

Extract from SOME LIKE IT HOT  
By I Diamond & Billy Wilder

OSGOOD

Well, then, why don't we go  
dancing? I know a little road-  
house, down the coast -

Joe comes whizzing past them on his bicycle. Jerry looks  
after him, open-mouthed.

JERRY

Well, I'll be - ! He does have a  
bicycle.

OSGOOD

Who?

JERRY

(catching himself)  
About that roadhouse -

OSGOOD

They got a Cuban band that's the  
berries. Why don't we go there -  
blindfold the orchestra - and tango  
till dawn?

JERRY

You know something, Mr. Fielding?  
You're dynamite!

OSGOOD

You're a pretty hot little  
firecracker yourself.

He links his arm through Jerry's, leads him down the path.  
Sugar is now almost running toward the pier, a look of great  
expectation on her face. This is the big night of her life.  
Joe is pedaling desperately to get to the pier before her,  
oblivious of the earrings dangling incongruously from his ear  
lobes.

PIER - NIGHT.

About a dozen motorboats are tied up to the pier. Sugar  
hurries across the planking and up the stairs to the deserted  
pier, stops and looks around for her date. Behind her, Joe  
comes skimming along the planking on his bicycle, swoops  
under the pier. A disheartened Sugar thinks that she has been  
stood up. Joe dismounts from the bike, ducks underneath the  
pier, and hops into the motorboat marked CALEDONIA.  
Straightening up, he waves to Sugar on the pier above him.

JOE

Ahoy there!

Sugar turns, her face lighting up.

SUGAR

Ahoy!

She hurries down the steps toward him. Joe suddenly remembers his glasses. He takes them out of his pocket, puts them on. As he does so, he feels the earrings. He pulls them off, shoves them in his pocket - and he's not a second too soon, for Sugar has just about reached him.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Been waiting long?

JOE

(Cary Grant again)

It's not how long you wait - it's who you're waiting for. He helps her down into the motorboat.

SUGAR

Thank you. And thank you for the flowers.

JOE

I wanted them to fly down some orchids from our greenhouse but all of Long Island is fogged in.

SUGAR

It's the thought that counts.

She settles herself back on the cushioned seat. Joe starts fiddling around with the mysterious knobs on the instrument panel. He pushes, pulls, twists the knob - finally the motor turns over, but does not catch.

JOE

I seem to be out of gas.

SUGAR

It's sort of funny - you being out of gas - I mean, Shell Oil and everything -

Joe, working the knobs desperately, does something right, and the motor starts with a ROAR.

JOE

Here we go.

He presses every lever he can find, manages to shift into gear. The boat backs out erratically. Joe shifts into neutral, but no matter how hard he tries to find the forward gear, he keeps winding up in reverse.

3.

JOE (CONT'D)  
(apologetically)  
I just got this motorboat - it's an  
experimental model.

SUGAR  
Looks like they're on the wrong  
track.

JOE  
Do you mind riding backwards? It  
may take a little longer -

SUGAR  
It's not how long it takes - it's  
who's taking you.

The motorboat glides off backwards, and as though it were the  
most natural thing in the world, skims out toward the open  
water, where the yachts are anchored.

DISSOLVE TO:

YACHT AT ANCHOR - NIGHT.

The CALEDONIA is bobbing gently on a calm, moonlit sea. The  
motorboat with Joe and Sugar comes in stern- backwards. Joe,  
looking over his shoulder, maneuvers the motorboat to a stop  
under the landing ladder. (Reams of romantic music under all  
of this).

DISSOLVE TO:

DECK OF CALEDONIA - NIGHT.

as Joe and Sugar aboard. She gazes around, starry-eyed.

SUGAR  
It looked so small from the beach -  
but when you're on it, it's more  
like a cruiser - or a destroyer.

JOE  
Just regulation size. We have  
three like this.

SUGAR  
Three?

JOE  
Mother keeps hers in Southampton -  
and Dad took his to Venezuela - the  
company is laying a new pipe line.

SUGAR

My dad is more interested in railroads. Baltimore and Ohio. Which is the port and which is the starboard?

JOE

(the old mariner)

Well, that depends - on whether you're coming or going - I mean, normally the aft is on the other side of the stern - and that's the bridge - so you can get from one side of the boat to the other - how about a glass of champagne?

SUGAR

Love it. Which way?

JOE

Yes - now let's see - where do you suppose the steward set it up?

He looks around, confused by the unfamiliar geography, then tentatively opens the nearest door, revealing a flight of stairs leading below deck.

SUGAR

Oh, you have an upstairs and a downstairs.

JOE

Yes - that's our hurricane cellar.

He closes the door, opens another one - it's a storage bin, containing mops, pails, coils of rope, etc.

JOE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

And another nice thing about this yacht - lots of closet space.

Sugar, meanwhile, has stepped up to a lighted porthole, looks inside.

SUGAR

Oh - in here.

JOE

Of course. On Thursdays, they always serve me in the small salon. He opens the door, ushers Sugar inside.

SALON OF YACHT - NIGHT.

