

LAST PORT

PILOT

"SUNDOWN FOR HERBIE"



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FADE IN:

MONTAGE – A LUXURY YACHT AT SEA

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN – NIGHT

Moonlit water parts around the elegant silhouette of a luxury yacht. Golden light spills from the portholes. Laughter and music drift into the night.

The camera descends through the yacht and into a gorgeously appointed cabin.

A slim WOMAN in a turban (50s) enjoys a sensual massage. Strong hands knead up her legs. She moans, lost in it.

INNA (V.O.)

People curate their diets, social media pages, and workouts. They elevate their coffee and travel experiences. So why does death get left behind like a crude afterthought?

– The woman rises from the table. A handsome MASSEUR wraps her in a robe, kisses her deeply.

– She dines with eclectic friends, serenaded by a Rod Stewart-esque singer.

– She chats with a young CREW MEMBER overlooking the ocean. He offers her a joint. She hesitates, then inhales. They laugh.

INNA (V.O.)

What if you could curate your perfect ending? No hasty exit. Nothing left unsaid. Just peace of mind – and a bucket list, fully checked off.

– The woman lies in bed, surrounded by smiling loved ones. An angelic NURSE administers an injection. She closes her eyes.

– A gurney bearing a sheet-covered body is wheeled off the yacht.

– At the port stands INNA FOX (late 50s), a retired Broadway firecracker – all punchlines, carrying a boatload of pain.

-Inna signs paperwork. Places a hand on the body. A quiet smile. The gurney rolls away.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. RESTAURANT - PORTLAND, OREGON - AFTERNOON

Inna is mid-lunch meeting at an overly precious, farm-to-table restaurant with two twitchy TECH BROS (20s). She finishes her pitch and looks expectantly at the young men.

INNA

So, what do you think?

TECH BRO 1

Are you out of your fucking mind?!

TECH BRO 2

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

INNA

Not *just* dying people. Not every guest will do the Death with Dignity Act. Some 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! Oregon even offers assisted suicide to non-residents. But like I said, most people will use this cruise as a time to get organized, to come to terms with things. We'll have a retired judge on board, we can conduct marriages, help people with their trusts, their wills, anything really...

The men look at her like she's bonkers.

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

Do 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?

The guys laugh their asses off.

INNA

Eight thousand Baby Boomers die every day. How many of those people do you think had "good" deaths? How many do you think left this world with zero regrets?

(then)

And from an investment perspective, how many do you think would have preferred *this* option?

TECH BRO 2

I'm pretty sure *no* death is a *good* death, so you lost me there!

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 and slams the door. The driver is her houseman, PETE (60s), a weathered fisherman so chill he makes Sam Elliot 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-tech bros.

PETE

Ball-less millennial a-holes? The worst.

INNA

Yeah...

PETE

What if you asked Herbie—?

INNA

Herbie ain't budging! I adore the man, but I spent what? Three months perfecting my brisket?! And... 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. Look, I can handle rejection, okay? I was an actress for crying out loud. I got rejected because I was too fat, too thin, too old, too much like the director's ex wife... but *this*? 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. Fucking around. Fiddle-dicking. Faffing.

PETE

Faffing? You done, m'lady? Hey—

Pete points out the driver's side window.

PETE (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

Inna turns and sees a "FOX FUNERAL HOMES" billboard featuring her husband, HERBIE FOX (70s), the self-proclaimed "King of Funeral Homes." He's 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 and sings a jazzy version of "*Food, Glorious Food!*" 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 did the
"competition" do? Did they do a
theme?

HERBIE

It was a *shit show* of a funeral! I
mean, yeah, I gotta check out the
competition from time to time, but
this was 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 sailor suits,
showtunes... 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 violent, 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.

(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 throws the knife down.

INNA

I'm *so* done. Why can't he see the potential in this? You do, Pete does... did you know that 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 investors? Invest in yourself!

Beat.

INNA

I just thought people would take it more seriously if...

(MORE)

INNA (CONT'D)

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.

