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1/1/2006

SHOOTING SCRIPT

**CASABLANCA 2:**  
**THE BLITZENING**

By

Mumford T. Bradleybottom III and Eddie Murphy

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INT. THE RICK, COME BACK, I DON'T REALLY LOVE VICTOR INN & OLDE TIME STEAK HOUSE – EVENING

RICK and RENAULT step into the Rick, Come Back, I Don't Really Love Victor Inn & Olde Time Steak House; a smoky, dark den in the heart of London's East End. People with very bad teeth and appalling fashion sense sit round tables drinking lousy, flat beer.

**RENAULT**

Ah, Ricky, I shall miss our excursions into these tawdry dens.

**RICK**

**[ignoring him]**

Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, we had to walk into this one.

**RENAULT**

Why so negative? Look! [reading off a poster] It's half-price drinks after ten, and the barmaids get their titties out!

A gruff-looking (yes, gruff!) BARMAN nudges RICK.

**BARMAN**

Hey, we don't serve gin here. What do you think we are? The gay bar out of *Police Academy*?

**RENAULT**

As a member of the police force, I take offence at that, monsieur.

**BARMAN**

Shut up.

**RENAULT**

Mais oui. I will sit here with a smirk adjusted on my face and think up witty lines to say, avoiding any sense of real conversations.

**RICK**

Louis, talk normally, people are starting to stare.

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**RENAULT**

Ah, the fickle femme of eye contact. What a marvellous conquest she is.

RICK stares menacingly at RENAULT.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR – FIVE MINUTES LATER

RENAULT sits clasping a bruised eye as RICK watches the band on stage. They finish their song and leave. Moments later, the bar lights dim. A spotlight comes on the stage and the curtains open, revealing some sleazy lady lounge singer.

But RICK shifts forward uncomfortably in his seat. He recognises the singer – this is no ordinary whore! It's his ex-love ILSA, the woman who ditched him, then he ditched her, then all this wacky madness began!

**RICK**  
[quietly]

Ilsa...

**RENAULT**

Sorry, Ricky?

**RICK**

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

**RENAULT**

I hope so.

RENAULT moves his left hand on top of RICK's hand. RICK takes a moment to realize what's happening, then flinches and pulls away quickly.

**RICK**

I thought I made myself perfectly clear in Boston.

RICK makes to punch the inspector again, but before he can the bar lights come back up. A team of lawyers enter the bar, and march up to RICK.

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**LAWYER #1**

That joke is copyright *The Simpsons*, 1998...

**LAWYER #2**

...you are ordered to refrain from any and all use of comedy homosexual subtext relating to any comments made in any city which may or may not resemble Boston

**LAWYER #3**

...or Matt Groening will proceed with legal action for said unauthorised use...

**LAWYER #4**

...subject to the condition that he is not otherwise occupied writing new Futurama episodes.

**RICK**

Here's looking at you, kid.

**LAWYER #1**

That makes no sense. You're just quoting lines from the original *Casablanca*.

**RICK**

I stick my neck out for nobody!

At that moment, the band strikes up a second number, ILSA steps down from the stage, carrying her microphone as she wanders through the crowd. She starts to sing "As Time Goes By", but after a few moments spots RICK sitting in the audience.

ILSA starts to feel dizzy. She wobbles on her feet for a moment, then tumbles, smashing into a table. She picks herself up, then hobbles over to RICK, shards of a champagne glass sticking in her head.

**RICK**

Ilsa...

**ILSA**

Rick...

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**RICK**

Are you drunk?

**ILSA**

**[starting to vomit]**

Blooooooarg!

ILSA proceeds to vomit the contents of her stomach (two magnums of champagne and a slice of eel pie) all over RICK and the LAWYERS.

RICK inspects the vomit.

**RICK**

Ilsa, I'm no good at being playing detective, but it doesn't take much to see that the contents of your stomach show you ate a tin of beans.

**CATCH  
CASABLANCA 2: THE BLITZENING  
ON LTM TV!**

**REAL SOON!**