

The Fisherman

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EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY (SPRING)

The towering mountains, their peaks nearly stripped of winter snow, frame a deep valley. Dense forest clings to the slopes. Tall pine trees look down proudly upon the ROARING RIVER, whose swift current crashes from side to side, as if struggling to contain itself.

The heavy, moist air near the river battles the clear cold descending from the mountain peaks, making the lungs burn slightly with purity. The air is saturated with the bitter aroma of pine sap, the scent of damp earth and moss, blended with the sour note of decaying leaves.

River spray wets the backs of frogs squatting on the bank, their CROAKING enriching the valley's sounds. From the depths of the forest comes the steady drumming of a woodpecker and the distant ringing of cowbells. Mice scamper in the bushes. A black **CAT** sits quietly nearby. She is old and only watches the running mice.

The sounds are suddenly cut by the faint, gentle **SPLASH** of a fishing line touching the water.

On a large rock sits the **FISHERMAN**, a man nearing fifty. He has long, unkempt hair and a beard, dressed in faded but clean clothes. His aging rod follows the swift river current slightly.

He is deep in thought, his eyes on the flowing water, a foolish **GRIN** playing on his lips. Then, he shakes his head, as if fighting an internal battle with himself.

His aged rod suddenly **DIPS** sharply. The man jumps to his feet, gripping the rod with both hands. The **CAT** slowly stands, lets out a quiet **MEOW**, and walks toward the man, anticipating dinner.

The Fisherman's eyes **WIDEN**. On the murky, foamy surface of the river, he suddenly sees the **WRIGGLING** body of a large fish.

A heavy **VOICE** calls from behind him:

VOICE (O.S.)

Old man!

The Fisherman refuses to abandon the fish for even a second. Without turning around, his breathing ragged with strain, he calls to the **GUEST**:

FISHERMAN

Won't you help me?

The **GUEST** stands on the bank. His light-colored jacket and neat shoes contrast strangely with the damp valley soil. He has a large, thick satchel slung over his shoulder.

GUEST

(chuckles, to himself) Some things
never change.

The **GUEST** sets his satchel down and walks quickly toward the Fisherman. They land the fish.

(CUT TO)

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT (LATER)

The colossal, black silhouettes of the mountains dominate the space, bordering a star-studded sky. Nature is drowsing, yet the unstoppable **ROARING** of the river still prevails throughout the area.

In the darkness, only one point GLOWS—a small campfire lit among the bushes near the bank. The river's roar is now mixed with the quiet **CRACKLING** of wood.

A large fish slowly roasts on a device suspended over the fire. Nearby, the old CAT happily **CRUNCHES** on the fish head.

The Fisherman and the Guest sit on the ground by the fire, steeped in a deep, comfortable silence. The Fisherman has his arm draped around his GUEST's shoulder, who grips a whiskey cup. They suddenly both **LAUGH LOUDLY**, as if an invisible thread has reminded them of the same old joke. The sound is blended with the **BLUES MUSIC** emanating from the GUEST's smartphone.

A whiskey bottle and two small cups rest between them. The air is infused with the sharp aroma of wet wood, bitter pine resin, and whiskey.