

LAST PORT

PILOT

"SUNDOWN FOR HERBIE"



Written by Claudia Christian

EXT. PACIFIC COAST – SUNSET

The wild Pacific coastline stretches beneath a ridiculously perfect sky.

Pelicans skim the water. Seagulls wheel overhead.

A luxury yacht glides through the golden light.

EXT. LUXURY YACHT – SUN DECK – CONTINUOUS

Passengers laugh over cocktails. Others play cards.

A flamboyant entertainment coordinator strums a guitar, serenading the crowd.

A server weaves between the passengers offering up gorgeous little canapés.

Elegant. Luxurious.

Everything is going exactly right.

INNA FOX (50s), a former Broadway star with a razor wit and the energy of a hurricane, takes it all in with a huge smile.

A housekeeper approaches, visibly shaken.

She leans in and whispers in Inna's ear, Inna's smile drops.

The color drains from her face.

The housekeeper points to something O.S.

Inna follows the finger, her jaw drops – mouth opening wider, wider—

FREEZE FRAME.

SUPER: ONE YEAR EARLIER

INT. RESTAURANT – PORTLAND, OREGON – AFTERNOON

Inna is mid-lunch meeting at an overly precious, farm-to-table restaurant with two twitchy TECH BROS (20s).

Brochures featuring a luxury cruise are open on the table. Inna looks expectantly at the men.

TECH BRO 2
A "wellness cruise" for dying people?! Ha! Yeah, good luck with that.

The Tech bros crack up.

INNA
Not *just* dying people. Not every guest will do the Death with Dignity Act. Most clients will want the therapeutic offerings and others need closure. It's for people who want to get their lives and relationships together before they—

TECH BRO 1
Croak, yeah we get it! Is this even legal?

INNA
Of course it is! Most people will use this cruise as a time to get organized or to celebrate life. We'll have a retired judge on board, we can help them with their trusts, their wills— or we can throw them a hell of a living funeral!

Inna laughs, the men don't.

INNA (CONT'D)
Have you ever lost a loved one?

TECH BRO 2
My grandfather.

INNA
How did he go?

TECH BRO 2
He was just really fuckin' old. My mom stuck him in a home, then he died.

INNA
How much did that cost?

TECH BRO 2
A condo in Telluride. My mom sold it to pay for him.

INNA

Don't you think he would have preferred being on a luxury yacht for a couple of weeks, instead of lying around in a diaper, eating Jello out of a plastic cup?

TECH BRO 1

I sure as hell would. Is there an open bar?

INNA

(ignoring him)

And maybe you would've preferred to inherit that condo in Telluride?

Beat.

TECH BRO 2

So, I get on your yacht and trust you to deal with my will. I have sex with a stranger, take some ketamine or 'shrooms, then what? I get a massage and you chuck me overboard?

INNA

We have the oldest population in history, eight thousand Baby Boomers are dying every day. How many of them do you think have "decent" deaths?

(then)

And from an investment perspective, how many of them would have preferred *this* option?

TECH BRO 2

You lost me at *death*—

TECH BRO 1

Word! Hey, why do you need startup capital anyway? Isn't your husband loaded?

INNA

What does that have to do with—?!

TECH BRO 1

Uh, everything! Your old man is a legend. If *he* doesn't buy into this idea, why should we?

TECH BRO 2

Exactly! But we *do* have a killer investment opportunity for *him*. Get this—

Inna's face drops.

EXT. OVERLY PRECIOUS RESTAURANT — MOMENTS LATER

Inna gets into the passenger seat of a waiting luxury SUV, slams the door. The driver is her houseman, PETE (60s), a weathered fisherman so chill he makes Sam Elliott look like a meth head. Pete rolls off at a whopping five miles an hour, peering at Inna through the rearview mirror.

PETE

Success?

INNA

Hard pass.

PETE

Sorry, Inna. Buncha a-holes, I bet.

INNA

Complete-a-hole-millennial-douche bags! No balls!

PETE

Ball-less millennial a-holes? The worst.

INNA

Yeah.

PETE

What if you asked Herbie again—?

INNA

Herbie ain't budging! I adore the man, but I spent what? Three months perfecting my brisket?! I did things to him in bed I'm pretty sure aren't even legal, and he *still* won't help me!

PETE

Okay, okay— didn't need to hear that.

INNA

It illustrates my determination. I can handle rejection, when I was acting I got rejected because I was too fat, too old, too much like the director's ex-wife. Whatever. But this is different! This is a great idea, I know it is, you know it is. These kids don't get it because they think they're gonna live forever! They're not thinking about plans for their old age, they're thinking about what they're gonna eat for lunch and who they're gonna bang tonight!

PETE

In 20 years I've never doubted your determination. You'll find the money, it only takes one person—

INNA

As much as I admire your optimism Pete, I gotta say at this point, I think you're full of beans. I am not *finding* any money! I'm just floundering. Failing. Fiddle-dicking.

PETE

Hey—

Pete points out the driver's side window, big smile.

