

Néhány emlékezetes szösszenet a Casablanca jeleneteiből



Casablanca (1942)

Mr. Leuchtag: Come sit down. Have a brandy with us.

Mrs. Leuchtag: To celebrate our leaving for America tomorrow.

Carl: Oh, thank you very much. I thought you would ask me, so I brought the good brandy. And - a third glass!

Mrs. Leuchtag: At last the day is came!

Mr. Leuchtag: Mareichtag and I are speaking nothing but English now.

Mrs. Leuchtag: So we should feel at home when we get to America.

Carl: Very nice idea, mm-hmm.

Mr. Leuchtag: [*toasting*] To America!

Mrs. Leuchtag: To America!

Carl: To America!

Mr. Leuchtag: Liebchen - sweetnessheart, what watch?

Mrs. Leuchtag: Ten watch.

Mr. Leuchtag: Such much?

Carl: Hm. You will get along beautiful in America, mm-hmm.

[*denying an official of the German National Bank entrance to the casino*]

Rick: Your cash is good at the bar.

Banker: What? Do you know who I am?

Rick: I do. You're lucky the bar's open to you.

Woman: What makes saloonkeepers so snobbish?

Banker: Perhaps if you told him I ran the second largest banking house in Amsterdam.

Carl: Second largest? That wouldn't impress Rick. The leading banker in Amsterdam is now the pastry chef in our kitchen.

Banker: We have something to look forward to.

Ugarte: Heh, you know, watching you just now with the Deutsche Bank, one would think you've been doing this all your life.

Rick: Oh, what makes you think I haven't?

Ugarte: Oh, n-n-n-nothing, but when you first came to Casablanca, I thought...

Rick: You thought what?

Ugarte: Hm, what right do I have to think, huh?

Ugarte: You know, Rick, I have many a friend in Casablanca, but somehow, just because you despise me, you are the only one I trust.

Berger: We read five times that you were killed, in five different places.

Victor Laszlo: As you can see, it was true every single time.

Captain Renault: Carl, see that Major Strasser gets a good table, one close to the ladies.

Carl: I have already given him the best, knowing he is German and would take it anyway.

Captain Renault: In 1935, you ran guns to Ethiopia. In 1936, you fought in Spain, on the Loyalist side.

Rick: I got well paid for it on both occasions.

Captain Renault: The winning side would have paid you much better.

Captain Renault: Rick, there are many exit visas sold in this café, but we know that you've never sold one. That is the reason we permit you to remain open.

Rick: Oh? I thought it was because I let you win at roulette.

Captain Renault: That is another reason.

Annina: Monsieur Rick, what kind of a man is Captain Renault?

Rick: Oh, he's just like any other man, only more so.

Ilsa: Play it once, Sam. For old times' sake.

Sam: [*lying*] I don't know what you mean, Miss Ilsa.

Ilsa: Play it, Sam. Play "As Time Goes By."

Sam: [*lying*] Oh, I can't remember it, Miss Ilsa. I'm a little rusty on it.

Ilsa: I'll hum it for you. Da-dy-da-dy-da-dum, da-dy-da-dee-da-dum...

[*Sam begins playing*]

Ilsa: Sing it, Sam.

Sam: [*singing*] You must remember this / A kiss is still a kiss / A sigh is just a sigh / The fundamental things apply / As time goes by. / And when two lovers woo, / They still say, "I love you" / On that you can rely / No matter what the future brings...

Rick: [*rushing up*] Sam, I thought I told you never to play...

[*Sees Ilsa. Sam closes the piano and rolls it away*]

Ilsa: I wasn't sure you were the same. Let's see, the last time we met...

Rick: Was La Belle Aurore.

Ilsa: How nice, you remembered. But of course, that was the day the Germans marched into Paris.

Rick: Not an easy day to forget.

Ilsa: No.

Rick: I remember every detail. The Germans wore gray, you wore blue.

Rick: Tell me, who was it you left me for? Was it Laszlo, or were there others in between? Or - aren't you the kind that tells?

Senor Ferrari: As the leader of all illegal activities in Casablanca, I am an influential and respected man.

Rick: Don't you sometimes wonder if it's worth all this? I mean what you're fighting for.

Victor Laszlo: You might as well question why we breathe. If we stop breathing, we'll die. If we stop fighting our enemies, the world will die.

Rick: Well, what of it? It'll be out of its misery.

