

## BLACK ICE - THE CHASE

INT. DIRK'S AMSTERDAM APARTMENT - NIGHT

Super: Amsterdam, Holland, 2006

DIRK (70's), rotund, in dark suit and vest, with jacket unbuttoned, is reading in a lounge chair in his small, well furnished apartment.

OPERATIC MUSIC plays quietly.

A loud KNOCKING is heard.

Dirk rises and crosses to the door.

DIRK  
 (in Dutch)  
 Who is it?  
 (hesitates)  
 Who is there?

The door BURSTS in.

Dirk reels back, almost falling as the security chain on the door rattles to the floor in a shower of splinters.

Two men in overcoats, gloves and felt hats stride in waving guns.

GERT FIELDER (60's), tall in a grey suit and hat, with the lower part of his right ear missing, enters and pushes Dirk back into his chair.

Behind, ENGEL (60's), dumpy in a suit and hat, SLAMS the door.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
 (shocked)  
 Who are you?

Dirk slumps back, breathing heavily, staring up at the men.

GERT  
 (German accent)  
 We are with a government agency.

DIRK  
 What agency? You cannot ...

GERT  
 (seething)  
 We can. Now we need some  
 information.

Dirk tries to rise but is pushed back into his chair by Gert who stands over him.

DIRK  
 (fighting for breath)  
 I am an old man. I cannot help ...

Gert raises his gun menacingly.

GERT  
 Shut up! We need to know about a  
 girl you helped at the NIOD.

Dirk looks across the room at Engel who now stands playing with his gun.

GERT (CONT'D)  
 The girl called Marja. Where did  
 she go?

DIRK  
 What has she done?

Dirk looks to the telephone on the small table beside him.

Engel strides to the table, grasps the telephone cord and with a GRUNT and a JERK, rips it from the box on the wall.

Dirk jumps at the noise and stares at the smashed box and the pieces of Bakelite scattered on the table.

Engel smiles at Dirk, the snapped cable dangling from one hand, the gun in the other.

ENGEL  
 (German accent)  
 She has something that belongs to  
 our government.

DIRK  
 I have retired ...

GERT  
 Where did she go?

Gert tugs at his right ear.

GERT (CONT'D)  
 You know her.

Dirk looks up at the gun in Gert's hand.

DIRK  
(hesitant)  
She may have gone overseas.

Gert slams his gun on the table SHATTERING its glass top and showering Dirk in shards of glass.

Dirk jumps.

GERT  
Where?

Dirk stares at the gun sitting amid the smashed glass and brushes glass splinters from his vest.

DIRK  
I don't ...

Gert picks up the gun and BASHES it across Dirk's face.

Dirk falls across the chair, blood dripping onto his collar from a gash on his cheek.

Shocked and breathing heavily, he feels the cut and stares at his bloody fingers.

GERT  
I will not ask again.

DIRK  
She may have gone to Australia.

GERT  
What part?

Dirk is trembling and sweating as blood drips down his cheek.

DIRK  
I don't know.

Engel steps toward Dirk raises his gun and places the barrel against Dirk's temple.

Engel looks to Gert.

ENGEL  
It will be a pity to splatter his  
brains all over his tidy apartment.

Dirk slowly shakes his head, staring at Gert.

GERT  
(to Engel)  
Do it!

DIRK  
(petrified)  
The Barossa, in South Australia.

Gert smiles viciously at Dirk.

GERT  
See? That wasn't hard was it?

Gert brushes glass of his gun before slipping it into his holster and buttoning his coat.

Both men walk to the door as Dirk, GASPS and watches from the chair.

Gert turns.

GERT (CONT'D)  
My organization thanks you.  
(nudges Engel)  
We will be back.

Engel opens the door and they exit, leaving the door wide open.

Dirk rises and stumbles across the room, leaning on furniture as he goes.

He pushes the door closed and stares down at the crumpled chain on the floor.