PETE (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil, my man Herbie.

Inna turns and sees a "FOX FUNERAL HOMES" billboard featuring her husband, HERBIE FOX (70s), Brooklyn to the bone, part-bulldog, part-coked-up toddler.

Herbie is pictured throwing cash into a casket, a giant word balloon shouting: "WHY BURY YOUR HARD-EARNED CASH?!"

Inna sighs.

A bus belches by with *another* ad taking up its whole side, featuring two identical caskets side by side:

"OUR 'F'OAK' CASKET, ONLY \$299!" and "THEIR 'REAL' OAK CASKET, A WHOPPING \$3,800!".

Herbie's face is in the middle of the bus, a word balloon screaming, "SPEND YOUR MONEY ABOVE GROUND!"

Yet *another* ad on a bench, this one with Herbie wearing a patch over one eye: "PIRATE-THEMED FUNERALS, \$499 ALL IN!"

Inna puts on giant sunglasses and slumps in her seat.

INT. FOX HOME — KITCHEN — EVENING

An *Architectural Digest*-ready kitchen. Inna chops herbs while her cook, DORIS (70s), a thrift-store Joni Mitchell with the patience of a gem cutter, dips a tasting spoon into the smoothie she's whipped up.

DORIS

This tastes like cat's ass.

INNA

Hey, it's the recipe he asked you to make, so that's on him. He believes it's keeping him alive.

DORIS

You mean *erect*.

INNA

You think there's a difference to Herbie?

DORIS

My sympathies.

Herbie barrels into the kitchen, all smiles. He gives Inna a long kiss, gazing at her like a man who's won the lottery.

HERBIE

You get better lookin' every day, you know that, baby? What a knockout! What a lucky son of a bitch I am! When we eat?!

Doris hands him the smoothie.

INNA

They didn't have food at the funeral?

HERBIE

Not a fuckin' peanut! Nothin'!

Inna rubs his robust tummy, teasing him.

INNA

I can see you're starving, just wasting away!

HERBIE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Not all of us are
blessed with shiksa genes!

They kiss again, Inna smooths Herbie's hair, brushes lint off
his jacket.

INNA

You're lookin' pretty swell
yourself! So, how was the
"competition"? Did they do a *theme*?

HERBIE

It was a *shit show* of a funeral! I
mean painful! They *tried* to do a
theme, they all rip me off. Get
this, this idiot did a *sailor*
theme, but he got it all wrong!
There were muscle guys dressed up
in tight little uniforms, *show-*
tunes! Judy Garland for Chrissakes!
He shoulda had boats, nautical
stuff! My pirate-themed funerals
are selling like fuckin' hotcakes,
these other bozos are just
pretenders! You're looking at the
king of funerals! The frickin'
KING! Hey, I'm thinking about a
boxing theme for a special, what do
you think?

Herbie prances around the kitchen like a prize fighter,
shadow boxing with Inna. She laughs and pulls him in for
another kiss.

INNA

Sweetie, I think you went to a gay
funeral, just sayin'. And boxing?
Sounds a little too niche, don't ya
think?

(then, smiling)

Where do you get the energy anyway,
huh? I had *one* crappy meeting today
and I'm pooped. They didn't give me
the money, by the way, thanks for
asking.

DORIS

I'll say it again. Hormones.

HERBIE

Doris and her magic smoothies,
that's what keeps me goin'. And
lookin' at you, kid.

(MORE)

HERBIE (CONT'D)

(then)

So—?

INNA

(perking up)

Oh, the meeting! Right. These were the guys from Hyperion Investments. Remember, I told you—

HERBIE

No, no, so *when* we eat?!

Inna deflates.

DORIS

About an hour. I'll call ya!

Herbie smiles and leaves.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Sheesh. Oblivious, party of one—

INNA

I'm so done. Why can't he see the potential in this? You do. Pete does. Today marked my thirty-eighth rejection, thirty-eight!

DORIS

Colonel Sanders was rejected one thousand and nine times and he was sixty-one years old so—

INNA

No, please, you're not gonna go through the entrepreneur *rejection* list again! Please, no, I'm begging you, don't—

DORIS

Artists too! Walt Disney, Vincent Van Gogh—

INNA

You're killing me.

DORIS

The vacuum cleaner guy—

Off Inna's look.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Okay, okay! You know, back in the 80s when I got a loan for my catering company, I had to have my dad co-sign, which he did, but guess what?

INNA

What?

DORIS

He thought that meant he owned half my business.

INNA

What a schmuck! No offense.

DORIS

None taken. Your dad was an angel. Mine was a malignant narcissist. My point is, you don't need a man to co-sign anymore. Get a loan! Why are you killing yourself trying to get an investor? Invest in yourself!

Beat.

INNA

I just thought people would take it more seriously if- you're right, it's enough already. I'm done begging!

INT. CHASE BANK — MORNING

Inna sits in front of a skittish loan supervisor, LANCE (20s), cheap suit hanging from his lanky frame.