Victor Laszlo: You know how you sound, Mr. Blaine? Like a man who's trying to convince himself of something he doesn't believe in his heart.

[*about Rick*]

Major Strasser: You give him credit for too much cleverness. My impression was that he's just another blundering American.

Captain Renault: We musn't underestimate American blundering. I was with them when they blundered into Berlin in 1918.

Ilsa: A franc for your thoughts.

Rick: In America they'd bring only a penny, and, huh, I guess that's about all they're worth.

Ilsa: Well, I'm willing to be overcharged. Tell me.

Rick: Well, I was wondering...

Ilsa: Yes?

Rick: Why I'm so lucky. Why I should find you waiting for me to come along.

Ilsa: Why there is no other man in my life?

Rick: Uh-huh.

Ilsa: That's easy: there was. And he's dead.

Major Strasser: Are you one of those people who cannot imagine the Germans in their beloved Paris?

Rick: It's not particularly my beloved Paris.

Heinz: Can you imagine us in London?

Rick: When you get there, ask me!

Captain Renault: Hmmh! Diplomatist!

Major Strasser: How about New York?

Rick: Well there are certain sections of New York, Major, that I wouldn't advise you to try to invade.

[Rick and Renault discussing Victor Laszlo's chances of escaping Casablanca]

Captain Renault: This is the end of the chase.

Rick: Twenty thousand francs says it isn't.

Captain Renault: Is that a serious offer?

Rick: I just paid out twenty. I'd like to get it back.

Captain Renault: Make it ten. I'm only a poor corrupt official.

[Ugarte sells exit visas]

Ugarte: You despise me, don't you?

Rick: If I gave you any thought I probably would.

Ugarte: Rick, think of all the poor devils who can't meet Renault's price. I get it for them for half. Is that so... parasitic?

Rick: I don't mind a parasite. I object to a cut-rate one.

Yvonne: Where were you last night?

Rick: That's so long ago, I don't remember.

Yvonne: Will I see you tonight?

Rick: I never make plans that far ahead.

[Annina is contemplating Renault's offer of exit visas for sex]

Annina: Oh, monsieur, you are a man. If someone loved you very much, so that your happiness was the only thing that she wanted in the world, but she did a bad thing to make certain of it, could you forgive her?

Rick: Nobody ever loved me that much.

Annina: And he never knew, and the girl kept this bad thing locked in her heart? That would be all right, wouldn't it?

Rick: You want my advice?

Annina: Oh, yes, please.

Rick: Go back to Bulgaria.

Captain Renault: How extravagant you are, throwing away women like that. Some day they may be scarce.

Captain Renault: What in heaven's name brought you to Casablanca?

Rick: My health. I came to Casablanca for the waters.

Captain Renault: The waters? What waters? We're in the desert.

Rick: I was misinformed.

Rick: I stick my neck out for nobody.

Major Strasser: What is your nationality?

Rick: I'm a drunkard.

Captain Renault: That makes Rick a citizen of the world.

Victor Laszlo: I know a good deal more about you than you suspect. I know, for instance, that you're in love with a woman. It is perhaps a strange circumstance that we both should be in love with the same woman. The first evening I came to this café, I knew there was something between you and Ilsa. Since no one is to blame, I - I demand no explanation. I ask only one thing. You won't give me the letters of transit: all right, but I want my wife to be safe. I ask you as a favor, to use the letters to take her away from Casablanca.

Rick: You love her that much?

Victor Laszlo: Apparently you think of me only as the leader of a cause. Well, I'm also a human being. Yes, I love her that much.

Rick: I'm the only cause I'm interested in.

Rick: I'm sorry for asking. I forgot we said no questions.

Ilsa: Well, only one answer can take care of all our questions.

[She approaches his lips for a kiss]

Rick: *[to Ilsa]* I wouldn't bring up Paris if I were you, it's poor salesmanship.

Captain Renault: Ricky, I'm going to miss you. Apparently you're the only one in Casablanca with less scruples than I.

[Of Victor Laszlo, who wants to escape from Casablanca]

Captain Renault: No matter how clever he is, he still needs an exit visa... or I should say two?

Rick: Why two?

Captain Renault: He is traveling with a lady.

Rick: He'll take one.

Captain Renault: I think not. I have seen the lady.

Captain Renault: My dear Ricky, you overestimate the influence of the Gestapo. I don't interfere with them and they don't interfere with me. In Casablanca I am master of my fate! I am...

