on his face as the priest spoke.

PRISON CHAPLAIN

I am sorry my child, but unfortunately that is not my decision. In this matter, I am powerless.

ILSA

Father, why does God allow

the atrocities of war if

he is such a just and kind

God?

PRISON CHAPLAIN

I have no answer my child,

but I can tell you this;

you must have faith my dear;

you must have faith. I am

sorry but I must see to the

needs of the others. May God

be with you.

He blesses her again for good measure before he left the cell with the echoing sound of the heavy metal door reverberating through out the prison.

Less than an hour later, ILSA hears the systematic opening of cell doors as the guards take the female prisoners to the busses.

When they pass through the prison wrought iron gate, a sympathetic driver told them to tuck their last messages to their families in the seat. He would see to it that they would be delivered.

ILSA’S words and the message was brief but powerful.

ILSA

Darling, we will always

have Paris. I love you.

ILSA.

She addresses it to the cafe, hoping somehow the driver would keep his word.

ILSA tries to console a woman with straw like grey hair and an aged leathery face. ILSA tells her the surest way to survive is to go to Germany. If there are any prisoners left at Fresnes, they would be slaughtered when the Allies are at the gates. But the words have little effect on the woman as she continues to cry.

The busses stop at Boulevard Peripherique. She turns and looks at Paris for what she thought, would be the last time as the bus proceeds past the boulevard.

When the busses stop at the Paris stockyard the women are led across the tracks toward the cattle cars that are strung together in front of the freight station. The German guards shot the female prisoners who are too weak to make it over the tracks. The long procession of human cargo, the best women of the French Resistance are loaded on to the cattle cars.

The door to ILSA’S cattle car isn’t completely shut when the train’s wheels began to screech. The creaking cars quickly slid away from the station with its human cargo in agony as they beg for air and water. In ILSA’S car the widows are crossed with barbed wire and too high for even the tallest women to look outside.

The sun beating down on the metal roves stoke the heat to an oppressive 40 degrees Celsius. For the battle-hardened women of the Resistance, it is hotter than even they could bear. One by one, they remove their clothes down to their underwear. They could only stand while their sweaty bodies slip and slid against each other. There is a small area in the corner where only one woman could squat at a wooden bucket. While ILSA stands at the edge of the car holding on to a crooked nail, a desperate prisoner behind her licks the sweat as it streams down the small of her back.

**EXT. MID-DAY, PRISON AT FRESNES**

The two trucks gather speed as they approach the stone grey walls and the iron gates of the prison. Rick analyzes the situation while he peers through his binoculars. There is only one guard at the gate and several atop the fortress. A German 88 and two smaller anti-tank pieces are placed just inside the entrance in the courtyard but luckily, they are unmanned. Rick knew, the only quick access readily available is an aggressive, surprise move through the front gates. He leans out the window and signals to Captain Renault and his men in the second truck to take out the guards on the roof. He told Marcel to “step on it” then turned to warn the others in the back to brace for impact. Marcel briefly turns his head and smiles. Rick responds when he hears Marcel’s foot hit the floor.

RICK

Put the pedal to metal.

The guard at the gate, startled by the onslaught, tries clumsily to ready himself but he is too late. The lead truck crashes through the gate and the guard. Three German guards rush the trucks but they are no match for the frenzied firepower of harden Resistance fighters as they empty their magazines at a ferocious pace, killing all but one of the guards.

Within moments, the prison is theirs, but it became painfully obvious they are too late. The prisoners and ILSA are gone.

Rick looks into the eyes of the surviving guard. He knew from Rick’s pensive stare, that he will not be denied.

RICK

Where did they take the prisoners?

The guard said nothing as beads of sweat dotted his face and upper lip.

Rick reaches into Captain Renault’s holster and pulls out his Luger. The prisoner could feel the hatred in Rick’s eyes as he jams the Luger up his right nostril. With his eyes crossed the guard watches Rick’s fingers tightly grasp the trigger.

RICK

I’ve killed thousands

like you and before

this hell is over,

I’m going to kill a

thousand more so if

you don’t tell me

where they took the

prisoners.....

