

**CASABLANCA II: RICK'S REVENGE**  
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EXT. CASABLANCA STREET - DAY

1

The dusty, narrow, uneven street is lined on both sides by stuccoed homes and storefronts built shoulder to shoulder in the old-fashioned way. People of varying European and North African nationalities go about their business, oblivious to the war that looms not far from them.

An occasional small group of men in military uniform pass by; some German, some French, all on their guard.

EXT. RICK'S CAFE AMERICAIN - DAY

2

The familiar and elegant nightclub and gambling house that we may remember from the first film has clearly suffered what appears to be much abuse from persons unknown. The once-bright neon sign is now broken and hangs at a slight tilt. Only a handful of people are seen entering or leaving; more passers-by on the street appear to be avoiding the establishment with fear and suspicion.

INT. RICK'S CAFE AMERICAIN - DAY

3

The interior of the nightclub matches the exterior: an air of destroyed elegance, hastily reconstructed for the sake of business. The room is mostly empty but for a few isolated Europeans at tables widely scattered, and several determined drunks at the bar. Behind the bar, Rick's trusty Russian bartender, SACHA, cleans glasses inattentively as he suspiciously eyes the front door, as if expecting another disaster any moment.

A small, battered piano is pushed against one wall; on the bench sits SAM, listlessly playing a morbid tune.

RICK enters from the back room. Sam notices him, and quickly switches to a more up-tempo theme on the piano. Rick's demeanor does not change.

RICK  
Nice try, Sam.

Sam stops playing and looks over to Rick, a look of sympathetic disappointment on his face.

SAM  
Just trying to help, is all. My  
playing used to pick you up.

Rick has moved to the bar. He looks at Sacha but responds to Sam.

RICK  
Emphasis on "used to."  
(to Sacha)  
Whisky, straight up.

Sacha stops cleaning glasses long enough to pour Rick his drink, then resumes work. He looks up at Rick conspiratorially.

SACHA  
Word on street is, Germans will  
try to wreck bar again. Maybe soon  
I think.

Rick finishes his whisky in one gulp.

RICK  
So I've heard.

Sam has risen from his piano bench and walked over to the bar.

SAM  
Hey, Sacha, how about one of them  
fizzly things you make, you know,  
with the paper umbrellas in 'em?

He acts as if he has just noticed Rick standing there next to him.

SAM (CONT)  
You don't mind me taking a little  
drink on the job, do you, boss?

RICK  
Maybe it'll improve your playing, Sam.

SAM  
Ouch.

Sacha fixes Sam's drink during this interchange and places it in front of him, sans paper parasol.

SACHA

No umbrellas anymore, Germans take all!

SAM

Damn, man. There's gotta be something in the war crimes book about taking a man's damn paper parasols.

RICK

(always deadpan)

Now you're just trying to give me another reason to hate them Krauts.

Sam tastes his drink, his face beaming approval, then sets it back down.

SAM

Boss, we damn lucky they even let us open up again, after that near-riot between the Frenchies and the German soldiers. They did some damage maybe but nothing we can't fix.

RICK

Yeah, and it cost me a pretty penny to get my "buddy" Renault to allow me to reopen. And business hasn't been the same since. Nobody comes to Rick's anymore. Let's face it, Sam --

A COMMOTION from the street outside interrupts Rick's self-pitying exposition. He and Sam turn to the door, senses on high alert for any trouble.

The source of the commotion: a group of about ten German soldiers, looking a little bit shabby and half-drunken, are rudely shoving their way past aggrieved civilians, towards the entrance of the café.

Most of the civilians are quick to get out of their way; the few who protest or attempt to put up a fight are given quick kicks and punches. The soldiers appear to be on a mission. They enter the café.

INT. RICK'S CAFÉ AMERICAIN - DAY

5

The group of soldiers enters, deliberately knocking over a table as they do so. The few patrons that are they quickly make haste to exit, slinking against the walls to get around the group of men who don't prevent them from leaving but don't give them much room either.

The soldiers stop to look at Rick, still at the bar, bravely standing his position. There is a moment of tense silence as both parties wait for the other to make the first move. Rick, being the man that he is, is the one to break the ice.

RICK

You guys are going to have to buy a lot of liquor to make up for the folks you just chased out.

The lead soldier, HANS (20ish, big), laughs while his compatriots start to fan out through the bar with little finesse and much knocking over of furniture.

HANS

Ha. Smart guy. Maybe we just take what we want.

ANGLE - BEHIND BAR

6

Taking a cue from this, two of the soldiers go behind the bar and start grabbing bottles of liquor off the mirrored shelves. Sacha protests but is pushed back, and it looks like a fight is about to ensue.

RICK  
(to Sacha)  
Back off, Sacha. You might just be  
a little outnumbered here.

Sacha seems to be insulted by the imputation that he might be outnumbered, but does as Rick asks. The soldiers rudely shove him aside as they each grab armfuls of liquor.

SAM  
Don't forget to take some seltzer,  
make yourselves some nice fizzly  
drinks when you get back to base.  
I hope you still got them parasols  
you stole.

The soldiers behind the bar are prepared to knock Sam's block off.

RICK  
(to Sam)  
Don't push your luck Sam.

BACK TO MAIN ROOM OF CAFÉ

7

RICK  
(to Hans)  
Now look here, fellows . . . I'm  
pretty sure I'm all paid up for the  
month. Check with your bosses . . .