Police Officer: Major Strasser is here, sir!

Rick: You were saying?

Captain Renault: Excuse me.

Rick: I congratulate you.

Victor Laszlo: What for?

Rick: Your work.

Victor Laszlo: I try.

Rick: We all try. You succeed.

Rick: You know what I want to hear.

Sam: [*lying*] No, I don't.

Rick: You played it for her, you can play it for me!

Sam: [*lying*] Well, I don't think I can remember...

Rick: If she can stand it, I can! Play it!

Captain Renault: We are very honored tonight, Rick. Major Strasser is one of the reasons the Third Reich enjoys the reputation it has today.

Major Heinrich Strasser: You repeat *Third* Reich as though you expected there to be others!

Captain Renault: Well, personally, Major, I will take what comes.

Rick: Who are you really, and what were you before? What did you do and what did you think, huh?

Ilsa: We said no questions.

Rick: ...Here's looking at you, kid.

Major Strasser: We have a complete dossier on you: Richard Blaine, American, age 37. Cannot return to his country. The reason is a little vague. We also know what you did in Paris, Mr. Blaine, and also we know why you left Paris.

[*hands the dossier to Rick*]

Major Strasser: Don't worry, we are not going to broadcast it.

Rick: [*reading*] Are my eyes really brown?

Rick: [*looking over his own dossier which has been shown to him by Major Strasser*] Are my eyes really brown?

Rick: I'm on their blacklist - their role of honor!

Captain Renault: [*after Rick pulls a gun on him*] Have you lost your mind?

Rick: I have. Sit down!

Captain Renault: Put that gun down!

Rick: I don't want to shoot you, but I will if you take one more step!

Captain Renault: [*With amusement*] Under the circumstances I will sit down.

Senor Ferrari: Might as well be frank, monsieur. It would take a miracle to get you out of Casablanca, and the Germans have outlawed miracles.

[*after observing the gambling tables at Rick's*]

Customer: Are you sure this place is honest?

Carl: Honest? As honest as the day is long!

[*as he goes to hand Renault a bribe*]

Jan Brandel: Captain Renault... may I?

Captain Renault: Oh no! Not here please! Come to my office tomorrow morning. We'll do everything businesslike.

Jan Brandel: We'll be there at six!

Captain Renault: I'll be there at ten.

Rick: How can you close me up? On what grounds?

Captain Renault: I'm shocked, shocked to find that gambling is going on in here!

[*a croupier hands Renault a pile of money*]

Croupier: Your winnings, sir.

Captain Renault: [*sotto voce*] Oh, thank you very much.

[*aloud*]

Captain Renault: Everybody out at once!

Rick: Of all the gin joints, in all the towns, in all the world, she walks into mine.

Ilsa: With the whole world crumbling, we pick this time to fall in love.

Rick: Yeah, it's pretty bad timing. Where were you, say, ten years ago?

Ilsa: Kiss me. Kiss me as if it were the last time.

Rick: And remember, this gun is pointed right at your heart.

Captain Renault: That is my least vulnerable spot.

Captain Renault: Major Strasser has been shot. Round up the usual suspects.

[last lines]

Rick: Louis, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

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?

Captain Renault: I'm afraid Major Strasser would insist.

Ilsa: You're saying this only to make me go.

Rick: I'm saying it because it's true. Inside of us, we both know you belong with Victor. 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: But what about us?

Rick: We'll always have Paris. We didn't have, we, we lost it until you came to Casablanca. We got it back last night.

Ilsa: When I said I would never leave you.

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 no 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. Someday you'll understand that. Now, now... Here's looking at you kid.

Captain Renault: Realizing the importance of the case, my men are rounding up twice the usual number of suspects.

Captain Renault: Oh no, Emil, please. A bottle of your best champagne, and put it on my bill.

Emil: Very well, sir.

Victor Laszlo: Captain, please...

Captain Renault: Oh, please, monsieur. It is a little game we play. They put it on the bill, I tear up the bill. It is very convenient.

Victor Laszlo: Welcome back to the fight. This time I know our side will win.

Ilsa: Who is Rick?

Captain Renault: Mamoiselle, you are in Rick's! And Rick is...

Ilsa: Who is he?

Captain Renault: Well, Rick is the kind of man that... well, if I were a woman, and I were not around, I should be in love with Rick. But what a fool I am talking to a beautiful woman about another man.