The German soldier didn’t understand English but he got the message. Rick turns toward Marcel and listens to the translation.

MARCEL

That train is going

to Germany but there is

a problem. The train left

over an hour ago and

catching up with it before

it reaches the border

would be impossible.

RICK

[ordering]

Let’s go.

As Rick walks away from the German soldier, he hears a shot. He didn’t know who killed the soldier but it didn’t matter, he understood.

EXT. NORTH-EAST FRANCE - IN TRANSITE.

The medieval tower of the cathedral soars above the Marne River town of Meaux. The cathedral is their first sight as the trucks negotiate the meandering road through the forest.

Rick and the others are frustrated - after each wayside station, no matter how fast they drive, they are always told, The train is an hour ahead. It is doubtful they could catch the train before it reaches the German border where ILSA and the rest of the prisoners would be lost forever.

They can only hope, Jean, the Maquis demolition expert, Marcel radioed from the prison reaches the track in time. It is all up to him now but Rick and Marcel press onward, hoping for a miracle.

Four former French soldiers, one with three kilograms of plastic explosive strapped to his waist, and the others, each with fifty meters of prima-cord strung around their shoulders, traverse the tracks just beyond a tunnel where a rocky slope met the eastern shoulder of the river Marne. The men meticulously and efficiently place the explosives in half a kilogram increments into the groves at the side of the metal rails, ten meters apart. They connect the explosives with prima-cord, which led to the ignition switch sixty meters up the hill.

Jean and his men are now members of the Maquis who spent the last four years sabotaging railway tracks, trains, and truck convoys - any means the Germans use to transport the tools of war. Jean’s favorite is stopping the Gestapo, which is why he relished the message he received from Marcel just two hours before. Jean hopes he can delay the train long enough for Marcel, and the others to catch up as they drive through the winding roads of north-eastern France.

Jean can hear the whistle from the death train as it passes through a tunnel less than a kilometer down the track.

Jean ties the loose ends of the prima-cord to the detonation device and within seconds, twenty meters of track is rendered useless. The track would take the Germans two hours to repair, which is more than enough time for Rick and the others to catch them. Jean and his four men wait in the security of the hills.

ILSA’S arms and shoulders become tired after she fends off sweaty bodies from crushing her against the metal wall. The train floor is slick. Many of the women became too weak to wrestle their way through the crowd to the solitary pail, so they urinated and defecated on the floor below them.

There is a brief rest from the harsh sun beating down on the metal roof as the train enters a tunnel but when it reaches daylight, the metal wheels screech to a stop. The engineer realizes someone had sabotaged the track.

The bodies of prisoners slam forward crushing to death many women who are unlucky to be in front of the cars. ILSA managed to hold her position, but she is weakening fast. The heat and squalid conditions are taking their toll, but they had been through nothing in comparison to what lies ahead.

The Gestapo is afraid of an attack so they order the train back into the smoke-filled tunnel. They kept the locomotive pouring black smoke into the cramped tunnel for over an hour. Everyone gasps for a breath in the rancid black air that is settling around them. Even prisoners who had weathered the arduous trip become nauseated and near suffocation. The floor, which became slick with human feces and urine is coated with vomit as wretched prisoners threw up. Yet, ILSA knew as each moment of misery past in the rancid air, freedom for the prisoners will soon be at hand. She pleaded to the others.

ILSA

You must hang on. The Maquis

sabotaged the track. They have

come to save us. Hang On. Hang on.

You must hang on.

She knew it could only have been the Resistance who sabotaged the track but through an unfortunate stroke of ill-timed luck, the Gestapo found another train just a kilometer ahead. It was parked at a siding. They backed the train to the damaged track and loaded the waiting prisoners. The train had fewer cars so they shot the sick and left them on the side of the track.

Frustrated, the four men whose daring exploits had failed by an ill-timed stroke of luck could only watch the death train disappear down the track.

Rick and the others got to the hill on foot no more than five minutes after the train had gone.

While on the road, they had a difficult choice to make. They could have spent precious time, hoping to find gas to siphon or just keep on going. They chose the latter and ran out of gas less than a kilometer from the tunnel. They are demoralized to see the train has gone and horrified at the sight of the dead women callously left beside the track. Rick looks for ILSA but he is relieved when ILSA is not among them.