It's a very elegant layout - mahogany paneling, shelves of trophies, a stuffed marlin on the wall, a luxurious couch with a table for two set up beside it. On the table are lit candles, cold pheasant under glass, and champagne in a silver ice bucket. Joe and Sugar come in, and as Joe takes his cap off, Sugar looks around, dazzled.

SUGAR

It's exquisite - like a floating mansion.

JOE

It's all right for a bachelor.

SUGAR

(stopping by the stuffed marlin)

What a beautiful fish.

JOE

Caught him off Cape Hatteras.

SUGAR

What is it?

JOE

Oh - a member of the herring family.

SUGAR

A herring? Isn't it amazing how they get those big fish into those little glass jars?

JOE

They shrink when they're marinated.

During this, he has opened the champagne, filled a couple of glasses.

JOE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Champagne?

SUGAR

I don't mind if I do.

JOE

(toasting her)

Down the hatch - as we say at sea.

SUGAR

Bon voyage.

As she sips the drink, she glances at the shelves of trophies.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

Look at all that silverware.

JOE

Trophies. You know - skeet-shooting, dog-breeding, water polo...

SUGAR

Water polo - isn't that terribly dangerous?

JOE

I'll say. I had two ponies drowned under me.

SUGAR

Where's your shell collection?

JOE

Yea, of course. Now where could they have put it?

(looking under the couch)

On Thursdays, I'm sort of lost around here.

SUGAR

What's on Thursdays?

JOE

It's the crews' night off.

SUGAR

You mean we're alone on the boat?

JOE

Completely.

SUGAR

You know, I've never been completely alone with a man before - in the middle of the night - in the middle of the ocean.

JOE

Oh, it's perfectly safe. We're well anchored - the ship is in shipshape - and the Coast Guard promised to call me if there are any icebergs around.

SUGAR

It's not the icebergs. But there are certain men who would try to take advantage of a situation like this.

JOE

You're flattering me.

SUGAR

Well, of course, I'm sure you're a gentleman.

JOE

Oh, it's not that. It's just that I'm - harmless.

SUGAR

Harmless - how?

JOE

Well, I don't know how to put it - but I have this thing about girls.

SUGAR

What thing?

JOE

They just sort of leave me cold.

SUGAR

You mean - like frigid?

JOE

It's more like a mental block. When I'm with girls, it does nothing to me.

SUGAR

Have you tried?

JOE

Have I? I'm trying all the time.

He casually puts his arms around her, kisses her on the lips, lets go of her again.

JOE (CONT'D)

(continues)

See? Nothing.

SUGAR

Nothing at all?

JOE

Complete washout.

SUGAR

That makes me feel just awful.

JOE

Oh, it's not your fault. It's just that every now and then Mother Nature throws somebody a dirty curve. Something goes wrong inside.

SUGAR

You mean you can't fall in love?

JOE

Not anymore. I was in love once - but I'd rather not talk about it.  
(takes the glass bell off  
the cold cuts)  
How about a little cold pheasant?

SUGAR

What happened?

JOE

I don't want to bore you.

SUGAR

Oh, you couldn't possibly.

JOE

Well, it was my freshman year at Princeton - there was this girl - her name was Nellie - her father was vice-president of Hupmobile - she wore glasses, too. That summer we spent our vacation at the Grand Canyon - we were standing on the highest ledge, watching the sunset - suddenly we had an impulse to kiss - I took off my glasses - I took a step toward her - she took a step toward me -

SUGAR

(hand flying to mouth)  
Oh, no!

JOE

Yes. Eight hours later they brought her up by mule - I gave her three transfusions - we had the same blood type - Type O - it was too late.

SUGAR

Talk about sad.

JOE  
 Ever since then -  
     (indicating heart)  
 numb - no feelings. Like my heart  
 was shot full of novocaine.

SUGAR  
 You poor, poor boy.

JOE  
 Yes - all the money in the world -  
 but what good is it?  
     (holding out serving  
     plate)  
 Mint sauce or cranberries?

SUGAR  
 How can you think about food at a  
 time like this?

JOE  
 What else is there for me?  
     (tears off leg of  
     pheasant)

SUGAR  
 Is it that hopeless?

JOE  
     (eating)  
 My family did everything they could  
 - hired the most beautiful French  
 upstairs maids - got a special  
 tutor to read me all the books that  
 were banned in Boston - imported a  
 whole troupe of Balinese dancers  
 with bells on their ankles and  
 those long fingernails - what a  
 waste of money!

SUGAR  
 Have you ever tried American girls?

JOE  
 Why?

She kisses him - pretty good, but nothing spectacular.

SUGAR  
 Is that anything?

JOE  
     (shaking his head)  
 Thanks just the same.

He resumes nibbling on the pheasant leg, sits on the couch.

SUGAR

Maybe if you saw a good doctor...

JOE

I have. Spent six months in Vienna  
with Professor Freud - flat on my  
back -

(stretches out the couch,  
still eating)

- then there were the Mayo Brothers  
- and injections and hypnosis and  
mineral baths - if I weren't such a  
coward, I'd kill myself.