Rick: How long was it we had, honey?

Ilsa: I didn't count the days.

Rick: Well, I did. Every one of them. Mostly, I remember the last one, the wild finish. A guy standing on a station platform in the rain, with a comical look on his face, because his insides have been kicked out.

Ilsa: Thank you for the coffee, monsieur. I shall miss that when I leave Casablanca.

Senor Ferrari: It was gracious of you to share it with me.

[Ugarte gives letter of transit to Rick for safe keeping]

Ugarte: Rick, I hope you're more impressed with me, now? Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll share my luck with your roulette wheel.

[Starts to walk away]

Rick: *[stands up. Ugarte stops]* Just a moment. I heard a rumor those two German couriers were carrying letter of transit.

Ugarte: Huh? Oh, huh, I heard that rumor too. Poor devils.

Rick: You're right, Ugarte. I am a little more impressed with you.

[Rick exits casino]

Captain Renault: *[seeing a uniformed French officer talking heatedly to an Italian officer]* If he ever gets a word in, it'll be a major Italian victory.

Captain Renault: By the way, last night you evinced an interest in Se?or Ugarte.

Victor Laszlo: Yes.

Captain Renault: I believe you have a message for him?

Victor Laszlo: Nothing important, but may I speak to him now?

Major Heinrich Strasser: You would find the conversation a trifle one-sided. Se?or Ugarte is dead.

Ilsa: Oh.

Captain Renault: I am making out the report now. We haven't quite decided yet whether he committed suicide or died trying to escape.

Rick: I don't like disturbances in my place.

[to the German officer]

Rick: Either lay off politics, or get out.

Ilsa: I wish I didn't love you so much.

Captain Renault: I was informed you were the most beautiful woman ever to visit Casablanca. That was a gross understatement.

Rick: You'll excuse me, gentlemen. Your business is politics, mine is running a saloon.

Captain Renault: I've often speculated why you don't return to America. Did you abscond with the church funds? Run off with a senator's wife? I like to think you killed a man. It's the Romantic in me.

Rick: It was a combination of all three.

Rick: [*getting drunk*] First they take Ugarte and then she walks in. Well, I guess that's the way it goes... one out and one in.

Ugarte: Too bad about those two German couriers, wasn't it?

Rick: They got a lucky break. Yesterday they were just two German clerks. Today they're the "Honored Dead".

Ugarte: You are a very cynical person, Rick, if you'll forgive me for saying so.

Rick: [*shortly*] I forgive you.

Sam: Boss, ain't you going to bed?

Rick: Not right now.

Sam: Ain't you planning on going to bed in the near future?

Rick: No.

Sam: You ever going to bed?

Rick: No!

Sam: Well, I ain't sleepy either.

Yvonne: [*Yvonne is drunk*] Give me another.

Rick: Sascha, she's had enough.

Yvonne: Don't listen to him, Sascha. Fill it up!

Sascha: Yvonne, I loff you, but he pays me.

Ugarte: Well, Rick, after tonight, I'll be through with the whole business and I am leaving finally this Casablanca.

Rick: Who did you bribe for your visa? Renault or yourself?

Ugarte: Myself. I found myself much more reasonable.

Rick: If it's December 1941 in Casablanca, what time is it in New York?

Sam: What? My watch stopped.

[*first lines*]

Narrator: With the coming of the Second World War, many eyes in imprisoned Europe turned hopefully, or desperately, toward the freedom of the Americas. Lisbon became the great embarkation point. But, not everybody could get to Lisbon directly, and so a tortuous, roundabout refugee trail sprang up - Paris to

Marseilles... across the Mediterranean to Oran... then by train, or auto, or foot across the rim of Africa, to Casablanca in French Morocco. Here, the fortunate ones through money, or influence, or luck, might obtain exit visas and scurry to Lisbon; and from Lisbon, to the New World. But the others wait in Casablanca... and wait... and wait... and wait.

French officer: To all officers - two German couriers carrying important official documents murdered on train from Oran. Murderer and possible accomplices headed for Casablanca. Round up all suspicious characters and search them for stolen documents. Important.

Captain Renault: *[to Rick regarding Ilsa]* She was asking about you earlier in a way that made me very jealous...

Rick: Why did you come back? To tell me why you ran out on me at the railway station?

Ilsa: ...Yes.

Rick: Well, you can tell me now. I'm reasonably sober.