With all the bad luck they have against them, most men would have given in to fate, but Rick wouldn’t.

RICK

Marcel, radio someone -

anyone ahead, we have to

stop them again before

they get to Nancy. We’re

going to take *that* train.

He points toward the train, that is still running.

RICK

We can fix the track

in an hour. It looks

like they already did

most of the job for us.

The men understand. If they had a loved one on that train, they would be doing the same thing. So, they ran down the hill, screaming and yelling as they started to repair the track.

Marcel stayed on the radio for an hour. He hoped someone would hear him but as far as he knew, no one did.

It took them less than an hour when they are on their way with Captain Renault at the throttle and Marcel still on the radio.

The track follows the River Marne to its end then into the province of Champagne and over the Aisne River but they saw nothing - just acres and acres of vineyards.

When they pass the Meuse River into Lorraine, they are less than twenty kilometers from Nancy. They could go no further than the outskirts of Nancy, just over the Moselle River.

Rick informed the others what Captain Renault and Marcel had told him.

RICK

It will be too dangerous for

us to go into the Nancy train

station. There are too many

Germans and not enough of us.

and besides Marcel told me

there are too many routes

ILSA’S train could take into

Germany so we have to stop

outside of Nancy. Sorry men

but this rescue mission is

over. I want to thank you

men for coming along. It means

a lot to me and it would have

meant a lot to ILSA too.

Rick turns away and looks out the window toward the front of the train. They pass a sign which reads, Moselle River two kilometers. Rick nods at the Captain and he begins to slow the train. Suddenly, they see thick, black smoke rising above the forest canopy.

MARCEL

It is probably a forest fire.

There are a lot this time of

year. Conditions are dry.

Then through the smoky haze, they spot a caboose stopped on the track ahead. The Captain stops the train fifteen meters behind the caboose. Cautiously, everyone gathers at the front of the engine but venture no further.

RICK

Can anybody see or hear

anything?

No one answers. Thick smoke and the noise from their engine made it impossible to see or hear anything.

There is only one move that is uncharacteristic for Captain Renault but he made it.

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Well Rick, I think you and

I should take a look to see

what’s going on beyond that

fire.

MARCEL

The Captain is right.

I am going as well.

Rick looks at the other men.

RICK

We will be back when

we see what’s going on

beyond that smoke. If you

hear two shots only, get

in this train and run

like hell.

With guns at the ready, the three men sprint along the track, stopping for a moment at the caboose before they slowly crept forward. To the men back at the train, Marcel is the last man to disappear into the smoke.

Once passed the caboose, it became apparent, the second and third cars are on fire as thick black smoke bellows from its windows. They jump down from the tracks into a small waterless ravine six feet below the rising smoke. After their eyes clear, the horror of what happened came into focus.

When the train slid to a halt only the last two cars besides the caboose remained on the track. The engine, coal car and two cattle cars had plunged off the trestle into the Moselle River. One of the cars stuck straight out of the water. The other cars and the engine had sunk into the river out of sight. The track and the trestle at the edge of the river were destroyed. Dead bodies of both prisoners and German soldiers are strewn everywhere.

Marcel recognizes several armed men. He tells Rick and the Captain, they are more members of the Maquis. Marcel is sure they intercepted his plea for help. Rick, Marcel and Captain Renault walk over to the men and thank them but Rick thought their explosive destruction is over but he said nothing. The Maquis held the remaining Germans soldiers captive. They are involved in a mock trial but there is little doubt, these soldiers would survive.

On a rocky ridge on the opposite side of the tracks and a ravine, a multitude of people drinking canteens of water laid on the ground. They are too weak to stand for any length of time but they do not realize, the war is over for them. They are the lucky few who survives.

Rick desperately hopes ILSA is among them as he hastily climbs the ridge but after searching their desperate faces he didn’t find her.