INNA

COME ON, PLEASE! This is insane! You can't turn me down, we keep a huge chunk of change here! You've given my husband how many loans? And how old are you? Can you get a senior loan officer down here please?!

LANCE

Um, I was given your case, Mrs. Fox, and *ethically* our bank cannot support your business plan.

INNA

Ethically?! I'm sorry but what is unethical about helping people have a decent death?!

(then)

Who pulled the plug on my loan?!

LANCE

Mr. Kelly feels it goes against the morals of the bank. His decision is final.

INNA

Don Kelly?! The crappy golfer who's probably on the back ninth with my husband right now?! Don Kelly, who's banging his assistant? He's gonna lecture ME about morals?

(then)

Wait. Are you saying my husband's in on this?!

Customers stare. Lance sweats.

LANCE

Mrs. Fox, please calm down—

Inna stands, knocking her chair down.

INNA

I will not *calm down*! You tell that prick Don Kelly I hope he has a-a-a *mediocre* death!

She storms out.

Her phone pings. She glances down— a photo of Herbie on the golf course, blowing her a kiss.

Inna quickly shoves the phone back in her bag.

EXT. CHASE BANK — CONTINUOUS

Inna is a few yards from her Prius Sedan when Lance comes running up to stop her.

LANCE

Mrs. Fox! I'll probably get fired for this but, I LOVE your business plan. It's something that is so needed. My uncle's in *the* most miserable place. It's filthy, the staff is horrible.

(MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)

He's like a father to me, he's the kindest person. He's been really sick but I'm sure he's strong enough to do a death cruise.

INNA

It's not a death cruise! It's a cruise to celebrate life!

LANCE

Yes, I know!

(pause)

Before it's too late.

That hits home for Inna. The kid gets it.

INNA

Exactly. Before it's too late.

LANCE

Could you please meet with him?

INNA

Meet with who?

LANCE

My Uncle Alfredo. I'm scared he's going to die in that place. I know you don't have the money yet, but it would give him hope, maybe a reason to live? He's a huge Broadway fan, too. He'd be thrilled to meet you!

Lance hands Inna a card. On the back is scribbled "*Sunnydaze Rehab Facility, Mr. Alfredo Lorrie.*"

INNA

What the heck would I say to him?

LANCE

Well, I just— I'm sorry, it's a stupid idea. I just thought if he knew there was another option— never mind, sorry about the loan too, they made me turn you down. Believe me, if I had any power—

INNA

It's okay, kid. *I'll make it happen.* It only takes one person to understand your vision, right?

Inna gives a little sad smile.

LANCE
You go, girl. Don't give up!

Lance surprises Inna with a hug, then jogs back to the bank.

INT. CAR – CONTINUOUS

Inna gets in her car, her phone rings.

INNA
Hey Petey–

She starts her car, the fuel gauge lights up LOW. Inna swears.

INNA (CONT'D)
Shit! What? What did you say? But
that's impossible, he just texted
me–

Inna listens while watching the fuel gauge. The *empty* light blinks.

INNA (CONT'D)
Oh my God–

Inna peels away.

INT. RIALTO HOSPITAL – MORNING

BETH (40s), a hospital worker who moves at the speed of molasses, works the front desk. Inna rushes in to find Pete, pissed off.

PETE
(re: Beth)
She won't tell me the room number
'cause I'm not *family*.

INNA
I'm Inna Fox, Herbie's wife. What's
his room number?!

Beth slowly punches computer keys. Inna throws her hands up, exasperated. Beth takes her sweet time and finally looks up.

BETH
Are you family?

INNA
I *just* said I'm his wife! Please!

Beth frowns, looks at screen.

BETH
Says here Mrs. Fox is already in
the room with him.

INNA
Mrs. Fox? I'm— oh *shit*. Tall blond?

Beth shrugs.

INNA (CONT'D)
That's his *EX*-wife, not his *wife*.
I'm his wife. I can't believe she
would— Oh my God, this cannot be
happening! No, no, no! I have to
see him *now*!

Pete gets in Beth's face, calm but deadly.

PETE
You need to give me that room
number. Right. Now.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — MOMENTS LATER

HERBIE lies motionless in bed.

A brisk, professional NURSE (30s) flits around him, checking
vitals, securing his IV.

RYAN (30s), Herbie's son, sits on the bed in a golf shirt
with a popped collar, playing Call of Duty. He occasionally
looks up, pokes his father.

Nearby, PAMELA (70s), Herbie's ex-wife, scrolls Neiman Marcus
sales. All sharp angles and sharper comments — she hasn't
eaten more than a teaspoon of food since the '80s.

The ECG machine suddenly alarms.

The nurse hustles Ryan off the bed, slams the CODE BLUE
button, readies the defibrillator.

NURSE
Step away, please. Can you wait
outside?!

RYAN
Don't push me! Sup?! I thought he
was waking up?! He has to wake up!