Hans closes the distance between himself and Rick in a moment, grabbing Rick by the lapels of his jacket. Hans is clearly furious, but Rick takes it with his usual deadpan aplomb, perhaps even some ill-concealed contempt for this goon squad.

HANS  
Idiot! We care nothing for that.  
You think we see a filthy pfennig of  
your briberies? We take what we like  
now, then we go . . .

Rick, still in his clutches, interrupts him.

RICK  
What, leaving so soon? Why not stay  
and relax in the ambience for a while?

Hans ignores the interruption and continues his tirade.

HANS  
We go, but maybe soon we be back.  
Maybe soon your little den of traitors  
will be no more.

He releases Rick, shoving him away as he does so. As he  
turns to go, Sam foolishly impedes him.

SAM  
You know, I'm startin' to really  
develop a strong disliking for you  
all.

Hans grabs Sam by the neck, shoving him against the bar as  
he passes by.

HANS  
If you are not careful, American,  
maybe you'll not be playing the piano  
anymore!

Sam is genuinely frightened at this threat against his  
livelihood.

SAM  
It's cool, man, it's cool.

WIDER ANGLE - WHOLE CAFE

8

Hans releases him, then calls out to the rest of his men in  
German. A few have been drinking from open bottles they've  
found during the foregoing conversations; at the barked  
orders, they quickly smash to the floor whatever glassware  
they've been holding and follow their young leader out the  
door to the sunlight outside.

ANGLE ON RICK

9

Rick stands still as a statue as he watches the last of the men leave, and remains so for a long moment after they've gone, staring blankly out the front door.

ANGLE ON SAM 10

Sam looks at him sheepishly, then to Sacha, who has already grabbed a broom to begin sweeping up the debris, a sullen look on his face.

Finding no help from either man, Sam goes back to the only thing he knows, his tiny piano. Though his bench has been knocked over and some broken glass litters the top of the piano, it is otherwise undamaged.

He sits, and immediately begins to play a ludicrously upbeat swing tune. He puts more aggression into the piece than it would seem to demand, as if working out his frustrations the only way he knows how.

ANGLE ON RICK 11

Sam's playing has snapped him out of his trance. He angrily turns on Sam.

RICK  
Damn it, man, you think you can play  
your way out of everything?

ANGLE ON SAM 12

At this, Sam suddenly stops. He stares at his hands on the keyboard for a moment before standing up and whirling around to face his boss.

SAM  
At least I'm trying to make the best  
of things around here. All you ever  
do is mope and sulk since Ilsa left.

WIDER SHOT - RICK AND SAM 13

This touches a raw nerve with Rick, breaking an unspoken rule never to mention this incident, not long ago, that broke Rick's heart.

RICK

Why, you damnable fool - I should throw you out of here right now!

SAM

Maybe. Or maybe you know I'm right.

RICK

Now, look here -

SAM

It took a lot of courage to do what you did. To help her escape, when you know you could have gotten out yourself instead. To put yourself at that kind of risk - a man they said never stuck his neck out for anybody, right?

RICK

And what good did it do me? Take a look around!

SAM

It woke you up, man, that's what it did. Made you care about something. You just can't see it.

Sam takes a cursory look around the room, in all its disarray and faded glory.

SAM (CONT)

I am lookin' around. And you know what I see? A man with nothing left to lose. You know why nobody comes to Rick's anymore?

Rick's anger has subsided as his interest in his bar takes over.

RICK

Because the damn Germans are chasing

them off, telling them this is a nest of spies and resistance sympathizers, threatening to throw into the joint anyone who so much as sets foot -

SAM  
No, man, it's you. It's you the people don't trust anymore.

RICK  
What are you talking about?

SAM  
They think you lost your nerve. They say that business at the airfield that night broke you. Now you've got both sides against you, the Germans and the resistance.

ANGLE ON RICK

14

As he takes this all in. He is stunned for a moment, for he trusts Sam's street wisdom implicitly. The wind has, for the moment, been taken from Rick's sails.

RICK  
Maybe you got something there.

Sam seems taken aback by this sudden acquiescence.

SAM  
Look, boss, I know I got out of line.

RICK  
Never mind.

SAM  
I did. And I know I owe you a lot.

RICK  
I said never mind it. Why don't you play some more?

ANGLE ON SAM

15

Not quite sure he heard Rick correctly.

SAM  
What?

WIDER SHOT - RICK - SAM 16

RICK  
Go ahead. Maybe the music will bring  
some people back in. We could use  
the patronage.

ANGLE ON SACHA 17

Who is still cleaning up the mess left by the soldiers,  
though he has not been inattentive to the exchange between  
the other two men.

SACHA  
I hurry, I clean up bar fast.

ANGLE ON RICK 18

RICK  
Play it again, Sam. I've got some  
thinking to do.

ANGLE ON SAM 19

He stares at Rick, not quite comprehending; but he's always  
more comfortable playing music than arguing, so he turns to  
his piano once more.

SAM  
You got it, boss.

He resumes playing an upbeat swing tune, but with less  
aggressiveness this time.

WIDE ANGLE - WHOLE CAFÉ 20

Rick watches Sam play, then turns to stare out the front door. Sacha continues righting furniture and tidying up.

EXT. RICK'S CAFÉ AMERICAIN - DAY

21

Looking at the door of the café from some distance down the street. We can see Rick standing in the open doorway, gazing meditatively outside. The usual hustle and bustle of this dusty city goes on around him. Sam's playing can be heard, faintly.