



**SHIP HAPPENS**

Pilot: F\*ck You Doug Adams

written by

Alex Backes & Josh Callahan

alexbackes@mac.com  
jcallahan02@gmail.com

**INT. CRUISE SHIP CABIN - DAY**

A harsh fluorescent light HUMS loudly as water gently laps against a PORTHOLE WINDOW. After a moment, A MAN thumps his head into the glass.

Starting to slide, he leaves a long smudge of forehead grease.

TITLE: The grease morphs into: SHIP HAPPENS.

Outside, a seabird SQUAWKS. Quietly at first, then louder and louder until-

**INT. FANCY AGENCY CONFERENCE ROOM - 48 HOURS EARLIER**

A final squawk as a pigeon SLAMS into the panoramic glass of a skyscraper office building. DOUG ADAMS (30's, Caucasian, jerk), jumps back from the window.

DOUG

BIRD!

Doug watches the pigeon slide into a basket full of dead pigeons.

Still in last night's clothes, he checks his cell to find ANGRY NOTIFICATIONS blowing up his phone.

Doug's agent FLIP NELSON (40's) and DENISE TERRONI (20's), his PR rep, watch him from the head of a huge conference table.

FLIP

(proudly)

The EPA said our building is responsible for the *second* most pigeon deaths in LA, right behind pigeon-suicides.

Doug stares the dead birds, unfocused.

FLIP (CONT'D)

Apparently, pigeons are nature's most depressed animal.

A second pigeon stops, sees Doug, and pulls a tiny cell phone from his feathers.

PIGEON

Emily, it's Dale. Look, I know I've been distant lately and my sex drive has been well...I'm embarrassed. But it's not you. I'm terrified of being a father.

(glancing at Doug)

(MORE)

## PIGEON (CONT'D)

I saw something today that made me remember just how lucky I am to be married to you. Can we have dinner tonight, just the two of us? No eggs? Ok. I'd like that. I love you, too.

(to Doug)

Hey, it gets better.

Doug only hears bird noises.

## FLIP

Doug, you look terrible. Doesn't he look terrible, Denise?

## DENISE

Terrible.

## FLIP

You want a water bottle or a nutritious dinner from Blue Apron?

## DOUG

No, no thank you.

## DENISE

You sure you don't want Garlic Shrimp with Chorizo Meatballs or plank-grilled salmon in a shallot-dijon vinaigrette?

He doesn't. Flip loudly digs in to the garlic shrimp.

## DENISE (CONT'D)

Doug, we love you and we love your edgy, offensive, terrible sense of humor.

## FLIP

(mouth full)

You know, being an asshole to people.

## DENISE

You're the fifth most popular podcast in the country. Second most with men-who-yell-at-women-online, aged 13-17.

## FLIP

(mouth even fuller)

So, it's *killing* us to cut you loose.

## DOUG

WHAT?

DENISE  
*"Calls 'Em Like I See's 'Em" is  
officially canceled. People don't  
want entitled assholes yelling at  
them. They want this:*

A video on Denise's phone, already in progress.

**EXT. AN OUTDOOR MALL - DAY**

Rat-mustached TIK TOK GUY (20's, hypebeast) rides an UNHAPPY PANDA BEAR around the mall. He shouts through a microphone and his t-shirt reads "DOINK."

TIK TOK GUY  
(Borat voice)  
*My wife!*

GFX: HEARTS, COMMENTS and EMOJIS bombard the screen.

**INT. FANCY AGENCY CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

DOUG  
I don't understand.

FLIP  
Nobody does! But it doesn't matter.  
That's the future of comedy. That  
video has 600 million views.

TIK TOK GUY (V.0)  
(from the phone)  
MY WIFE!

DENISE  
Meanwhile, *Doug Adams* has lost his  
streaming deals with Netflix, Hulu,  
Bing Bong, Tooters, Chingus and  
Tooters Plus.

DOUG  
Jesus. Not *Tooters Plus*?

FLIP  
*Tooters plus.*

DENISE  
*Tooters plus.*

DOUG  
*Fuck Tooters Plus! I'm Doug Adams.*

DENISE  
 (the kill shot)  
 Doug, I just got off the phone with  
 Monika Apron. Blue Apron is out.  
 It's over.

Uniformed GOONS march in and start hauling away Blue Apron boxes.  
 Suddenly, this is very real. Doug starts to panic.

DOUG  
 Ok, I get it! You're my team. How  
 do we come back from this?

Denise and Flip share a look.

FLIP  
 I've been in the business 40 years.  
 At the wrap party for *Splash*, I saw  
 a coked-up Tom Hanks punch a guy in  
 the throat so hard he's still  
 eating through a straw.

Flip cues up a video on his phone.

FLIP (CONT'D)  
 So I know what people can come back  
 from. *This* ain't one of those things.

Another phone video-

**INT. PODCAST STUDIO - THE NIGHT BEFORE**

Doug's dialogue is bleeped as he rants. His studio literally  
 burns around him.

Fiery beams fall from the ceiling, glass shatters and an 80's  
 stuntman runs through, engulfed in flames, casually waving  
 his arms.

**INT. FANCY AGENCY CONFERENCE ROOM - NOW**

DENISE  
 How do you sleep at night?

DOUG  
 On a complimentary Casper mattress.

FLIP  
 That reminds me, someone from  
 Casper will be by later to pick up  
 your mattress.

DOUG

I made so much money for both of you and you're just gonna let me die out there?!

FLIP

Of course not! Doug, how long have you been my client?

DOUG

Fifteen years.

FLIP

Eight years?

FLIP (CONT'D)

Eighteen years. So, we put in some calls.

DOUG

Good, thank you.

FLIP

We were able to get you a gig performing sketch comedy on the fifth best cruise ship--

DENISE

--on the *third* best cruise line in North America.

DOUG

*Cruise Ship* comedy? I would never, ever in a million fucking years. Never, ever, ever, ever, never, ever--

SMASH TO:

Title Sequence.

**EXT. CRUISE SHIP PORT - DAYS LATER**

Doug illegally parks his MAZDA MIATA along the pier. He looks like trash. The last 48 hours have not been kind to him.

The cruise ship in the distance is small and unimpressive. Until it EXPLODES! Doug recoils in horror. A WISE OLD DOCK WORKER (70's, wise, old)

WISE OLD DOCK WORKER

Good thing that's not the ship you were working on.

