LAST PORT

PILOT

"SUNDOWN FOR HERBIE"



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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.

INNA
So— what do you think?

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— this isn’t a death cruise— it’s life-affirming!

The guys eye-roll.

INNA (CONT’D)
Most clients will want the therapeutic offerings; 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! Passengers will use this 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. She’s lost them.

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 Care place— then he died—

INNA
And how much did that Home Care place cost?

TECH BRO 2
A condo in Telluride— my mom sold it to pay for it—

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 inheriting that condo in Telluride?

Beat.

TECH BRO 2
So— I get on your yacht and trust *you* to deal with my will, and 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. Inna's getting desperate.

INNA
Only if you leave a bad review— kidding! Look, the reality is— 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 prefer *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
I adore the man— but he ain't budging! 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— I was an actress, for crying out loud! 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 the future— 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 even got the nautical details wrong!

INNA
It's a funeral, sweetie; how much nautical accuracy do you need?

HERBIE
Even the dead deserve standards! My pirate-themed funerals are realistic *and* 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, 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.
(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 do 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 rejections!

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)
Alright already— 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 specifically given your case— 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 nine 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 and sees 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 is 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.
(MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)
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; 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— 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 the 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 the 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*.

Nearby, PAMELA (70s), Herbie's ex-wife, scrolls Neiman Marcus sales. All sharp angles – 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
No pulse! He’s unresponsive— we’re coding!

DOCTOR
Start compressions! Check the leads. Get me a rhythm strip!

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— breathe!

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–

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 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— 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 inhales sharply and 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— 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 the business. Never have, never will. 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
(to Pamela)
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!

PAMELA
You're thirty-six, Ryan—

RYAN
And?

PAMELA
Just letting that settle, dear—

Everyone stares at Ryan. 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
Oh wow. So sorry we missed that— 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 haven't 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 messin' with ya, 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 19 minutes!”

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
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)
Like— 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 comedy act? Also— are people gonna 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.

WASH CARVER (60s), a retired judge with George Foreman's easy, paternal warmth. The kind of man who looks like he'd give you a hug before handing down a sentence.

WASH
Death in Madrid? World Cup, 2002! *That* Liam? Whoa— that was rough! Poor guy.

INNA
Exactly— he needs peace and a place to think about his options clearly.
(MORE)

INNA (CONT'D)
I'm hoping we can help him find a reason to resume treatment, to choose life—

WASH
I don't know— that's pretty hard to come back from— I mean I feel for the guy but—

LENNY
This presentation feels very "*Love Boat,*" you know? Only a little darker?

Lenny looks around; the others nod in agreement.

LENNY (CONT'D)
And maybe a little *Fantasy Island*? The golden age of TV, gotta love it, great hair and unresolved sexual tension— right?

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 been given less than a year to live— she wants healing time with her daughters— we'll 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 a little.

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 and closure, it's about 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!

INT. FOX HOME – LIVING ROOM

LENNY
OMG! He was in Dragon's Lair! Is it okay to bring stuff for him to autograph?

Off Inna's look.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Just a couple of collectables, nothing much– kidding!

INNA
Okay then– these are our guests. It's going to 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!

WASH
Me too–

She laughs nervously, composes herself.

INNA
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 a medication-assisted death– we will help them do exactly that, three miles from shore, of course, so we don't break any laws–

BERNICE WILSON (40s), the cruise's no BS therapist/ death doula, an Earth Mother who shoots from the hip, elbows Wash.

BERNICE
(whispering)
She's not making everyone feel particularly cozy about this whole thing—

WASH
They'll get it— and if they don't, they can leave—

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?

INNA
Gloria, we're trying to help people— to give them the dignity and peace they need to—

GLORIA
—that's not a "no"—

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 and 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