He jumps back down into the ravine and back up onto the tracks beyond the burning cars, nearer the river. He pans the opposite side of the tracks into the thick forest. He pans back and forth from the river’s edge to where he is standing with no success. He looks down at the dead bodies in the ravine. He didn’t want to look through all the bodies but he is coming to that conclusion. He has no choice.

Finally, out of desperation, he screams her name several times so loud he could not hear a faint voice sitting away from the others. She sat by the edge of the river facing the other side.

At first, the voice is strained almost inaudible but as Rick walks toward her, she gained the strength to stand. She cries out.

ILSA

Richard, Richard.

She is trembling and almost naked. Captain Renault immediately took off his tunic and threw it to Rick. She stumbles at first then calls his name again.

ILSA

Richard, Richard!

Her lips are parched and her body is severely bruised but her eyes were alive - wildly alive. Rick drapes the tunic and his arms around her. ILSA is alive.

**EXT. TRAIN ON THE WAY BACK TO PARIS.**

Rick looks totally out of character. Black smutty, coal covers his arms, chest and face. His muscles are taut and sweat drips from his elbows as he shovels coal from the tender into the firebox.

I

LSA sits on a stool, letting the wind take her hair as she looks out over the green and lush countryside and the sun as it slowly dips under the horizon.

The cattle car train ride to hell couldn’t be more different than the ride back to Paris. Her body aches but never in her life did she feel so at ease - so content. The war will be over soon, and she and Rick could resume their lives, but unlike before, this time they would have each other.

ILSA

[asked the Captain]

What are you going to do

after the war, Captain?

CAPTAIN RENAULT

Please ILSA, after all

we have been through I

think you could at least

call me by my first name

and besides, I am resigning

my commission. As of now,

I am no longer Captain

Renault of the Prefecture

but just another private

citizen.

ILSA AND RICK

[asked in unison]

Are you serious, Louie?

LOUIE

Dead serious. I have had

enough violence in my life.

I am going to retire and

become a silent partner in

the new Cafe Rick Duex.

Louie’s face cut the wind with his hand steady on the throttle. He is anxiously anticipating the first signs of Paris. There are questions everyone is thinking. Did Lecleric’s 2nd Armored Division penetrate the city? Did Eisenhower finally give permission for the Allies to save Paris? Did the Nazis put down the Resistance uprising? The only thing they knew for sure is they heard no massive explosions so they assume von Choltitz never answered the phone call or the question Hitler asked him.

Hitler

Is Paris Burning?’

All the men including Marcel are ahead in the cattle cars seeing to the sick. Marcel looks forward to getting back to university. He wants to resume his studies and finish his dissertation and with a little perseverance, by this time next year he should be at the Sorbonne, entering medical school.

It is dark when the train reaches its last gasp and the siding at Neuilly, where they had started out a long and arduous twelve hours before. Rick and Louie jump from the locomotive and they help ILSA gently to the ground. Instead of the expected sounds of fury coming from the city streets, they seemed to be abuzz with people. The three of them stop and listen but no one could tell for sure. The three walk slowly beside the train. Rick had his arm firmly but gently around ILSA.

Marcel joined them after he opened the doors to the cattle cars and slowly the weathered and worn step down from the cars.

LOUIE

Well Rick, how are we going

to get these ladies home?

RICK

I am sure there are enough

men here to see that these

ladies get home safe. From

now on, it’s every man

or woman for themselves.

Unless you want to do the

honors.

LOUIE

No thanks. I can see

your point.

Instead of walking through the station, the foursome trudge over the tracks to a perpendicular latter that led up a concrete embankment 15 meters to the street. As they climb, Rick became concerned. All he could hear is people screaming and that horrific sounds of heavy tank tracks and halftracks digging into pavement, but when Rick peaks over the top, his senses are assaulted. Thousands, maybe millions of Parisians are in a delirium as they scream for joy. That menacing sound of tanks weren’t German but they are Lacleric's 2nd Armored Division.

After four years under Nazi domination, the people of Paris are free at last and they began the biggest party the world has ever known.

Since the British, American and Canadian troops landed on the beaches in Normandy it took them 80 days of arduous hard fought battles before French and American troops are allowed to parade into Paris. The British and Canadians missed the Paris party but they had a party of their own when they liberated the Netherlands and Belgium.