Doug looks at a different BEAUTIFUL SHIP. A GIANT SQUID wraps its tentacles around it, dragging it under water.

WISE OLD DOCK WORKER (CONT'D)  
 Good thing you weren't working on  
 that one, either.

The Dock Worker points to a ship moored nearby. It's...fine.

WISE OLD DOCK WORKER (CONT'D)  
 That's the one for you, the Paradise  
 Ecstasy. She's the fifth best ship--

DOUG  
 Yeah, I know.

As Doug walks away, giant squid tentacles YANK the worker off  
 of the dock.

WISE OLD DOCK WORKER  
 Welp, see ya!

**INT. CRUISE SHIP SECURITY CHECKPOINT - LATER**

Automatic doors WHOOSH open as Doug walks into the security  
 checkpoint. Picture the smallest airport in the world.

Lined up behind him are several CREW MEMBERS; dressed like  
 the Navy at a Jimmy Buffet concert.

As Doug reaches the front of the line, RAM and GARVESH, two  
 short but imposing NEPALESE GUARDS block his path.

GARVESH  
 No nametag.

DOUG  
 Yeah, I'm Doug Adams.

He waits for recognition. Nothing.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 I need to be on the boat to get it.

Ram steps up.

RAM  
 No nametag.

DOUG  
 Yeah, I'm gonna go get it.

Doug starts to shove his way in, but in one swift move,  
 Garvesh kicks Doug's legs out from under him while Ram puts  
 him in a chokehold.

Garvesh uncaps a Sharpie writes "DORG" directly on Doug's designer shirt.

THE CREW  
(chanting)  
Dorg. Dorg. Dorg. Dorg.

**INT. CREW AREA - I-95 HALLWAY**

Doug looks around, bruised and lost. An ICE SCULPTOR, a hose-carrying FIREFIGHTING CREW, a pair of brightly dressed ACROBATS and two CHEFS carrying a SUCKLING PIG all pass by without stopping.

An earsplitting BING BONG over the PA. CAPTAIN GUNNAR HÄMMAÄRBLAAÄST (60's, Stoic, Norwegian) mumbles Scandinavian gibberish over the loudspeaker.

DOUG  
(shouting)  
Excuse me, I'm looking for the administrative office!

His words echo forever down the hallway. Nobody answers.

*Fine.* He opens a door at random. It's a WALK IN FREEZER. Inside, three crew members wearing bio-hazard equipment roughly handle the frozen corpse of an OLD MAN.

They toss the body onto a shelf but it slides off, on to a dozen loose watermelons. The melons act as wheels, carrying the body away.

As the crew members give chase, Doug looks on, horrified.

From behind him, a calming British voice-

JEANETTE  
A pretty average Tuesday, huh?

DOUG  
(wide eyed)  
That's a dead body. There's a dead body in there. I...that's a--

JEANETTE  
Didn't you hear the captain's announcement? That somebody died?  
(then)  
One day they're up in the lounge playing bingo, the next they're rolling through the freezer.

(MORE)



JEANETTE (CONT'D)  
 (conspiratorially)  
 Maybe he was a bad guy.

Doug turns, coming face to face with JEANETTE TAYLOR (late 20s, charming).

JEANETTE (CONT'D)  
 (trying to read Doug)  
 Was that mean?

DOUG  
 No, he might've been the next Hitler.

JEANETTE  
 He was like 80. Kind of a late start for that, huh?  
 (She smiles. Then)  
 Are you lost...Doug?

DOUG  
 It's Doug.

JEANETTE  
 Ram and Garvesh are pretty strict about nametags. Rumor has it, the last guy who didn't wear a nametag ended up in that freezer.

DOUG  
 Really?

JEANETTE  
 No. But they gave him a really hard time about it.

DOUG  
 That's not a problem for you--

Jeanette's nametag reads "AMBASSADOR."

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 Ambassador. I'm Doug Adams. Nice to meet you Ambassador.

They shake hands. Jeanette sanitizes hers, unphased by the dad joke.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 See, the joke was--

JEANETTE

No, no, I get the joke. I'm the ambassador to the passengers on embarkation day. What are you doing on the ship?

DOUG

Comedian.

Yikes. She sucks air in through her teeth.

JEANETTE

Off to a good start. I'm also the Dance Captain and I run the daycare on Tuesdays. First time working on a cruise ship?

DOUG

What gave it away?

She gestures to his entire everything.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Right. Hey, do you know where the--

She points behind him. "ADMIN OFFICE - CHECK IN HERE." Doug blushes.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Great. Thanks.

JEANETTE

Welcome aboard Dorg-the-comedian.  
Hey, before you go...

Jeanette takes a step closer to him. She whispers--

JEANETTE (CONT'D)

Don't fall off the ship at night.  
You'll be dead before they even  
know you're gone.

Before Doug can respond, Jeanette laughs.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)

Byeeee!

**INT. CREW AREA - DOUG'S CABIN DOOR - LATER**

Doug swipes his keycard on the door. It BEEPS in rejection.

DOUG

Shit.

He tries again. BEEP.

Down the hallway, TILT (30s, stoked) pokes his head out of a door. A prairie dog in a desert of tacky linoleum.

TILT  
(shouting)  
Hey!

Doug sees him and tries his key again. BEEP BEEP.

DOUG  
*Shit.*

TILT waddles faster. Doug SWIPES the card frantically.

TILT  
Hey, wait!

He's still coming. Doug swipes like crazy. BEEP BEEP BEEP.

DOUG  
*C'mon!*

Doug drops the card. He scrambles to pick it up. On his knees, Doug grabs the card and looks down the hall again.

Tilt is gone. He breathes a sigh of relief. Doug stands up and goes to swipe the key one more time.

	TILT		DOUG (CONT'D)
Hi!		AHH!	

Somehow, Tilt is on the opposite side of Doug, inches from his face.

TILT  
You must be Doug!

DOUG  
Uh, yeah. Hi.

Tilt takes the card, turns it right side up and swipes it. BOOP - the door unlocks. He hands the keycard back and wipes his hands on his shorts.

TILT  
Tilt. Welcome to the cast.

DOUG  
Cast. Right.

They shake hands. Doug eyeballs him as Tilt GOOSHES hand sanitizer into his palm.

TILT  
 We had a pretty bad outbreak of  
 "Poseidon's Payback", last month.

Doug raises an eyebrow.

TILT (CONT'D)  
 You shit your pants.

