

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. Applause.

Everything is going exactly right.

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

A housekeeper approaches, visibly shaken.

She leans in and whispers in Inna's ear.

Inna freezes.

The color drains from her face.

The housekeeper points to something O.S.

Inna follows the finger.

Horror.

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 young men openly staring at her.

Beat.

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 party. We'll have a retired judge on board, we can help them with their trusts, their wills. Or we can throw 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

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-tech bros!*

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. Look, I can handle rejection, 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. Fiddle-dicking.

PETE

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, 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 did the  
"competition" do? 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'.

(MORE)

HERBIE (CONT'D)

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. 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- 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!

NURSE

Sir, we need space!

Pamela pulls Ryan away.

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 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  
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 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

I can't either. 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 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. 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 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 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 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. 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, 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.

(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

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.

(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. 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. 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.

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 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.

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, a tightly wound  
overachiever) chats easily with Margo. CHLOE (30s, lives  
mostly online, where the rules make sense and people come  
with mute buttons) 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 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 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.

(MORE)

INNA (CONT'D)

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? 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?

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.



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**