

🎬 THE SILENCE OF THE LAKE
Screenplay by Edgar Knyazev
Final Edition - The Greed Version

EXT. MOUNTAIN LAKE - MORNING

The world is frozen in silence.
The lake stretches endlessly under a pale sky.
Fog drifts across the surface, swallowing the horizon.

ARMAN, mid-40s, wrapped in a thick coat, walks across the frozen surface.
His boots crack the ice beneath him - sharp, echoing sounds in the emptiness.

He stops, kneels, drills a hole in the ice.
His breath clouds in the cold air.
He lowers the fishing line into the dark water.
Waits.

Silence.

CLOSE ON - the hole.
Dark water, still and deep.

A sudden tug.
He pulls - a small fish.

Arman smirks faintly.
He looks at it, removes the hook, tosses it aside.
He drills another hole.

ARMAN (muttering)
It begins.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Several fish lie beside him, motionless.
Arman's face is changing - colder, focused.

He casts again.
Another fish.
And another.

His breathing quickens.
His eyes reflect a strange glint.

ARMAN
One more... just one more.

He keeps working - mechanical, relentless.
The sun rises higher.
He doesn't look at what he's caught anymore.

Far away, the ice groans - like something alive.

EXT. LAKE - NOON

Wind picks up.
Dozens of fish lie on the ice.
Blood frozen in thin red lines.

Arman sits, exhausted.
He reaches into his pocket – pulls out a silver locket.
Inside – a photo of a woman and a young girl.

He stares at it.
His lips tremble.

ARMAN (softly)
You always told me... take only what you need.

He closes the locket.
A flicker of guilt crosses his face – then fades.
He looks back at the pile of fish.

ARMAN (coldly)
There's more down there. I know it.

He opens his fishing bag.
Inside – a stick of dynamite, wrapped in cloth.
He stares at it – long, calm, deliberate.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

The lake glows under the moonlight.
Everything glistens – silver, cold.
Wind sweeps across the ice.

Arman kneels beside the hole.
He lights a match – the flame reflects in his eyes.

He lowers the dynamite into the water.
The fuse flickers, then dies.
He lights it again.

The ice moans beneath him – deep, ancient.
Small bubbles rise through the hole.

ARMAN (whispers)
Isn't it enough?
Give me what you took.

He lights the fuse again.
This time, the flame burns strong – descending into the dark.

A few seconds of silence.

Then – BOOM.
A deep explosion shakes the ice.
Steam bursts upward.
The surface collapses beneath him.
Arman vanishes into the mist.

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

Silence again.
Fog drifts slowly across the calm water.

On the shore – a lantern, a fishing hook, a silver locket.
Frozen fish scattered nearby.


Sunlight spreads across the lake.

Beneath the ice - faint movement.

Through the thin layer of ice, a dark figure drifts slowly -
ARMAN, walking deeper beneath the frozen surface,
his body fading into the blue darkness below.

Above, the lake is still.
Silent.

FADE OUT.

 THE END