DOUG  
 Great, something else to look forward--

TILT  
A lot.

Tilt is a million miles away. His battle with Poseidon's  
 Payback has left him a different man.

TILT  
 (thousand yard stare)  
 I've had it.

He tosses the bottle of sanitizer to Doug.

TILT (CONT'D)  
 (brightly)  
 So don't forget to sanitize! How  
 about we go meet the cast?

DOUG  
 Well, I haven't unpack--

TILT  
 Come on.

DOUG  
 I'm pretty busy--

TILT  
 Come on!

DOUG  
 Can you just give me--

TILT  
 (Unintelligible)  
 Comeonnnnnnn--

**INT. PASSENGER AREA - BRIAN DENNEHY MEMORIAL THEATRE - ON STAGE**

PATRICIA (20's, geeky) TIFF (20's, energetic) and MICHIGAN  
 (30's, stressed) mill around the main stage area, scripts in  
 hand, running lines.

Tilt, genuinely excited, makes introductions.

TILT  
And this is where the magic  
happens. Doug, cast. Cast, Doug.

Nobody moves.

TILT (CONT'D)  
This is Tiffany Palacios, she's  
super funny *and* the youngest person  
ever to perform on the high seas.

DOUG  
M'kay.

TIFF  
Hey! Nice to meet you!

She goes to shake his hand. Nothing. She tries a fist bump.  
No dice. Finally, she snaps her fingers into a finger gun.

TIFF (CONT'D)  
Alright!

Doug turns away from her but Tiff persists.

TIFF (CONT'D)  
Ooooook. I think you and my buddy  
are with the same agency? He's  
pretty big on Tik Tok.

She flips her phone around to show a video of Tik Tok Guy.

Tik Tok guy FLOSSES at the TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER. His  
t-shirt reads "SPLOOSH."

TIK TOK GUY  
(Borat voice)  
*My wife!*

GFX: HEARTS, COMMENTS and EMOJIS bombard the screen.

Tilt laughs.

DOUG  
I wish I was dead.

Tiff blinks slowly. Tilt quickly changes the subject.

TILT  
And this *cool cat* is Jake Michigan,  
our fearless director.  
(MORE)

TILT (CONT'D)  
 (whispered)  
 He's a big time *Jeopardy!* champion.

DOUG  
 (whispering back to Tilt)  
 I'll take "who gives a shit for  
 \$500, Alex."

Michigan hands Doug a huge stack of pages. He's direct,  
 intense and speaks at a Sorkin-esque pace.

MICHIGAN  
 You're gonna need to know all of  
 this in four hours. How much whipped  
 cream can you hold in your mouth?

DOUG  
 What?

MICHIGAN  
 By volume, how much whipped cream?

DOUG  
 Volume--

MICHIGAN  
 Yes: ounces, grams, milliliters,  
 whatever. How many?

DOUG  
 How many what?

MICHIGAN  
 How many milliliters of whipped  
 cream can you hold in your mouth?

DOUG  
 Uh--

MICHIGAN  
 The joke's only funny if you can hold  
 between 300 and 500 milliliters of  
 whipped cream in your mouth.

DOUG  
 What joke?!

MICHIGAN  
 (fuming)  
 READ THE SCRIPTS.

Michigan storms off in a hail of script pages.

TILT

And last but not least, Patricia Williams.

(proudly)

She's *classically* trained.

Patricia bows deeply, flourishing her hand out to the side.

PATRICIA

Hail and well met fellow troubadour. Treading the boards with a jester such as thee is truly an honor and a privilege.

She bows even deeper.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Tell us weary traveler, how didst thou come to be aboard this vessel with our motley band of mummers?

She finishes with an enormous flourish.

Tilt, moved by Patricia's performance applauds and wipes away a single tear. Doug just stares at them.

The applause trails off and the cast waits for an introduction. Doug's sunglasses slide down his forehead into place.

TILT

Ha! Thank you, Doug! Good stuff! Funny guy! Funny guy, Doug!

(then)

I'm going to give him a tour of the ol' girl. Anyone else wanna come?

They're already gone. Doug and Tilt stand there for a good long while before-

TILT (CONT'D)

That means they like you.

Music : Bad Karaoke version of "Come Sail Away" by Styx.

**INT. CREW AREA - I-95 HALLWAY - LATER**

Tilt leads Doug through the hallway with mayoral authority. He's wearing a tour-guide headset and speaker.

TILT

Welcome aboard the *Paradise Ecstasy*, the third largest vessel in the fleet. You're now traveling down the I-95.

(MORE)

TILT (CONT'D)

Named after the 2nd longest highway in the US. Think of this as the main road through the entire ship. It'll get you anywhere you need to go.

DOUG

Can it get me off this boat?

TILT

(happily correcting him)  
Ship. A boat doesn't displace 71,000 tons and carry 3000 passengers to faraway destinations. It's a ship. Not a boat.

DOUG

...ok.

Just then, a loud BING BONG from the ship's PA system. Everyone in the hallway stops to listen.

CAPTAIN GUNNAR HÄMMAÄRBLAAÄST makes a long announcement in complete NORDIC GIBBERISH.

Tilt nods along with complete understanding. Doug is totally lost.

Everyone in the hallway laughs at a joke only they understand. Doug looks around, trying to figure out the joke.

TILT

Well, it is what it is. You heard the man.

**INT. CREW AREA - CREW MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS**

TILT

And this is crew mess.

Doug watches as the COOKS dole out HUGE PILES OF RICE, each with a single SEVERED FISH HEAD on top.

Three CREW MEMBERS sit at a table cheering on a fourth who's playing the HAND-KNIFE-STAB game from "Alien."

Distracted, KNIFE GUY drives the blade into his hand. He goes wide eyed and exhales through his nose.

**INT. CREW AREA - CREW STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Nuclear apocalypse bunker meets bodega. MYSTIC (50s, curt) stands behind a long counter.



Tilt pulls out his ID CARD, spinning it around his finger like a wild west pistol. He drops it, and awkwardly picks it back up.

TILT

You use this to buy everything on the ship. Snacks, drinks, even internet time.

DOUG

We have to pay for internet time?

TILT

It's a buck a minute. Best to avoid it all together though. One day you're posting a pic to the 'Gram, next thing you know, you've drained your life savings for a booby Skype with the wife.

DOUG

(to himself)  
Ex-Wife.

TILT

And this little paradise of treats is the crew store.