SUGAR

Don't talk like that. I'm sure  
there must be some girl some place  
that could -

JOE

If I ever found a girl that could -  
I'd marry her like that. He snaps  
his fingers. The word "marriage"  
makes something snap inside Sugar,  
too.

SUGAR

Would you do me a favor?

JOE

What is it?

SUGAR

I may not be Dr. Freud or a Mayo  
Brother or one of those French  
upstairs girls - but could I take  
another crack at it?

JOE

(blase)

All right - if you insist.

She bends over him, gives him a kiss of slightly higher  
voltage.

SUGAR

Anything this time?

JOE

I'm afraid not. Terribly sorry.

SUGAR

(undaunted)

Would you like a little more  
champagne?

(proceeds to refill  
glasses)

(MORE)

11.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

And maybe if we had some music -  
(indicating lights)  
- how do you dim these lights?

JOE

Look, it's terribly sweet of you to  
want to help out - but it's no use.  
(pointing)  
I think the light switch is over  
there -  
(Sugar dims lights)  
- and that's the radio.  
(Sugar switches it on)  
It's like taking somebody to a  
concert when he's tone deaf.

By this time there is only candlelight in the salon, and from  
the radio comes soft music - STAIRWAY TO THE STARS. Sugar  
crosses to the couch with two champagne glasses, hands one to  
Joe, sits beside him. Joe drinks down the champagne, and  
Sugar hands him the second glass. He drains that, too.

SUGAR

You're not giving yourself a  
chance. Don't fight it. Relax.  
(she kisses him again)

JOE

(shaking his head)  
It's like smoking without inhaling.

SUGAR

So inhale!

This kiss is the real McCoy. As they stay locked in each  
other's arms -

WIPE TO:

ROADHOUSE - NIGHT.

It is small, dark, and practically deserted. The Cuban band  
is playing LA CUMPARSITA. Among the dancers on the floor are  
Osgood and Jerry, easily the most stylish couple in the  
joint. Jerry has the flower tucked in his cleavage. As they  
tango -

OSGOOD

Daphne...

JERRY

Yes, Osgood?

OSGOOD

You're leading again.

JERRY

Sorry.

They tango on.

WIPE BACK TO:

SALON OF CALEDONIA - NIGHT.

Joe and Sugar are still in the same embrace. The radio music continues. Finally they break.

SUGAR

(waiting for the verdict)

Well - ?

JOE

I'm not quite sure. Try it again.

She does. As they break, she looks at him - the suspense is unbearable.

JOE (CONT'D)

(trying to diagnose it)

I got a funny sensation in my toes -  
like somebody was barbecuing them  
over a slow flame.

SUGAR

Lets throw another log on the fire.  
Another kiss.

JOE

I think you're on the right track.

SUGAR

I must be - because your glasses  
are beginning to steam up. She  
kisses him again.

WIPE TO:

ROADHOUSE - NIGHT.

Osgood and Jerry have now got the tango by the throat. Jerry is dancing with his back to the CAMERA, and as Osgood whips him around, we see that Jerry has the flower clamped between his teeth. They reverse positions again, and Osgood grabs the flower between his teeth.

WIPE BACK TO:

SALON OF CALEDONIA - NIGHT.

The radio is still on, and Joe and Sugar are just coming out of their last kiss. Joe removes his glasses, which are now completely fogged up.

JOE

I never knew it could be like this.

SUGAR

Thank you.

JOE

They told me I was caputt - finished - washed up - and now you're making a chump out of all those experts.

SUGAR

Mineral baths - now really!

JOE

Where did you learn to kiss like that?

SUGAR

Oh, you know - Junior League - charity bazaars - I used to sell kisses for the Milk Fund.

They kiss again.

JOE

(going, going, gone)

Tomorrow, remind me to send a check for a hundred thousand dollars to the Milk Fund.

She doesn't have to kiss him any more - he takes over now.

WIPE TO:

ROADHOUSE - NIGHT.

The chairs are stacked on the tables, and Osgood and Jerry are the only couple on the floor. Osgood, wearing the flower behind his ear, and massaging his behind with a tablecloth, is tangoing with wild abandon around Jerry. Suddenly he grabs Jerry, bends him over in a dashing dip. They straighten up, dance a couple of steps, and now Jerry returns the compliment - he almost breaks Osgood's spine with an even more dashing dip. As for the Cuban musicians - we now discover that Osgood has kept his word. They are all blindfolded.

DISSOLVE TO:

YACHT AT ANCHOR - DAWN.

Sugar and Joe are in the motorboat, gliding away from the Caledonia toward the pier - backwards, naturally. It is quite romantic - with the sun about to rise - and the incidental music augmenting the mood.

DISSOLVE TO:

PIER - DAWN.

Joe and Sugar, his arm over her shoulder, walk dreamily toward the hotel. From the other direction comes Osgood, twirling the flower in his hand, and humming LA CUMPARSITA. As he passes Sugar and Joe, he waves to them jauntily, then continues toward the same motorboat which just deposited them. He gets in, starts the motor, takes off.

DISSOLVE TO:

HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAWN.

Joe leads Sugar up to the steps, then stops and faces her.

JOE  
Good night.