

## BLACK ICE - THE CATCH

1 EXT. TANUNDA HOUSE - DAY

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Super: 2007

MARJA (30's), slim, busty and attractive, pulls her collar up to hide the large birthmark on her neck as she hurries down the stairs toward the car.

DAVID (35), tall, balding and in jeans, closes the door to the contemporary house, set in a rural location and follows.

They enter a shiny black BMW roadster parked on the pebble driveway with the number plate: MARJA

INT. ROADSTER - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Marja drives through the countryside as David watches her struggle with the seat-belt sitting under her large breasts.

MARJA

It's a beautiful car. Teach me to  
dive it fast.

DAVID

The diamonds give us a great  
lifestyle, let's not kill  
ourselves.

Looking up, Marja brakes as they round a corner, throwing them about in their seats.

David clutches the grab handle above the passenger door and looks down the length of her body.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I've told you not to brake in a  
corner ...and stop fiddling with  
your seat-belt! Wear it properly.

Marja stares grimly ahead.

MARJA

(glances at him)  
They are too big.

The car hits a pothole and David watches her large breasts jiggle.

DAVID

Whatever!

MARJA  
(annoyed)  
I'm doing okay.

David slowly shakes his head.

MARJA (CONT'D)  
(glances at him)  
Anyway, the diamonds are safe now.

David glances out of the passenger window.

DAVID  
Can't you forget about them?  
(looks at Marja)  
You've got the house and the  
lifestyle you wanted.

MARJA  
It's nothing like my family had  
before the war.

David turns to face her.

DAVID  
You said you were over that.

MARJA  
The Nazi's stole my birthright.  
Till I traced them to your mother  
...and found you.  
(pensive)  
Now we share them.

DAVID  
Those bounty hunters killed Mum for  
those bloody stones.

MARJA  
But they only got a few.

DAVID  
(angry)  
For God's sake. Don't you care what  
happened to her?

Marja glances at David and down-changes for a corner, and accelerates around.

Marja pats David's thigh.

MARJA  
We still have each other.

Marja grimly drives in silence until, as they round a corner, her foot presses the brake.

She glances furtively at David.

DAVID  
(looks ahead)  
No. Accelerate.

Marja's face contorts as her foot moves to the accelerator and the engine ROARS.

MARJA  
Will they come back?

DAVID  
(looks at her)  
No. They are all dead or in jail.

As Marja stares ahead, a silver car, blinker flashing, starts to overtake a fuel tanker heading toward them.

Marja's foot moves to the brake.

MARJA  
David!

David turns to the front and tenses.

DAVID  
He'll make it.

The nose of the silver car dips.

MARJA  
He's trying to stop!

Marja's foot presses heavily on the brake as the nose of the roadster dives.

Marja and David fall forward.

The air horn of the truck BLARES as smoke billows from its tires.

The silver car weaves and clips the side of the tanker.

The tanker and the silver car beside it, fill the windscreen of the roadster.

The passenger in the front of the silver car raises her arm across her face.

David plants his foot and braces.

Metres from impact, Marja releases the brake and swerves the roadster off the road, spinning it to a stop in a cloud of dust.

The truck and car spear past.

As the dust settles, David turns to Marja who sits, hands on the wheel, head bowed.