MYSTIC

Hey Tilt; the usual? Three Cup O' Noodles, two packs of beef jerky, a bag of Flaming Hot Cheetos and a pocket-sized sriracha.

TILT

Yep, thanks Mystic.  
(proudly, to Doug)  
Mix that together and you get yourself "Souper Noodles". All the salt makes you hella buoyant. Like a life vest inside your body.  
(then)  
You can also rent movies.

Tilt returns a bootleg copy of "Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me" featuring an off-brand Filipino Austin Powers.

MYSTIC

(Austin Powers voice)  
Yeah baby, do I make you horny, throw me a frickin' bone here!

TILT

It's not bad! The whole cast is different except for Seth Green.  
(MORE)

TILT (CONT'D)  
 (then)  
 I wonder if he's doing ok.

**INT. CREW AREA - LOWER DECK - CREW BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Approaching the crew bar, Doug is hypnotized by an unearthly glow emanating from the cracks around the door.

TILT  
 This is the crew bar. You can learn  
 an awful lot about yourself in there.  
 (mysteriously)  
 Legend has it that to make it out  
 alive, you must confess your  
 sincerest truths and darkest secrets.  
 (then, laughing it off)  
 But that's probably just an old sea-  
 legend, like the Bermuda Triangle or  
 LL Cool J in Deep Blue Sea.

DOUG  
 (transfixed)  
 Why is it glowing?

Tilt has already moved on when, in a spooky voice, the CREW  
 BAR SPEAKS

CREW BAR  
 DOUG ADAMS!

Snapping out of it, Doug hurries after Tilt.

**INT. CREW AREA - CREW CABINS - CONTINUOUS**

TILT  
 This is where most of the crew  
 live. Be glad that you don't,  
 because these rooms are *tiny*.

DOZENS of crew members stream out of a small room.

DOUG  
 Is it legal for that many people to  
 be in there?

TILT  
 Them's ocean rules, Duggles.

DOUG  
 Don't call me Duggles.

TILT  
 Yep, I hear it.

**INT. CREW AREA - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

The tour passes by a long line of crewmen waiting for a budget haircut.

TILT  
 You can come down here for a cheap haircut.

The two of them stand there a minute, as the BORED BARBER absent-mindedly cuts the chef's hair.

DOUG  
 That's it? Nothing crazy is gonna happen?

TILT  
 Like what?

DOUG  
 I dunno. Like, a swordfish comes blasting through the side of the ship and kills this guy or something?

Confused, the barber looks around and points to himself - "Me? Why?!"

TILT  
 Not everything has to be wacky, Doug. Let's go.

They leave.

An ACTION MOVIE SWORDFISH (Buff, Sunglasses, White Tank Top) blasts through the side of the ship, impaling the chef.

ACTION MOVIE SWORDFISH  
 I killed that guy...just for the halibut.

FREEZE FRAME on the Swordfish with a musical sting as his movie poster appears "**CARPE DIEM 2: STARRING FIN DIESEL.**"

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 Carpe Diem 2: You're Finished.

**INT. CREW AREA - DECK 6**

Stepping out of a maintenance elevator, Tilt excitedly approaches a pair of JURASSIC PARK-ESQUE doors.

TILT

Listen up because this is the most important thing I'm going to tell you. You're about to leave the real world. Just beyond these doors is the vacation world. It's not real life.

Doug moves to open the door but Tilt slaps him across the face.

TILT (CONT'D)

Pay attention, dammit! These people are on vacation. They're fueled by all you can eat shrimp, sugary cocktails and they may or may not be interested in a snorkeling excursion. You're not one of them. You're NOT on vacation. Don't fall prey to its siren call. Understand?

DOUG

(rubbing his face)  
I think so?

TILT

Rad. Remember that, and you're gonna be just fine.

**EXT. POOL DECK - PASSENGER AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Doug's eyes adjust as a party rages on the pool deck.

Tilt and the BIG TIME CAST are in pressed tuxedos flanked by Jeanette, the DANCERS and a group of CREW MEMBERS in a Copacabana-style, FILIPINO BIG BAND.

A slow intro.

TILT

(singing)

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING  
ON/ON A CRUISE OUT ON THE OCEAN/BUT  
LET ME TELL YOU MY, LAND LUBBING  
FRIENDS/YOU HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST  
NOTION/THERE'S THE BUFFET, THE GYM,  
THE WATER SLIDES/AND FOURTEEN  
RESTAURANTS...

(MORE)

TILT (CONT'D)  
 PASSENGERS FROM ACROSS THE WORLD,  
 QUEBEC DOWN TO VERMONT/BUT WHAT YOU  
 MAY NOT KNOW, IS WHEN THEY LEAVE  
 BEHIND, THEIR LIVES TO RUN AMOK/THE  
 ONLY REASON, THEY'RE ALL HERE, IS  
 TO **EAT** AND TO **FUCK**

Big, brassy, uptempo number. We INTERCUT to every location mentioned in song. If it's sung, we're there.

TILT (CONT'D)  
 WELCOME TO THE SHIP'S BUFFET IT'S ALL  
 THAT YOU CAN EAT/EVERY SAUCE IMAGN'ABLE  
 A1, HP, MESQUITE!/BUT CONTROL YOURSELF,  
 MY CHUNKY FRIEND/SKIP THE APPLE PIE A  
 LA MODE/IT LOOKS LIKE ONE MORE FORKFUL  
 AND YOUR AORTA WILL EXPLODE!

ALL  
 THEY COME FROM ALL ACROSS THE WORLD  
 IN RAIN OR SNOW OR SLEET  
 THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE ALL HERE  
 IS TO **FUCK** AND **EAT**!

Everyone cheers. OBESE PASSENGERS on JAZZY SCOOTERS join the dance company as we move to--

TILT  
 HERE WE HAVE THE SHIP'S MAIN BAR/  
 WHERE YOU COME TO GET YOUR BOOZE

A trio of 20 something SPRING BREAKERS chime in

SPRING BREAKERS  
 WE GOT WASTED LATE LAST NIGHT  
 AND GOT THESE ILL-ADVISED TATOOS!

Lifting up their shirts they reveal tattoos in MANDARIN. A translation appears:

SUBTITLE: PLEASE HELP, I AM BEING HELD HOSTAGE DOING TATTOOS.

PATRICIA  
 HERE IN THE CASINO, PLAY BIG TO WIN  
 IT ALL/OR GAMBLE ON ADVENTURES TO  
 EXOTIC PORTS OF CALL!