Ryan grabs at Herbie, reality sinking in.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Dad! Wake up! We have to finish
Pebble Beach! Dad, please! You
can't leave me daddy!

NURSE

Sir, we need space!

Pamela wrestles Ryan away, his panic escalating.

PAMELA

Ryan, come on – let her do her job.

A harried DOCTOR (50s) rushes in, followed by Pete and Inna.

INNA

Herbie!

DOCTOR

What happened?!

As the doctor fires orders at the nurse, Pamela grabs Ryan by the elbow and hustles him out.

NURSE

Patient unresponsive. Asystole on
the ECG. We're coding.

Mayhem. The doctor grabs the paddles as the nurse fumbles with the leads.

Pete wraps his arms around a breaking Inna.

CLEAR.

The shock hits Herbie's body.

Nothing.

The doctor checks vitals. Still nothing.

Inna reaches for Herbie – the nurse blocks her.

DOCTOR

Step back. We're going again.

CLEAR.

Another shock.

Nothing.

INNA
 No. No. No. Please – Herbie,
 please. Breathe. Please–

Everything slows. Sound drains away.

All we hear is Herbie's heartbeat – slowing... slowing...

Flatline.

From above –

Inna tears free of Pete's arms, shoves past everyone,
 collapses onto Herbie's body.

The nurse and doctor freeze. Stunned.

FADE OUT.

EXT. I-5 HIGHWAY – PORTLAND, OREGON

A Fox Funeral Home billboard stands proudly as cars whiz by.
 A bird lands on the billboard, walks back and forth for a
 bit, then squirts out a massive amount of white guano, it
 streams down Herbie's smiling face.

INT. FOX HOME – EVENING

Inna, in funeral garb, enters. She looks around in a daze,
 takes off her veil and tosses it, then kicks her heels off.
 She stands still in the quiet room.

Fighting tears, she takes a deep breath and walks resolutely
 to the kitchen, grabbing a wine glass and a corkscrew. Then,
 she swings open the door to a wine cellar and barrels down
 the steps. The door slams behind her.

INT. KITCHEN – LATER THAT NIGHT

Pete and Doris sit red-eyed, playing gin rummy. Doris takes a
 sip of coffee, looks at her phone, agitated.

DORIS
 She's been down there for *six*
hours.

PETE
 And she'll stay down there as long
 as she needs to.

DORIS
She hasn't had a drink in twenty
five years—

PETE
Can you blame her?

Doris picks a card up, looks at it.

DORIS
Yeah, but she's down there *alone*.
What if she—?

PETE
She won't. Trust me.

Doris plays a card, throws the rest down.

DORIS
I can't take it. I'm going down
there to see if she's—

PETE
I'll go. I know my way around a
relapse.

INT. WINE CELLAR — NIGHT

Candles burned low, empty bottles scattered. Pete slowly
descends the stairs, sizing things up.

Inna, slumped in a huge, Medieval-looking chair, stares at
the giant glass of red wine in front of her. Her makeup is
smeared, feet on the table, hose shredded.

Pete sits across from her. He picks up the empty bottle of
red and whistles.

PETE
The 2015 Margaux? Still a little
young. Shoulda waited a few years—

INNA
(mimicking Herbie's
Brooklynese)
Yeah, yeah. "Drinkin' futures is
like rapin' a virgin!"

PETE
Not very PC, was he?

Inna shakes her head, tears up again.

INNA

What am I gonna do without him,
Pete?

PETE

It's gonna be hard, I'm not gonna
lie. You gotta sober up first. Eat
something.

INNA

Yeah, I know. I feel pretty stupid,
I thought I was done with all this.

She motions at the wine bottles.

PETE

I don't think you need a lecture on
how this won't help the situation,
so I'll just say this, it's
understandable and I get it, zero
judgment from me. You're in shock.

INNA

I can't wrap my head around it—

PETE

I can't either. He will be missed.
By all of us.

Inna puts her hand on Pete's.

INNA

He was like a father to you, I'm so
sorry Petey.

Pete drops his head.

PETE

Forty years—

Inna just shakes her head.

INNA

They sat there with him, with *our*
Herbie, and they didn't call us?
They didn't call *you*, they didn't
call me. Pamela and Ryan will pay
for this.

Pete nods.

PETE

It was selfish—

INNA

I couldn't say goodbye, *again*! My dad, and now Herbie?! How does this happen *twice* to a person? What did I do to deserve this? Was I Stalin in a previous life? Pol Pot?

PETE

You did *nothing*. It's just the shittiest luck ever. I never trusted Ryan, Herbie didn't either—

INNA

I know. I felt horrible for him, his only kid.

PETE

He ain't the sharpest— but it's worse than that—

INNA

What do you mean?

PETE

Between you and me, I think he's dangerous. Nurse said to me, "Watch out for the son."

INNA

What did she mean by that? When did she say that?

PETE

I didn't want to bring this up 'til you were feeling better.

INNA

Please!

Beat.

PETE

Ryan tried to get Herbie to sign some paperwork while they were playing golf. Caddie said they were arguing the whole eighteen.

