

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Sunny sky, blue water, a motorboat floats. Reggae tunes fill the air. Two beer bottles, opened, carried by JJ, 25, shaggy hair and sunglasses. He shuffles to the stern, drops onto a bench. He gives a bottle to MARK, 25, crew-cut and a visor. Mark takes a swig, leans back, enjoys the warmth of the sun.

MARK

Oh, yeah, this is nice.

JJ

I told you, Mark. You've been so stressed with the wedding.

MARK

I can't believe it's tomorrow.

JJ

To one more day, huh?

JJ offers his beer. They clink bottles together. Mark takes another drink.

MARK

And to you, JJ. My best man.

JJ swats his hand and scoffs.

MARK (CONT'D)

No, no. It hasn't been easy for you. To put aside your history with Katie. It means a lot that you'll be there with us.

Mark takes a big gulp. JJ watches him. Mark belches, chuckles, looks at the bottle.

MARK (CONT'D)

What the hell's in this? I'm already feeling it.

Blurry bottle. Blurry everything. JJ stands up. He's a shadow. Blocking the sun. Mark blinks. Leans, fading.

MARK (CONT'D)

What's happening?

JJ

I loved Katie first. And I'll love her last.

Mark passes out. BLACK.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Water sprays Mark's face. Mist from the boat SPEEDING across the lake. JJ hunches over the steering wheel. "Houdini" by Dua Lipa plays on his phone.

Mark opens his eyes. Headache, nausea. Gyrating up and down with the boat as it ZIPS along. He tries to move. But his hands and feet are bound together with rope.

He looks around. A paddle strapped to the gunwale. A cooler. A bottle opener. An empty beer bottle at his feet. And a bottle cap.

Mark leans forward, stretches his fingers. The bottle cap squirts away. Fingers claw at it. He pinches it. Holds it tight. Digs the metal edge into the rope. Slicing, cutting, chipping away the fibers.

JJ pushes the throttle. The boat SPEEDS faster, hopping through the water. Waves CRASH over the side, getting Mark's hands wet. He drops the bottle cap.

He stretches to reach it. Grabs it again. But a wave bounces him from the seat. He flops to the floor. THUD!

JJ looks back. Mark's gone! JJ switches on the mechanical autopilot and staggers toward the stern. Legs KICK him. He trips, falls. SMACKS his head against the railing.

Forehead cut open, droplets of blood. He looks up. Mark teeters over him. Hands and feet still bound, but separately now.

MARK

I thought we were friends.

Mark chops his roped fists. Into JJ's face. Knocks off his sunglasses. JJ leaps to his feet. Shoves Mark down, onto the bench. Hands at his throat, fingers digging in, spitting rage.

JJ

You don't deserve her!

Mark's eyes bulge. Cheeks red. Can't breathe. Can't kick. Chops his hands up. Into JJ's groin. He flops to the floor. Mark gasps for air. Shakes his hands, turns his wrists. The rope starts to loosen. Picks at it with his fingers.

A hand tears a VELCRO strap. Picks up the PADDLE stored along the gunwale. JJ grips it. Turns, swings it like a sword. Into Mark's ribcage. He HOWLS. JJ swings the paddle again. SLAP to the face.

Mark falls back, nearly over the stern. JJ leaps on top of him. Paddle horizontal, pressing into his neck. He can't breathe again.

JJ (CONT'D)
May the best man win!

He pushes harder. Mark's back arching. Hanging over the water. The motor ROARING. The boat CRASHING through waves.

His hands finally escape the rope. Grabs the paddle. Strains to lift it off his throat. An ALARM sounds. JJ looks to the bow, loses his leverage. Mark shoves him back.

The autopilot ALARM. It's malfunctioning. The steering wheel spins left. Then right. The boat LURCHES back and forth.

JJ swings the paddle. Mark ducks. Jabs a fist into JJ's gut. He drops the paddle, grabs Mark by the shoulders. They tussle, stumble. Crash into the bench, JJ on top again.

Fists of rage PUMMEL Mark. He deflects with one hand, reaches down with the other. Fumbles for the bottle bouncing around.

MARK
Have another beer.

Swings his hand up. SMASHES the bottle into JJ's skull. Glass SHATTERS. JJ collapses. Mark sits up, gasping, coughing, catching his breath.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

The boat idles, stationary. JJ lies unconscious on the bench, bloody head, hands and feet bound with rope. Mark sits behind the steering wheel.

He picks up JJ's phone, still playing "Houdini," and tosses it into the lake. Then he taps the screen on his own phone, makes a call. A muffled voice answers.

MARK
Katie? Can you hear me? ... Listen.
You were right about the best man.
I should've picked your brother.

JJ stirs. His eyes pop open.

CUT TO BLACK.