She gives a thumbs up, pops on a diving helmet and jumps into a small submarine. Motoring to the ocean floor, Patricia high fives NEPTUNE at the gates of ATLANTIS.

MICHIGAN  
 YOU CAN GO ICE SKATING, ATTEND A  
 BUMPER CAR GRAND PRIX/IF YOU'RE ON THE  
 SENIORS CRUISE, ATTEND A BURIAL AT SEA

TILT  
 THEY COME FROM ALL ACROSS THE WORLD  
 WHEN THEY'RE FEELING STUCK/THE ONLY  
 REASON THEY'RE ALL HERE IS TO EAT  
 AND FUCK!

The cast stops near a beautifully framed photo of Captain Gunnar riding a saddled great white shark.

TILT (CONT'D)  
 THERE'S OUR FEARLESS CAPTAIN/  
 HE'LL NEVER GO AWOL

CAPTAIN GUNNAR  
 (unintelligible)  
 mmmmmm

TILT  
 AND THEN THE MAN, YOU'RE HERE TO  
 SEE/OUR CRUISE DIRECTOR, PAUL!

The CRUISE DIRECTOR, PAUL BAKER (40's, Kiwi, Tacky) ramps a Ski Doo on to the pool deck.

He executes a perfect dive into the pool as his jet-ski explodes into fireworks, spelling "PAUL" in sparkly red.

He rises out from the pool, completely dry.

A Fosse-style, Cabaret-esque number.

TILT AND CAST (CONT'D)  
 (singing, whispered)  
 EAT AND FUCK AND EAT AND FUCK...

PAUL  
 I'M THE CRUISE DIRECTOR AND I ALWAYS  
**COME** THROUGH/NOT THE CRUISE DEFECTOR,  
 I WON'T ABANDON YOU/JUST THINK OF ME  
 AS YOUR PERSONAL GENIE/THE SHIP IS  
 ITALY AND I'M YOUR MUSSOLINI/I SEE  
 YOU AT BINGO, AT THE POOL, ON THE  
 DOCK/BUT I HAVE TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE  
 GETTING. OFF. YOUR. ROCKS!

The dancers fire T-SHIRT cannons full of CONDOMS into the air. Paul twirls in slow motion as the condoms rain down.

He points at an ELDERLY COUPLE who drop their walkers and start going at it.

A woman dips Doug and kisses him. The number comes to a screeching halt. Paul's voice is THUNDEROUS.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
STOP! YOU MUSTN'T BREAK THE GOLDEN  
RULE!

Doug, still holding the woman.

DOUG  
...which is?

PAUL  
You must NEVER fuck a passenger!

Paul snaps his fingers and the woman turns into an OCTOPUS. Doug struggles to pull the octo-woman from his face as Paul rhymes.

Then in a fast, *Gilbert and Sullivan* style meter-

PAUL (CONT'D)  
YOU MUST NEVER FUCK A PASSENGER.  
BE IT A FELLA OR A LASSENGER.  
YOU'LL BE KICKED OUT ON YOUR ASSENGER.  
SUMMARILY DISPATCHENGERED.  
LAND WITH A GREAT BIG SPLASHENGER.  
LIKE CHILEAN SEA BASSENGER.  
TOSSED IN TO A CREVASSENGER.  
NOT SENT HOME FIRST CLASSENGER.  
NOT TO BE TOO CRASSENGER.  
LET'S HEAR IT FROM KIM BASSENGER.

KIM BASINGER  
It's *Basinger*.

PAUL  
(sighing)  
Can you just sing the line?

KIM BASINGER  
You must never fuck a passenger.

Everyone cheers. Paul hands her a HUGE BAG OF MONEY. A blacklight rave breaks out; like a super-horny Schumacher Batman.

TILT AND CAST  
THEY COME FROM ALL ACROSS THE  
WORLD/AND THEY HAVE TO SKEET SKEET  
SKEET/THE ONLY REASON THEY'RE ALL  
HERE/IS TO FUCK AND EAT!

TILT

*THERE ARE OMELETTES MADE TO ORDER,  
AND NACHOS IN A MOUNTAIN/SIX OR  
SEVEN MONTHS AGO A TEEN DROWNED IN  
THE CHOCOLATE FOUNTAIN/*

TIFF

Rest in peace, Kashton.

TILT

*MASTURBATE WHILE YOU MASTICATE/DEVOUR  
WHILE YOU DEFLOWER/IN AT LEAST FOUR  
PLACES ON THE SHIP/THERE'S BINGO EVERY  
HOUR/UP HERE IS WHERE THE FUN GOES DOWN  
SO TAKE A PLATE AND FIND ROMANCE  
BUT DON'T FORGET TO SANITIZE  
OR YOU WILL SHIT YOUR PANTS*

(spoken)

Seriously. I did that.

Beat.

TILT (CONT'D)

Big finish!

*THEY COME FROM ALL ACROSS THE WORLD/  
LIKE HUMAN GARBAGE TRUCKS/THE ONLY  
REASON THEY'RE ALL HERE IS TO EAT  
AND FUCK!/THEY COME FROM ALL ACROSS  
THE WORLD, IN RAIN OR SNOW OR  
SLEET/THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE ALL  
HERE IS TO FUCK AND EAT!*

Genital shaped fireworks explode, costumed mascots slide down the water slides.

Acrobats fly, jugglers juggle, water cannons spray. Everyone is out of breath, waiting for Doug to applaud.

DOUG

I gotta get off this boat.

**INT. CREW AREA - BACKSTAGE**

The cast, minus Doug, rehearses. Michigan directs, clipboard in hand.

PATRICIA

"I don't know what *he* had, but *I'll* have the Chicken Cordon Bleu."



MICHIGAN

They laugh, lights go down, big  
applause and then into the Magnetic  
Butt sketch. Doug, that's you. Doug?

TIFF

New guy ain't here.

MICHIGAN

TILT?!

TILT

I'm sure he's doing something  
important.

**INT. CREW AREA - DOUG'S CABIN - WAY EARLIER**

Doug lays shirtless in bed, a huge tray of loose NACHOS on  
his chest, watching the bootleg Austin Powers DVD.

BOOTLEG DR. EVIL (O.S.)

Oh, please to behaving.

He laughs, cramming a handful of chips into his mouth. In a pile  
of trash, he notices a brochure for the ship's driving range.