INNA

Ryan *made* Herbie have a heart attack!

PETE

Gets worse. He was trying in the ambulance too, and even when they were working on Herbie in the hospital.

INNA

Are you kidding me?! What kind of animal does that?

PETE

When you were, uh, sedated, I had a long chat with the nurse. She told me Ryan was gettin' in the way, trying to wake Herbie up in the hospital.

INNA

That's the last thing Herbie heard?! His loser son trying to get him to sign, what? A revised will? A loan? *That's* what he left this Earth with?!

Inna buries her face in her hands.

INNA (CONT'D)

And me?! The business, the money. Why did I have to push him so hard?!

PETE

You were the love of his life, you're passionate about your vision, Inna. That's not a crime.

She chokes back tears.

INNA

He invested in Bitcoin and lost his ass—

PETE

It wasn't about the money, he didn't wanna lose *you*.

INNA

He *never* would have lost me. Herbie was my *everything*! I just needed to be something other than a wife.

(pause)

I miss my career. I never regretted giving it up for us, I just needed more meaning in my life.

(MORE)

INNA (CONT'D)

And I *really* wanted Herbie to be proud of me.

PETE

All he ever did was brag on you, he—

INNA

Yeah, for stuff I did 30 years ago.

Inna slowly stands, steadies herself.

INNA (CONT'D)

I should probably eat something.

PETE

That's a good idea. And let's switch to water, eh? You can get to work as soon as you feel better.

INNA

Work?

PETE

Well, you got the money now, right? You've done all of the preliminary work. You can finally launch your business.

Inna, inhaling sharply, turns to Pete.

INNA

What?!

Beat. Her eyes widen as it clicks into place.

INNA (CONT'D)

Holy shit, Pete.

INT. LAW OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

Pete, Inna and her whip-smart lawyer, BARBARA (40s), on one side of the table.

Ryan, Pamela and their lawyer, RALPH (70s), dreaming of lunch, sit on the other.

BARBARA

"...in leaving my wife 51% of Fox Funerals, I'm giving her control, so she can keep an eye on the business.

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Without her imagination and intelligence, we never would have grown into what we are today. I hope she sees this as the belated *thank you* she deserves."

Inna and Pamela's eyes widen.

RYAN

What the hell does that mean? We only get 49%, and I'm supposed to work for the woman who ruined my childhood?! She broke up my parents' marriage!

PAMELA

Erm, Ryan—

INNA

Wow, for the hundredth time, I met your dad a DECADE after your parents divorced. Herbie was right. When they gave out brains, you were in the taco line. I don't even—

PAMELA

Calm down, Inna—

INNA

You are in no position to tell me what to do, sweetheart. Your son's actions *killed* Herbie, and it's taking *everything* I have not to reach across this table and—

Inna stops herself, breathes deeply.

INNA (CONT'D)

If you would just let me—
(pause)

I don't want it, never have, never will, the business. I appreciate Herbie acknowledging my input but I helped him because I loved him, not to commandeer control of his company. It's no secret that I disagree with burying yet more toxic waste in the ground—

RYAN

Toxic waste?! That's what you call caskets?! You're just jealous because he loved me more than you!

INNA

You know damn well that I have zero interest in spending my life herding cats.

(pointing to Ryan)

In particular, that cat.

(then)

And if I *did* want this business, I would change it completely! And I would *never* do that to my husband's legacy, this business was his baby—

Ryan stands up, pounding his hands on the desk.

RYAN

You can't do that! It's MY LEGACY NOW and I'm his baby!

Everyone stares at him. Awkward.

INNA

Fine, then buy me out. If not—

RYAN

If not, what, you'll turn it into your disgusting suicide cruise line?! My dad told me all about your stupid idea! You're not destroying the Fox Legacy, you freak!

Pamela grabs Ryan's arm, standing.

PAMELA

Ryan, a word?

Pamela drags him into a corner of the room.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Cool it! We're buying her out, do you understand?

RYAN

We have to fight that crazy bit—!

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(over him)

Were you paying attention to the reading of the will? Your father stipulated that you start at the bottom. The BOTTOM! That's *housekeeping*, Ryan. Is *janitor* your *aspiration* of the month? We cannot fight this. He left her 51% so he could control you from the grave. I'm trying to protect you.

RYAN
Why would he do this? We were
getting along so well!

PAMELA
Good Lord, you really *do* live in
another world, don't you?

Pamela pats Ryan's cheek then goes back to the table.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
We need time to get the funds
together but, yes. We'll buy you
out.

BARBARA
We'll give you six months. And we
want the yacht.

RYAN
The Sherry?! No way! I have
memories of fishing with my dad on
that thing!

Pamela pinches Ryan, he yelps.

Their lawyer, Ralph, suddenly wakes up and has his moment.

RALPH
Actually, the Sherry is spoken for,
page 18, section six.

They all leaf through pages, Barbara slowly turning to Pete.