Tired unshaven men wearing tattered military uniforms drove tanks, halftracks and an assortment of mobile military vehicles through a sea of humanity but to Parisians, it mattered little what their heroes look like. From the Parisian perspective, they are the greatest men in the world.

The drivers who are visible and standing on their turrets are crushed by swarms of women leaping up to kiss them, touch them, talk to them and most of all they thank them for liberating their city from four years of Nazi tyranny. They pass their liberators wine, flowers, carrots, and candy, more wine, anything they could offer to show their appreciation. They follow the columns on bicycles and flood the streets in waves of humanity yelling to their liberators, Merci, Merci.

The four of them with ILSA in the middle tried to master the crowd but it is futile. The crowd is completely out of control, stupefied by the delirium of freedom.

An unshaven American soldier who is driving a captured German Scheimmwagen [amphibious reconnaissance car] offer the four of them a ride. They gratefully climb aboard without hesitation.

Behind them, a Sherman tank have several girls hanging on the turret with bottles of champagne waving in their outstretched arms. A curvaceous young girl dressed in a frock she had saved for just this triumphant day jumps down from the front of the tank and tugs on Marcel’s shirt. There is no room for all of them so Marcel bid his friends a smiling, farewell.

MARCEL

Au revoir, mon ami.

Within moments, he and his newly found friend had disappeared into the sea of humanity.

A young man with hammer in hand, climbs up an ugly white sign written in German and knocks the sign to the ground with three strikes from his sledge hammer. He proudly professed that is the tenth German sign he has knocked down within the last hour.

A grey haired woman dressed in an expensive evening frock wrestles the crowd to confront the Sergeant. When she reaches the wagon, she motions with her frail hand for the Sergeant to bend down. When he did, she pinned a rose to his lapel, kissed him on the cheek.

OLD WOMAN

Thank God you are here

young man, now Paris can

be Paris again.

RICK

[Yelled above the deafening noise]

Where are you from Sergeant

and where are your men?

SERGEANT JON

I’m from Poughkeepsie,

New York, sir. My men were

taken away by hoards of

young women but they didn’t

put up much of a fight.

From somewhere up in the procession a sudden uproar is heard when a women dressed in black had recognized her son she had not seen in four years.

WOMEN DRESSED IN BLACK

My son, my son, you are alive.

She yelled as she put her arms

around him, kissing him and

weeping uncontrollably.

Everywhere they look the Tri-colour is flying proudly once again. The Nazi banners and flags are gone along with those German white signs with the tall black letters. However, the Tri-colour was not the only flag of respect this day. Revelers wave six-inch replicas of the Stars and Stripes. As the American soldiers parade down the streets of Paris, everyone waves the flag of the United States of America - a respectful tribute to their liberators from four years of repression. Sadly, the Americans could not stay for the big party. They had other cities to liberate before they get to the Siegfried Line and beyond.

On an American Sherman tank, the American and French flags flew, and the now famous words Viva la France are scrawled in white paint on the sides of the turrets.

A beautiful woman dressed in the classic black dress is tired from wrestling with the hoard asked Louie if he would mind giving her a ride. Louie turned and looked at Rick and ILSA.

LOUIE

Who am I to refuse.

Louie helps her up into the vehicle. She wraps her arms around him and whispers into his ear.

MADELINE

Je m’appelle Madeline,

mon Capitaine.

LOUIE

Please Madeline, call me

Louie. How are you going

to celebrate the liberation?

MADELINE

It's been a long time since

I have wanted to do this with

any man.

Madeline lovingly kissed him. It is a long and passionate kiss.

After the amorous embrace was complete Louie turns toward ILSA and Rick and declares.

LOUIE

The war is over. My life as

Prefect of Police is over

so I think it’s time

I start everything anew.

What would have taken just ten minutes, took three hours of bedlam. They had reached the Place de la Concorde where the former occupiers of Paris began their last sorrowful parade through the streets they had ruled for the last four years. Parisians explode in anger. They vent four years of pent up hatred as the Germans are beaten, pummeled, spat upon, kicked and cursed. Reports filter down through the crowd, some Nazis committed suicide rather than face the hoards of angry Parisians.