**EXT. PASSENGER AREA - DRIVING RANGE - EARLIER**

Doug hucks golf balls into the water. He checks his cell; "NO  
SERVICE." He wings it into the ocean.

Turning, Doug squints at the KIDZ ZONE: SPLASH AND THRASH  
WATERSLIDE

**INT - CREW AREA - BACKSTAGE - NOW**

TILT

(hitting his forehead)

Ok! I'll go find him.

Michigan shouts obscenities as Tilt jogs away. Tiff and  
Patricia are over it, talking about something else entirely.

PATRICIA

...oh and I talked to the dancers.  
I think we are going to rent that  
party boat next week in Bermuda.

TIFF

I've always wanted to get off this  
big boat and ride on a smaller boat.

**EXT. PASSENGER AREA - WATER SLIDE - MOMENTS AGO**

Day-drunk, Doug careens down the water slide and lands in the pool. Floating face up, he talks to God.

DOUG

You know how I know you don't exist?  
Because if you were up there, "God," I  
wouldn't be in the middle of nowhere  
doing a shit job on this floating Wal-  
Mart with these unfunny fucks. I'd  
rather die in a grease fire.

A CHUBBY KID (kid, chubby) who's sitting on the edge of the pool, chimes in.

CHUBBY KID

My dad died in a grease fire. This  
cruise is my present.

Doug finds a beer on the side of the pool. He takes a swig and tosses the can into the water.

DOUG

Yeah, well, he got off easy.

The Chubby Kid's MOM pulls him away by the arm. Doug BURPS.

Tilt once again prairie-dogs his head up from behind a fake palm tree. He's heard everything.

He mopes past a drunk passenger, who's just finding his Karaoke groove, singing--

MUSIC: Bad Karaoke version of REM's Everybody Hurts.

**INT. BACKSTAGE - PRE-SHOW**

Doug looks on from the wings as the ventriloquist MAX (40s, weird, the worst) and EMMETT THE DUMMY play to the sold out theatre.

EMMETT

Well jeez Max, I'd love to, but  
I've got a guy's hand up my butt!

Big laughs. Doug groans disapprovingly. From behind him--

JEANETTE

Find any more dead bodies?

DOUG

Yep, mine.

(pointing to Max)

That's me in ten years. Old, alone,  
talking to myself and nobody  
remembers my name.

JEANETTE

Well I remember your name, Dorg.

Got 'em. Doug smiles and gestures to her show wardrobe.

DOUG

What's with the--

She's dressed as a red-sequined lobster on a silver serving  
tray and sports a substantial mustache.

JEANETTE

It's the wardrobe for our dance  
number tonight, "At the Buffet with  
Robert Goulet." It's...not good.  
It's the same as "Down by the Pool  
with Elliot Gould," just with  
different costumes. We don't put a  
lot of effort into the variety show.

DOUG

Oh, ok then. I'll be sure to never  
watch it.

Max and Emmett take a bow and walk offstage to thunderous  
applause, headed straight for Doug. Jeanette rushes to places.

MAX

I just FACE FUCKED that whole crowd.  
(in a close whisper)  
They didn't want it, but I gave it  
to them anyway.

Emmett feigns a punch at Doug.

EMMETT

(in Max's voice)

What are you looking at, bitch?

Doug flinches.

MAX

Pussy.

(to anyone in earshot)

SIX TIME BEST-VENTRILLO ON THE  
ATLANTIC OCEAN! HELL YEAH!

Emmett hops down from Max's arms, completely sentient. He  
BLASTS A RAIL OF COKE.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh FUCK!

(shaking it off)

Let's go, Emmett.

Emmett does a 'jerk off' motion at Doug. They high five and  
walk away. Tiff pokes her head between the curtains.

TIFF

Hey, are you too good for cast  
warm-ups or what?

**INT. BACKSTAGE - PRE SHOW - 10 MINUTES TO SHOWTIME**

The cast stands in a circle making bizarre faces and nonsense  
sounds that sound like a melting Michael McDonald.

Doug's in the corner, silently judging.

**INT. BACKSTAGE - PRE SHOW - 5 MINUTES TO SHOWTIME**

The cast marches in place. A call and response game.

TILT

What's Megan doing?

TIFF

Megan's sewing a shirt!

MICHIGAN

Megan's digging a grave!

PATRICIA

Megan's studying bees!

Enough. Doug snaps.

DOUG

Shut up! Can you hear yourselves?  
And who the hell is Megan?

MICHIGAN

Megan's sewing a shirt--

DOUG

Stop!

PATRICIA  
 (genuine)  
 It's a bonding game. Megan is here  
 (tapping her heart)  
 And here.  
 (she taps her head)

TILT  
 C'mon Doug, it's fun and gets  
 everybody loose before the show.

The cast looks at him expectantly. Doug relents.

DOUG  
 Megan's playing a stupid game.

PATRICIA  
 We'll take it!

**INT. BACKSTAGE - PRE SHOW - SHOWTIME**

SWEET HOME CHICAGO plays as the audience claps along on one and three. Performing the traditional pre-show ritual, the cast turns to Doug.

PATRICIA  
 I got your back fellow thespian.

TIFF  
 I got your back.  
 (whispering)  
 Stay out of my way out there.

Tilt, clearly still hurt from what Doug said earlier.

TILT  
 Good luck.

PAUL BAKER (O.S.)  
 ...a big *Ectasy* welcome to the cast  
 of Big Town Comedy!

MICHIGAN  
 Hey, Doug.

Doug turns and Michigan jams a HOSE into his mouth, instantly filling it with whipped cream. Michigan spins him around and pushes him on stage.

MICHIGAN (CONT'D)  
 (disappointed)  
 That's not enough whipped cream;  
 not gonna be funny.

**INT. THE OVERLOOK BUFFET - AFTER THE SHOW**

Doug did *not* have a good show. He cuts in and out of the buffet line, piling junk food on to his tray.

A DRUNK PASSENGER with an EYEPATCH stumbles over to make conversation as Doug moves down the line.

DRUNK PASSENGER

Hey funny man, you were in that show! Did you like my suggestion? You're welcome.

DOUG

You must've been the guy who kept shouting "pirate."

DRUNK PASSENGER

No, why would I say that?  
(then)

Hey. Hey. Hey. Have you seen that show? Do you like it?

DOUG

What show?

DRUNK PASSENGER

...Bazinga.

