

CASABLANCA ENDING

Gavin Jasper

EXT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

RICK stands alongside ILSA, talking to LOUIE with OFFICER nearby. Rick's hand is in his trench coat pocket, sticking out as if he's concealing a gun, pointed at Louie. The Officer is unaware.

RICK

Louie, have your man go with Mr. Laszlo and take care of his luggage.

LOUIE

(dryly sarcastic)

Certainly, Rick. Anything you say. Find Mr. Laszlo's luggage and put it on the plane.

OFFICER

Yes, sir.

The Officer leaves the scene. Rick hands Louie a piece of documentation.

RICK

If you don't mind, you make out the names. That'll make it more official.

LOUIE

You think of everything, don't you.

RICK

And the names are Mr. and Mrs. Victor Laszlo.

ILSA

But, why my name, Richard?

RICK

Because you're getting on that plane.

ILSA

I don't understand. What about you?

RICK

I'm staying here with him 'til the plane gets safely away.

ILSA

No, Richard. No. What has happened to you? Last night...

VICTOR (O.S.)

Hey, ha ha! What happened last night?

VICTOR walks into the scene. He's an overweight man, deep into balding with a greasy ponytail and thick glasses. Rick and Ilsa are both rattled, Ilsa more so.

ILSA

Oh. Um, nothing, Victor honey.

RICK

Last night Ilsa was just telling me about how important and wonderful your work against the Nazis is and how much she loves you. Isn't that right, Ilsa?

ILSA

Um. Yes, well...

Victor slaps Ilsa on the back a little too hard.

VICTOR

HA HA! Ain't she a doll?! All right, babe. I'll be on the plane.

Victor takes a second to start coughing really loudly and obnoxiously before leaving while patting Ilsa's shoulder. Rick and Ilsa wait a moment before continuing.

RICK

Last night we said a great many things. You said I was to do the thinking for both of us. Well, I've done a lot of it since then, and it all adds up to one thing: you're getting on that plane with Victor where you belong.

ILSA

But, Richard, no, I... I...

RICK

Now, you've got to listen to me!
You have any idea what you'd have
to look forward to if you stayed
here? Nine chances out of ten, we'd
both wind up in a concentration
camp. Isn't that true, Louie?

LOUIE

I'm afraid Major Strasser would
insist.

Victor walks back into the scene.

VICTOR

Hey, hey, hey! What's this about
camp? We going camping?

RICK

Um, sure, Victor.

Victor puts his arm around Ilsa and hugs her a little too
tight. She looks extremely uncomfortable and not just for
physical reasons.

VICTOR

Well, I know who's going skinny
dipping with me! Eh, babe? You and
me? Skinny dipping? All hanging
out? All of it? Eh? Eh?

ILSA

Yes, Victor. I get it. Shouldn't
you be on the plane?

VICTOR

Yeah, yeah, I'm going. You know,
it's hot as balls out here. Hold
on.

Victor removes his jacket and puts it in Ilsa's arms. Victor
has huge pit stains the size of dinner plates. He snorts for
a second and spits out a loogie before finally leaving. Ilsa
sighs, drops the jacket and wipes her hands over her
clothes.

RICK

Inside of us, we both know you
belong with Victor.

ILSA

Are you serious?

RICK

You're part of his work, the thing that keeps him going. If that plane leaves the ground and you're not with him, you'll regret it. Maybe not today. Maybe not tomorrow, but soon and for the rest of your life.

ILSA

I'm pretty sure if I do get on there, I'll regret it even faster.

RICK

You're just saying that. Oh. Hello again, Victor.

Victor walks over yet again, this time twisting his finger in his ear.

VICTOR

Hey, Rick! Listen, Ilsa, have you seen my worm medicine? I kinda need my worm medicine. You know, the medicine for my horrible worm problem? I know it gives me gas and everything, but I need my worm medicine.

ILSA

It's in your luggage, dear.

VICTOR

Fantastic! Ha ha!

Victor absentmindedly takes his finger out of his ear and wipes it on Ilsa's back as she quietly winces. He walks off.

ILSA

This is about Paris, isn't it? This is about me standing you up.

RICK

What? Don't be silly. This is about the war. I don't even remember Paris.

ILSA

Can't I just pair up with Sam instead? Or how about the fat man with the fez cap? I'll even take Frenchy over there.

LOUIE

Oh, no you don't. I'm not taking any chances with whatever unspeakable genital infections that freak of nature's given you.

ILSA

Touche. Please, Rick. When I said I would never leave you...

Rick puts his hands on Ilsa's arms and looks her in the eye.

RICK

And you never will. But I've got a job to do, too. Where I'm going, you can't follow. What I've got to do, you can't be any part of. Ilsa, I'm not good at being noble, but it doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world.

VICTOR (O.S.)

I love beans!

LOUIE

(calling over)

Yes! We can tell!

RICK

Someday you'll understand that. Now, now... Here's looking at you, kid.

Rick lets go. Victor walks over again. He has a noticeable wet spot on his pants.

VICTOR

Ilsa, baby, I had another one of my classic Laszlo accidents. We're gonna need to switch underwear again.

Victor drags Ilsa away as she looks at Rick with pleading eyes. After a moment of awkward silence, Louie pulls a Gummi Bear from his pocket.

LOUIE

Gummi Bear? It's been in my pocket; they're real warm and soft.

RICK
Louie, I think this is the
beginning of a beautiful
friendship.

They walk off together as the song "Oh Yeah" by Yello (the
Ferris Bueller theme) plays. Blackout.