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. 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 take 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, notices the phone she left on her passenger seat and picks it up. A photo of her father is the screen saver. She kisses it.

INNA

Hi Daddy... miss you.

She notices a ton of missed calls and texts.

INNA (CONT'D)

Wow, Pete... where's the fire?

She dials.

INNA (CONT'D)

Hey Pete, what's up? What?! 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?!

NURSE

Sir, we need space!

PAMELA

Ryan, come on – let her do her job.

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

INNA

Herbie – oh my God!

DOCTOR

What happened?!

As the doctor fires orders at the nurse, Pamela grabs Ryan by the collar 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 Brooklyn-ese)
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 of all. 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 you, 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

He will be missed... by all of us.

Inna puts her hand on Pete's.

INNA

I know 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 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 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 him push 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. 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. 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?! Heathen!

Inna turns to Pamela, searching for sanity.

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. Beat.

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 that stupid, sick idea of yours! 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)	RYAN
Cool it! We're buying her out, do you understand?	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 uh... memories of fishing with my dad on that thing!

Pamela pinches Ryan, who 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 takin' 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. Bad choice.

Patients half-play a ruined 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...

(MORE)

INNA (CONT'D)

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 hour ends 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...
 (MORE)

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

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. 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.

(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?

(MORE)

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

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

Hey! 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, a circle of freshly hired employees shifts in their
chairs. Nervous. Watching.

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. Some of you know that I
lost my husband recently. What you
might not know, is that he died
before I could say goodbye, I was
too late.

(MORE)

INNA (CONT'D)

(then)

And believe it or not, during the pandemic, I lost my father the exact same way, without being able to say goodbye. You can never get that moment back. There are other people like me out there, grappling with grief and craving agency over our own lives and bodies. We must rethink the 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 losses, that's a horrible thing to go through, truly. I get why you're doing this, 100%... but I'm 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? Cause it's gonna be a little challenging finding a playlist for that kinda vibe, not to mention material for my 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" yet. This is not a hospice cruise, it's a place to plan your last act.

(MORE)

INNA (CONT'D)

There will be healing,
exploration... and the tying up of
unfinished business. 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, the photos come to life -

She points to LIAM PUTTER (40s), hollow eyes and aged beyond
his years - a combat survivor.

EXT. YACHT - AFTERNOON

Liam, dressed in a hoodie, baseball cap and sunglasses,
hurries up the gangplank and rushes past the crew, head down.

INT. FOX HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

INNA

Liam has stopped treatment for his
cancer. He's been relentlessly
harassed by the press and soccer
fans for over two decades, due to
an unfortunate incident-

Lenny perks up.

LENNY

Death in Madrid! World Series,
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.

Inna points to the next photo.

INNA (CONT'D)

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, breathing it in.

Beside her: her daughters. LUCY (30s), confident and composed, chats easily with Margo. CHLOE (30s) avoids eye contact, absorbed in her phone.

INT. FOX HOME – LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Inna points to the next photo.

The room has changed – employees lean in, engaged.

INNA

Judith is struggling to come to terms with a recent diagnosis, she's 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.

The employees nod, finally "getting it".

EXT. YACHT – DECK – AFTERNOON

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

Her husband, HAROLD (50s), trails behind. Out of sympathy. 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), a tweedy, elegant actor with the quiet confidence of an EGOT winner.

His hand rests on his partner, PAUL DUMONT (60s) – impeccably dressed, curious, and happily in Edward's shadow.

INNA

(V.O.)

You might recognize the esteemed actor, Edward Reynolds. Edward is just exploring his options, planning for his final curtain call. He has a few legal issues to clean up, one of which will 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 three 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.

INNA (CONT'D)

I appreciate each and every one of you. You're going to make a profound impact on many lives. Your patience and attention to detail are everything, you are vital to this mission.

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?

(MORE)

INNA (CONT'D)

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.

Inna smiles nervously.

GLORIA HERNANDEZ (30s), hyper professional, dressed in a crisp uniform, raises her hand politely.

GLORIA

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

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 the 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.

Inna leaves Pete shaking his head.

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