Doug, with dead eyes, silently puts down his tray, takes a running dive through a window, and over the edge of the ship. SPLASH.

But Doug is still at the buffet. It was all in his head. As the passenger hobbles away on a peg leg, a SUSPICIOUSLY TALL WAITER slices a piece of ham for Doug.

SUSPICIOUS WAITER

Rough night, huh? Don't feel bad. I was having a rough night once, too. Had a terrible migraine in game seven against the Detroit Pistons. But the next year, we came back and beat the Lakers in four. So it's like I used to tell MJ: sometimes, it's darkest just before the dawn; now give Charles Barkley back his money.

DOUG

Wait, are you--

## SUSPICIOUS WAITER

Former Chicago Bull and seven time  
NBA All-Star Scottie Pippen who,  
after a series of bad investments  
lost all of his money so he had to  
go and work on a cruise ship in  
disguise and, while doing so, help  
the people on board just as I  
helped Michael Jordan all those  
many years ago?

(then)

No, you must be getting me confused  
with someone else.

(pointing at his nametag)

I'm Burt. Just...Burt.

Doug looks him up and down. He's 6'8" and wearing a flimsy  
FAKE MUSTACHE. This is very clearly SCOTTIE PIPPEN.

With perfect form, Scottie Pippen shoots the ham onto Doug's  
plate. Two points.

Scottie rips off his tearaway pants to reveal SHORT 80's  
Bulls shorts. An AIRHORN blasts and he jogs away to the  
strains of "Ya'll Ready for This?"

Meanwhile, Tilt chats up the passengers.

## TILT

Not a problem buddy! Glad you liked  
the show.

The drunk passenger lines up the cast for a selfie.

## PASSENGER

Ok, on three, say... *Bazinga*

Doug hides behind an ENORMOUS SHRIMP COCKTAIL, avoiding the  
cast. From somewhere deep inside the ship, a whisper-

## CREW BAR

DOUG ADAMS...

Doug wanders away, hunting for the voice...

**INT. CREW AREA - CREW BAR DOORS - MOMENTS LATER**

As Doug's hand nears the handle, the doors THRUM with energy.

## CREW BAR

DOUG ADAMS...

The low hum gets louder and louder as his hand gets closer. He manages to grab the handle-

CREW BAR (CONT'D)  
WELCOME...

**INT. CREW AREA - CREW BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

The crew bar is incredibly lame; like an empty high school dance. BAD CALYPSO MUSIC gently plays throughout.

A PLEXIGLASS SMOKING CUBE sits in the corner. It's a 10'x10', floor to ceiling, sealed box full of chainsmoking crew or at least, you'd assume so. It's totally opaque from the smoke.

Doug slides up to the busy bar. Mystic is also the crew bartender.

DOUG  
Hi Mystic, let me get a--

There's a crude menu hanging. "BEER \$1, SMOKE \$2."

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Beer.

She slides him an off-brand beer; "BILGE."

MYSTIC  
That it?

DOUG  
Pack of smokes?

Mystic tosses him a ratty pack of Soviet-era cigarettes.

MYSTIC  
That it?

Doug looks at Mystic, then to the menu, then back.

DOUG  
That's it.

Doug turns and bumps into THE FANTASTIC NEVILLE (40's, English), spilling beer on him.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Oh, hey man, I'm so sorry.

FANTASTIC NEVILLE  
Not to worry my dear boy.



Neville waves his hand across his cravat. It's MAGICALLY DRY. He pulls a rose from thin air and tucks it into Doug's pocket.

DOUG

That was incredible! How did you do that?

FANTASTIC NEVILLE

Ah ah, a Libertarian Magician never divulges their secrets.

DOUG

You're kidding. Libertarian magician?

FANTASTIC NEVILLE

I would never kid about government tyranny, my dear boy. I possess the world's most powerful wizardry *only* when in International Waters. Terrestrial government oversight stifles my illusions. Remember, taxation is theft!

Neville disappears into a poof of smoke. Waving away the cloud with his hand, Doug clocks Jeanette at the bar.

JEANETTE

Hey, your show was great tonight. After the first one, it's *smooth sailing*.

She nudges him.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)

Smooth sailing.

DOUG

(smiling)  
I don't get it.

JEANETTE

Probably too advanced for you.

DOUG

So, tell me about that lobster outfit. Do the claws work? Is there melted butter inside? Do weirdos from Maine chase you everywhere?

JEANETTE

All of the above.

DOUG

More of a king crab guy, personally.

JEANETTE

It's like I always say, lobsters  
are the crabs of the ocean.

They're interrupted by Jeanette's boyfriend, LANNY (late 20's, extremely kind), carrying three fresh beers. He jokingly barks at Doug.

LANNY

Who's that handsome, funny man  
talking to my woman?

Lanny kisses Jeanette on the cheek and sits on her lap. He's totally secure. A genuinely good guy.

Doug hates it.

JEANETTE

Doug, this is my boyfriend, Lanny  
Sherman.

DOUG

(looking him over)  
Hi Lanny. Is your job to stand by the  
buffet to make fat passengers feel  
guilty about going back for seconds  
when the ship's running low on food?

LANNY

Ha! You're funny. No, actually, I teach  
water aerobics to differently-abled  
children. They're such an inspiration.

They shake hands. Lanny notices Doug's wedding ring.

LANNY (CONT'D)

You're out pretty late for a  
married man.

DOUG

We're...separated.

LANNY

Oh jeez, that must be tough.

DOUG

You have no idea.

**INT. THE ADAM'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - DAYS AGO**

From inside the house, Doug's silhouetted in the frosted glass of the front door. Hissed whispers come from inside. Doug swings the door open.

DOUG

Hey, I'm home! You're never gonna believe the meeting I had at my agency today--

Doug's keys fall out of his hand. His wife KATHY (30's), stands in the middle of the living room, in flagrante delicto with Tik Tok Guy.

He's naked from the waist down. His t-shirt reads "BUNG."

After a beat, a HUGE DILDO on the table starts to vibrate. Loudly.

Doug wordlessly walks past the still-naked couple and the still-buzzing dildo. Kathy and Tik Tok don't know what to do.

SFX: Doug walks upstairs, unzips a suitcase, packs it, closes it and dials a long phone number.

DOUG (O.S.)

Flip, how soon can you get me on that boat? Uh huh. Uh huh. Tomorrow. 10%? Of *what*? Jesus. Ok. Ok.