BARBARA
So sorry we missed that, Inna. He
left it to you, Pete.

PETE
Not sure what to say—

Inna exhales, stunned.

INT. LAW OFFICE — ELEVATOR — MOMENTS LATER

Inna and Pete stand silently, Inna jabs the *down* button.

INNA
Where am I gonna find another
yacht? Is there a Craigslist for
that?!

PETE

What are you talkin' about?

INNA

No offense, Pete, but I thought the Sherry was mine. She's sort of an integral part of my business plan. No boat, no cruise! Everything's in place, staff, permits. Now what? I sit around missing Herbie and trying to ignore the wine cellar while searching for a *replacement* yacht?! I designed this business around the Sherry, she's absorbed all of our memories and love. She's perfect, she's—

Inna tears up, Pete turns to face her.

PETE

Who do you think I am? You think I'm gonna what, retire and go *fishing*? Sheesh, Inna, I'm helping you. That's the plan. You're my boss now, I ain't leaving. You think I'd miss all the fun?

INNA

Oh! Well, I haven't had the most stable of times lately, wasn't sure if you'd bail or not.

PETE

No, you have not had much stability lately. Which is now my job to rectify.

Inna softens—just for a moment.

INNA

So, now that you're a yacht-owning douche bag, you're gonna get a bright red Porsche and a much younger girlfriend, yeah?

PETE

Oh yeah, for sure that's how I roll, you got me pegged.

INNA

Hey, can we make a stop before we go home?

PETE

On one condition, you let me be
captain on this death cruise.

INNA

It's *not* a death cruise!

PETE

I know, I know, just takin' the
piss, Inna.

Inna sticks her hand out. They shake on it.

INNA

Aye, Aye Cap'n. Deal.

INT. REHABILITATION CENTER — PORTLAND

A beige "social" room. Bleak.

Inna inhales the stale air, gags a little.

Patients half-play a tattered board game. Others stare into
nothing.

A man in dirty pajamas throws a fruit cup at her. She ducks.

SAMANTHA (30s) arrives — dead-eyed, clipboard-ready.

SAMANTHA

Sorry about that, I'll reprimand
him later. You say you're Mr.
Lorrie's cousin?

INNA

Ah, no need for punishment, it's
just a fruit cup! And yes, Alfredo
and I were very close when we were
young, thought I'd stop in and
cheer him up.

Samantha gives Inna the once-over, then gestures for her to
follow.

They stop at an open door.

SAMANTHA

Visiting hours end in nineteen
minutes.

Inna peeks inside.

ALFREDO (50s), charming by necessity, flips through a magazine – cracking jokes to a MAN (90s) in the bed beside him.

A tiny curtain barely separates them. An even tinier TV in the corner plays reality TV on mute.

A shit hole indeed.

ALFREDO
She's a little anal, Miss "Ya got
18 minutes left!"

Inna laughs.

INNA
Ya think?
(pause)
I met your nephew. I'm Inna?

Alfredo motions for Inna to sit near him.

ALFREDO
The cruise lady?!

She nods.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
What a kid, eh? So kind, so caring–

INNA
He tells me you love it here?

ALFREDO
Ha, right!

INNA
(à la Bette Davis)
"What a dump!"

ALFREDO
No shit, Sherlock. I want to go
where you're going, the cruise
thing. I can do it. They're just
keeping me here for the dough.

INNA
You're preachin' to the choir,
honey. The whole point of my
business is to avoid *this*.

She motions around the room. The man in the other bed moans.

ALFREDO

Just ignore him. He jerks off about
300 times a day. I'm used to it.
Luckily, he's a two-pump chump.

Inna thinks Alfredo's kidding but sure enough, the man next
to them emits a pained squelch. Inna's eyes widen.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

(to the man)
Hung like a stud field mouse!
(then, back to Inna)
How much?

INNA

For what?

ALFREDO

The cruise!

INNA

Ah, well, it's not cheap—

ALFREDO

Neither am I!

INNA

Hey, stop stealing my lines!
(pause)
About ten grand.

Alfredo whistles.

ALFREDO

Ten large! Whew! Bit rich for this
guy. Lance means well but
sometimes, his head's in the
clouds.

INNA

Well, I hope I can offer it to
people for free someday.
(off his look)
I mean it! This is the first one. A
lotta kinks to work out—

ALFREDO

I'm kinky, I'd fit right in!

Inna smiles as they sit in silence for a beat.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

This place is designed to make
people give up.
(MORE)

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

(pause)

I'd like to hear some music, have a few laughs before—

INNA

I get it. I was in a place like this once—

ALFREDO

How could a Goddess like you be in a joint like this?!

INNA

Goddess? What drugs do they have you on?! It wasn't *exactly* like this but it sure smelled the same. It was ah, more of a *detox* facility.

ALFREDO

Whoa, I never woulda pegged you for a—

INNA

Wino? Yup, drank myself silly one weekend, passed out in a cab and ended up in a room with these same elegant curtains, thank you very much!

