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