SFX: He hangs up the phone, re-zips the suitcase and walks back down the stairs.

Passing the STILL naked couple, he BEEPS his car alarm and slams the car door.

SFX: Car Door, Engine on, tires screech away.

Tik Tok Guy has a crisis of conscience.

TIK TOK GUY

Oh my God, what did we do? This was a mistake! I've got to get home, I've got to apologize to--  
(Borat voice)  
*my wife.*

**INT. CREW AREA - CREW BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Lanny and Jeanette cringe. Then, Lanny, trying to help.

LANNY

Sometimes a little distance is good. Once, Jeanette and I spent four months apart.

(MORE)

LANNY (CONT'D)

She was working on another ship and I was trying to save a pod of baby nurse sharks but was taken captive by *Fukahire*; the Japanese shark-finning pirates.

DOUG

I hate when that happens.

LANNY

(fully sincere)

Ha, you're funny. Man, keep being so funny. You got a real gift. Hold onto that. It's precious.

DOUG

Anybody want a smoke?

LANNY

I don't smoke, but I always thought smoking looked so cool. It really suits you, Doug.

Doug pulls a cigarette from the pack but before he can light it, Mystic grunts and points him toward the smoking cube.

Doug opens the cube door and a voice SHOUTS:

CREW BAR

DOUG ADAMS!

**INT. CREW AREA - CREW BAR - SMOKING CUBE**

A pair of SMOKEY HANDS pull Doug inside the cube. His world descends into madness. SMOKEY HALLUCINATIONS surround him in a DUBSTEP FEVER DREAM of the last 48 hours.

SMOKE FLIP

Officially dead...

SMOKE DENISE

Blue Apron meatballs...

CREW BAR

WHO ARE YOU?

NEPALESE SECURITY

Name tag!

**INT. CREW AREA - CREW BAR (CREW'S POV) - CONCURRENT**

The crew's perspective as Doug is having an absolute freak out inside of the cube. They barely notice.

**INT. CREW AREA - CREW BAR - SMOKING CUBE**

The smoke-specters appear and disappear at a fever pitch as their collective volume hits ear-piercing levels.

SMOKE TILT  
(a la "What's Megan Doing")  
What's Dorg doing?

SMOKE CAST  
Dorg's losing his mind...

CREW BAR  
SAY IT!

SMOKE TIK TOK GUY  
Bruh, you're totally dying, that's hilarious--

DOUG  
Say WHAT?!

SMOKE TILT  
...you must confess your sincerest truths and darkest secrets. Remember? I told you earlier.

CREW BAR  
SAY IT!

DOUG  
I'm scared! I'm 41 years old, my life is falling apart and I'm terrified that I'm not going to get it back!

Smoke Tik Tok Guy MORPHS in to SMOKE DOUG.

SMOKE DOUG  
(borat voice)  
MY LIFE!

**INT. CREW AREA - CREW POOL DECK - CONTINUOUS**

Doug bursts out on to the pool deck, taking a huge breath.

The Crew Bar spits his cigarettes back at him as the doors slam closed, sucking smoke back inside, a la the Indiana Jones' Ark of the Covenant.

The deck is dark, save for the soft glow of the crew-only hot tub. The cast soaks, quietly laughing.

They notice Doug huffing and puffing and share a collective "not it," look. Then, slowly, they all turn to Tilt.

With a big sigh, Tilt climbs out of the hot tub and sloshes over to Doug.

DOUG

I gotta get off this boat.

TILT

*Ship.*

(then)

Look, the people taking this cruise, they bust their asses to afford maybe one vacation a year. They don't remember every day they're sitting at their desk, but they'll remember *every day* of this cruise. Maybe nobody's told you this, so let me tell you: you're so *lucky*.

Tilt's honesty gets Doug's attention.

TILT (CONT'D)

And those "*unfunny fucks?*"

DOUG

Tilt--

TILT

You know Patricia got in to Juilliard? She's out here with us to help pay for it. And Tiff, she's been performing for the last seven years in New York, putting up with assholes just like you. So if anyone should have a bad attitude, it should be them. But they don't.

Doug looks away but Tilt keeps going at him.

TILT (CONT'D)

Michigan pours his heart into those sketches that we get to do for 1500 new people every week and you didn't even bother to learn them. I get to do what I love *every single day*. When was the last time you could say that?

That stings.

DOUG

I don't know.

Doug takes a big breath of ocean air.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'm only getting older and I'm scared that I might have fucked up the only thing that anyone would ever remember me for.

TILT

You are and yeah you did.

DOUG

You know about that?

TILT

Yeah, I'm not stupid. Also, you owe me \$20 of internet-time for listening to your podcast.

DOUG

Then why did they hire me?

TILT

Because when you're not being such an asshole, you're kinda funny.

Doug smiles. He pulls out his cigarettes.

TILT (CONT'D)

*That* and the guy you're replacing got drunk and railed somebody's wife on a ping pong table.

TILT

*Never fuck a passenger.*

DOUG

*Never fuck a passenger.*

He offers a smoke, Tilt takes it.

TILT

Doug, I think you need this a lot more than it needs you. This is an *opportunity* to re-discover who you are. The Doug Adams of three days ago is dead. Long live the new Doug Adams.

DOUG

"The New Doug Adams." What does that even mean?

TILT

That's for you to find out.

Tiff shouts from the hot tub.

TIFF  
Just make out already!

Doug chuckles. Then, begrudgingly-

DOUG  
Funny show tonight.

A beat.

TILT  
(he winks)  
I know.

They both look out over the water. It's beautiful.

DOUG  
I've never really been out on the ocean  
at night before. The stars really are--

THONK.

Doug's eyes go wide. Unmoved, Tilt continues to take in the  
splendor.

**THONK.**

TILT  
(earnestly)  
We just hit a whale.

SFX: ANGRY WHALE NOISES

TILT (CONT'D)  
Yeah, we for sure just hit a whale.

Tilt breaks into a sprint towards the hot tub, leaving Doug  
stunned.

A huge humpback whale BREACHES the surface behind them. It  
shakes an angry fin as the ship sails into the sunrise.

ANGRY WHALE  
(in whale noises)  
Fuck you Doug Adams!

Music: Bad Karaoke version of Michael Jackson's "Will You Be  
There"

**END OF PILOT**

BING BONG. A long string of NORDIC GIBBERISH as Captain  
Gunnar takes us out as the CREDITS ROLL.