ALFREDO

Sorry to hear that, the sauce gets the best of 'em, eh? You're in good company, Hemingway, Anthony Hopkins, Sinatra, Judy Garland, Bogie—

INNA

You better stop there or we'll be here all day—

Beat. Inna takes Alfredo's hand.

INNA (CONT'D)

Let me get through this first cruise. I promise I'll keep in touch. Your job is to get better.

ALFREDO

Easier said than done.

The man in the next bed starts moaning again, Inna turns to him.

INNA
Enough already, quit roughin' up
the suspect!

Alfredo high fives Inna.

ALFREDO
You tell 'em doll!

INT. FOX HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A grand piano crowded with photos: Inna in Italy with HERBIE. A younger Inna clutching a TONY AWARD. Inna on a boat, arms around her elderly father, DAVID. A wedding photo - Inna and Herbie, beaming.

Nearby, the new hires squirm in their chairs.

Inna stands at the center.

INNA
Thank you all for being here. I
know for some of you this is a
little odd, but we're doing
something innovative and much
needed. We're offering up a new way
we treat our last act of life. I'm
launching Sundown Cruises to offer
people the control, peace and
dignity we all deserve.

LENNY CARUSO (late 40s), equal parts sequins and strategy,
raises his hand.

INNA (CONT'D)
Yes, Lenny?

LENNY
Lenny Caruso, Entertainment
Director, hello everyone. First of
all, SO sorry for your recent loss,
that's a horrible thing to go
through, truly. I get why you're
doing this, 100%. I'm just trying
to understand the *nuts and bolts* of
the cruise.

Employees nod.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Are a bunch of the guests going to
be doing the "Death with Dignity"
thing?

(MORE)

LENNY (CONT'D)

Cause it's gonna be a little challenging finding a playlist for that kinda vibe, not to mention material for my comedy act. Also, are people going to want to dance? Can they dance?

INNA

Good questions, and I know it might feel odd that we're celebrating people at the end of their lives, but that's *exactly* what we're doing. *Celebrating* them! Celebrating *life*! Our clients are heading *toward* the end, they are not "at the end". This is not a *hospice* cruise. There will be healing, exploration, reconciliation. And yes, there will be dancing!

Inna walks over to a huge whiteboard labeled "MAIDEN VOYAGE CLIENTS," with photos of guests pinned in a row.

As Inna speaks, each photo comes to life –

She points to LIAM PUTTER (40s), hollow eyed, visibly shattered.

EXT. YACHT – AFTERNOON

Liam, dressed in a hoodie, baseball cap, and sunglasses, hurries up the gangplank.

INNA (V.O.)

Liam has stopped treatment for his cancer.

He rushes to the first crew member he sees and has a brief exchange.

INNA (V.O.)

He's been relentlessly harassed by the press and soccer fans for over two decades—

The crew member leads Liam toward his quarters, chatting and pointing things out along the way. Liam keeps his head down.

They reach his cabin. Liam steps inside and shuts the door in the crew member's face.

INT. FOX HOME – LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

INNA
– all because of one unfortunate
incident.

Lenny perks up.

LENNY
Death in Madrid! World Cup, 2002!
That Liam? Mamma Mia, poor guy–

INNA
Exactly. He needs peace and a place
to think about his options clearly.
I'm hoping we can help him find a
reason to resume treatment, to
choose life.

LENNY
Wow– this presentation feels very
"Love Boat" you know? But darker–

Lenny looks around, the others nod in agreement.

LENNY (CONT'D)
And maybe a little *Fantasy Island*?

Off Inna's look.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Sorry! I mean zero disrespect,
truly– sorry! It's super cool,
please continue–

Inna points to the next photo.

INNA
Margo has, unfortunately, been
given less than a year to live. She
wants healing time with her
daughters. We will do everything we
can to support that.

EXT. YACHT – DECK – AFTERNOON

MARGO DENNIS (50s), frail, luminous – gazes out at the ocean.

By her side, her daughters – LUCY (30s), a tightly wound
overachiever and CHLOE (30s), blunt, allergic to eye contact,
absorbed in her phone.

INT. FOX HOME – LIVING ROOM

Inna points to the next photo.

The employees lean in, invested now.

INNA

Judith is struggling to come to terms with a recent diagnosis and is interested in our therapeutic options. You see, this is not just about death, it's about healing, closure. Facing the end with a clear conscience.

EXT. YACHT – DECK – AFTERNOON

JUDITH LIEBER (50s), over-caffeinated and catastrophizing, passes by – limping theatrically.

Her husband, HAROLD (50s), trails behind, out of fucks.

JUDITH

It's bone cancer, I'm telling you!
I know these things.

HAROLD

Why? Have you had a history of bone cancer? No, Judith, you have not. Your leg fell asleep on the drive over here. You'll live.

JUDITH

I'll live? That's what you say to a *dying* woman?!

They pass an attractive male couple looking around the yacht.