Once the Nazis had passed the gauntlet of irate Parisians, their collaborators are right behind them. The scene is repeated as thousands of irate Parisians kicked and spate at half-naked girls with their heads shaven and swastikas painted on their breasts.

Each girl carried a sign that read: I WHORED FOR LES BOCHES. They are afraid and humiliated but their faces turn white when the Resistance shot the German soldiers that were paraded ahead of them.

A Sherman tank of the French 2nd Armored Division had paralleled the wagon. Each tank has the names of French towns they liberated painted on the sides. This one has Caen\Cherbourg written in white chalk just below the turret.

A French soldier with lipstick smeared over his young hairless face pulls a pack of cigarettes from his jacket pocket. After Rick got his attention, he pressed his two fingers to his lips. The soldier readily obliged and threw over the whole pack. It is the first Rick had seen in over a year. Rick thought it over for a moment but after ILSA’S face reflects a look of dismay, Rick thanked the young Frenchman and regrettably threw the cigarettes back.

An elderly man wearing that identifiable yellow Star of David on his coat and his fragile wife with a hand full of fresh grapes made their way through the jubilant crowd to the young Frenchman. The elderly man extended his hand and gently pulled him down so he could speak to him.

ELDERLY MAN AND WOMAN

Young man, we want you

to have these grapes.

They are the first

we have seen in four years.

Tears came to the young Frenchman’s eyes as he took them and offered to share them but they refused.

ELDERLY MAN AND WOMAN

Young man, tonight these

grapes, as well as all of

Paris are for you.

When they reach the Arc de Triomphe, the little wagon is swallowed by a massive sea of humanity. Realizing, they are going no further, the four of them jump ship and thank the Sergeant for the ride.

ILSA

What is your name, Sergeant?

SERGEANT JON

My name is Jon, Ma’am.

She kissed him on the cheek and hugged him.

ILSA

God speed, Jon.

Rick, ILSA, Louie and Madeline hung on each other. They want to enjoy, to revel, to entice this - the greatest moment of their lives and the greatest moment in modern French history.

Everyone close to the arc covers their ears. Squeals from the live microphone reverberate as the carpenters ready the stage for tomorrow’s grand parade of General de Gaulle. He is the motivational voice of free France who for four years had relentlessly urged French people everywhere to fight Hitler.

The foursome, sensing something spectacular is about to happen move closer and stood in awe, appreciating the spectacle as the sounds and sights of fireworks explode in the cloudless sky. When one of the carpenters stood tall on top of the makeshift stage, his head seemed to reach the exploding fireworks above him. His first intention is to test the sound of the live microphone, but after four years of suppression, four years of degradation and with tears in his eyes, his emotions ran wild as he sung with unbridled pride and passion, La Marseillaise.

As the national anthem reverberates throughout the canyons of the city, Parisians never sang the anthem with such passion, such verve. The sea of humanity stops en mass, stood at attention as tears flow down their checks. They are tears of mixed emotions. They are tears of joy for the liberation of this great Republic and tears of sadness for their fallen comrades who are not present to savour this precious moment of celebration.

From the most western point of Paris to the eastern point, millions of French people are allowed to sing their national anthem whose words so aptly describe the very essence and soul of French people. Their victory is not one Ideology over another; their victory is truly a victory of good over evil, a victory of right over wrong. Once again, they are free to wave the Tri-colour, free to live, free to love in the country of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

Amid the infectious madness - in the midst of a sea of human hysteria, the foursome swayed to the boisterous movement of the crowd. No words are needed just a toast of appreciation to each other convey the message. They had gone through hell together and won.

LOUIE

Tell me, Madeline, what

are you doing for the

rest of your life?

ILSA embraced and kissed Rick passionately. What she hoped for had come true? The chance to live normal lives would be theirs. They are free to exist in a France that is free from the bounds of Nazi tyranny. They celebrate their liberation, their newly found lives together. Rick held ILSA’S hand as he slips the ring on her finger and whispers in her ear.

RICK

Here’s looking at you kid.

La Fin