EDWARD REYNOLDS (80s), tweedy, elegant actor with the quiet confidence of an EGOT winner.

Beside him, PAUL DUMONT (60s), impeccably dressed and happily in Edward's shadow.

INNA (V.O.)

You might recognize the esteemed actor Edward Reynolds. Edward is planning his final curtain call – and cleaning up a few legal loose ends.

Paul adjusts Edward's scarf with practiced tenderness.

INNA (V.O.)
One of which may have us singing
"Here Comes the Groom" on our
maiden voyage.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FOX HOME - LIVING ROOM

INNA
These are our guests. It will be
intimate. We have two crew members
per guest so we can ensure that
every client receives the attention
and quality service they deserve. I
just hope everyone gets along!

She laughs nervously, composes herself.

INNA (CONT'D)
I appreciate each and every one of
you. You're going to make a
profound impact on many lives.

Beat.

INNA (CONT'D)
You know what really bothers me,
what motivates me? The average
hospice costs about 30 grand a
month.

The crew reacts.

INNA (CONT'D)
Yeah, there's your savings, gone!
And for what? A depressing shared
room and lousy food? People deserve
options. And yes, if someone wants
to do the Death with Dignity Act,
we will help them do exactly that.
Three miles from shore, of course,
so we don't break any laws-

GLORIA HERNANDEZ (30s), hyper professional, eyes wide, raises
her hand politely.

GLORIA
Gloria Hernandez, Head of
Housekeeping. Catholic. Are we
going to go to hell for this?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COOS BAY, OREGON — PORT — MORNING

The SHERRY gleams. Crew in white.

Tibetan bowls, a giant gong, incense, white flowers lining the gangplank.

Peaceful. Sacred. A little too much.

LENNY strolls by with drinks, clocks the scene.

LENNY

I feel like I should be wearing
black and regretting things.

Inna winces. He's not wrong.

EXT. DECK — CONTINUOUS

Lenny shimmies up to Paul and Edward with his tray.

LENNY

Good afternoon, gentlemen. This is
the "Mighty Oak" elixir, made with
a kombucha base, hints of spruce
and sweet Manuka honey. It enhances
strength, virility. And blood flow.

Lenny winks at the guys. They smile back, delighted.

Suddenly there's a commotion on the water as the young,
enthusiastic REED COLLEGE ROW TEAM call out over rap music
blaring from a speaker.

REED COLLEGE ROW TEAM

Fucking Reed College is where it's
at!! Yeah, baby! Winners! Winners!
Woohoo!! Yo Yo YO! Reed! Reed! Go
Reed! Fuck yeah! Yeah, baby, woot
woot!

Everyone stops and stares as a crew boat full of very fit,
half-naked young men floats by. A few of them gleefully moon
the Sherry's crew and its passengers. The young men whoop and
holler and act like idiots, dancing to their music, emulating
sex as they drunkenly row past.

Edward and Paul stare transfixed.

PAUL
(elbowing Ed)
I think we're going to enjoy this,
aren't we, darling?

Ed stares wistfully after the young men paddling away. He grabs another elixir off Lenny's tray and downs it.

EDWARD
Oh yes we are, dear, yes we are.

A horn sounds on the yacht, the crew breaks away from the spectacle and hustles to their posts. Lenny waves to the rowers, blowing them kisses.

LENNY
Thank you! This is more like it!
Some *life*! Some *color*! Yes! Thank
you, boys!

EXT. PORT — AFTERNOON

As the Tibetan bowl lady packs up her bowls and the gong guy breaks down his things, an ANNOYED MAN (70s) walking a dog waves away the incense and flips off the yacht.

ANNOYED MAN
New age assholes!

EXT. DECK — CONTINUOUS

Inna looks down at the ANNOYED MAN.

For a split second, he's HERBIE — smiling, waving up at her.

Inna blinks.

The Annoyed Man is back, dog at his feet, flipping her off.

She shakes it off.

Yelling erupts from the port. Inna turns —

LANCE, drenched in sweat, barrels toward her, arms flailing, pushing ALFREDO in a wheelchair like a bat out of hell.

LANCE
Stop! Stop! Wait! Please!

EXT. DECK — CONTINUOUS

Pete joins Inna as they watch Lance and Alfredo getting closer. Inna lets out a huge sigh.

PETE
I'm sure it would be tempting to
have a drink right about now.

INNA
Mindreader. Joking! I'm good.

PETE
What the hell is that kid doing?

INNA
Don't worry, I'll take care of it.

Pete turns away, shaking his head.

Watching Lance and Alfredo get closer, Inna bangs her fists on the railing.

INNA (CONT'D)
Shit, shit, shit, shit!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN — OREGON COAST — LATER

AERIAL ON THE SHERRY as it pulls peacefully away from the dock.

Guests and crew wave from the deck.

The coastline stretches out — rugged, beautiful.

As the ship drifts farther out to sea, a jazzy version of "Beyond the Sea," crooned by Bobby Darin, carries us into the closing credits.

END OF PILOT