

SCENE 1: THE CONFERENCE ROOM

[CHAIRS SHIFTING ON CARPET AS EVERYONE
SITS DOWN]

BOYD: So, squad. We have one dead student, one student missing presumed dead, and another as-yet-unidentified person who is likely a student and likely also dead. Is that about the size of it, Cameron?

CAM: Yes, Deputy Boyd. First up, Casian Otto Spade, the Eight of Spades, was found on the towpath off the Iffley Road. There were tyre tracks leading up to his body and a bite mark on his neck. Testing revealed that what blood was left in his body was full of a lethal cocktail of drugs, Silver and human. Our current theory is that Pandora Carlton, his Silver girlfriend, was somehow convinced to bite him, drink that drug cocktail, and maybe kill him. She remembers nothing. Jack?

JACK: Then there's our missing-presumed-dead student, Hishikawa Kuro, the Nine of Diamonds. We found a playing card with his thumbprint on it, in his blood, at the Spade crime scene. That led us to his rooms, where we found a circle of playing cards on the ground, surrounding the spot where a body might once have been. There were some holes in the floorboards, too, maybe from a knife fight, and some blood that might be the attacker's. The lab's testing it now. So far, there's no sign of Hishikawa, but amongst the cards was one with another bloody thumbprint. Hunter?

HUNTER: Which takes us to our final potential victim, the Ten of Clubs. We have a blood sample and thumbprint, but there's no match on the print. The lab's running the DNA, but it's unlikely they'll find anything. All we know is that, if the killer is following the pattern of the Dealer, the Ten of Clubs is probably already dead.

BOYD: And are we all agreed that this is, in fact, the Dealer?

JACK: Yes.

CAM: Maybe.

JACK: Cam! Come on, I thought you agreed that the similarities between the Hishikawa crime scene and the Spar twins was too significant to overlook.

CAM: Unless someone got hold of the crime scene photos and replicated it from them. It could happen, Jack. The police weren't very discreet back then.

JACK: Whatever. It's him, Boyd.

BOYD: Well, since Hunter wasn't on the squad during that time, perhaps you could rehearse the capture for him. Such as it was.

JACK: Just have him listen to Cam's bloody podcast. I've already been through the whole thing once. I'm not doing it again.

BOYD: Jacqueline.

JACK: Seriously, Boyd. Do I have to?

HUNTER: Not on my account, Deputy. I can listen to the... thing.

CAM: Podcast.

HUNTER: Right.

BOYD: Just take us through the highlights then, Jacqueline. In brief. If you're so convinced that we got the wrong person, then tell us what we missed.

JACK: Fine. Look, Hunter, he was just some guy. We found a speck of his blood at one of the scenes, and there was a scent in his car, and from there it all snowballed. But it never felt right to me. Everything lined up just a little too neatly, and the way he acted when we brought him in for questioning... It wasn't right.

CAM: He confessed, Jack.

JACK: (MOCKING) He was acting, Cam.

CAM: Well, either way, he tried to escape and things got out of hand and... well, he died. And that was the end of that.

[PAUSE]

HUNTER: Alright, then, but help me out here. If you thought the killer was human, then how did you explain the violence marks on the bodies? I believe the Dead Box said there were scents indicating a Silver committed the crimes.

CAM: He was working with a Silver.

JACK: A pretty pathetic one. Basically a lapdog with a sharp bite. The guy was dependent on substances he couldn't afford, and then a human came along with a sick fantasy and enough money stashed away to buy himself some teeth. That was the explanation back then, anyway.

HUNTER: And now?

JACK: Now, I think we didn't go far enough.

HUNTER: Meaning?

JACK: Back then, we were willing to believe that a human could buy a Silver's loyalty. We never stopped to consider that maybe someone who could buy a Silver might be buying the human too. So what I'm thinking is, what if the Dealer was a Silver all along, and he just used other people - Silver and human - to hide behind?

BOYD: It's a theory. But at the moment, all you have is speculation. If you want to substantiate it, Jacqueline, then we need evidence. So what are our leads here? What are we chasing?

JACK: Well, I think it's weird that Pandora Carlton has no idea how she became Silver. I want to chase that down, because it seems kind of suspicious that she gets turned by a mystery person after a car crash, and just a month later she maybe murders her boyfriend under the influence of a serial killer. Can anyone say "mind control"?

BOYD: Jacqueline. Please. Do you have any ideas that aren't pure science fiction?

JACK: I don't know, but I still think it's worth checking out. I was thinking about it overnight, and isn't it also weird that Drake, the Baron of Oxford, who's supposed to know everything about new Silver under his jurisdiction, said nothing at all to us about Pandora being mysteriously turned?

BOYD: What are you implying?

JACK: I'm not implying anything. I'm flat out stating that he knows more than he's telling us.

BOYD: So you want to *interrogate* Baron Drake? Jacqueline, I don't think--

JACK: Oh, come on. Don't be such a wet blanket. What's he going to do, fire me?

BOYD: If he wants to, yes. He could fire us all. He could box us. So I will have a civil conversation with the baron, and you will do something else. What do you suggest?

JACK: (GRUMBLES) Well, I guess I could speak to Parchek. See if she had anything else on Pandora.

BOYD: Mina Parchek? The private detective?

JACK: Yeah, the one who was spying on Spade. I can't find a single helpful thing in her files, and IT are getting nothing off the Paypal account that paid her to look into him. Someone's covering their tracks very well, and I wonder if Parchek is helping them to do it.

BOYD: All right, bring her in. Yes, Cameron.

CAM: I'd like to follow up on Mr Spade's post mortem. The mortuary service should have the files, so I can get in touch with our contact there and see if they found anything notable.

BOYD: Yes, fine. What about you, Hunter?

HUNTER: I was thinking about the names, Deputy. You know, the way they fit the playing cards. I wondered if we might get ahead of the game by tracking down people whose names would fit for the Ten of Clubs.

So far, this guy has been leading us along, baiting Jack, pointing us to the Hishikawa crime scene only when the body had already been removed. This might be a chance to catch him off guard.

JACK: Unlikely. I mean, he's already left us the card with the print and the blood for number ten. He's still stringing us along, we just haven't solved his clues yet.

HUNTER: I still think it's worth the search.

BOYD: Agreed.

HUNTER: And I'd like to listen to the... thing.

CAM: Podcast.

HUNTER: Right. The podcast. As well.

CAM: Come along to our office and I'll load it up for you.

HUNTER: Great.

CAM: Maybe you could do a little recording of your own while you're there. A story or two. You know, a bit about your background and how you came to join the Seekers. For the archives. It won't take long.

HUNTER: Er...

JACK: Ha! Sucker.

BOYD: (CLAPS) All right, squad. Call me as soon as there's anything to report. Let's catch this guy before he makes Jack number eleven.

JACK: Cam, you traitor, you told him?

CAM: I was worried. If this killer really is counting cards, then he's up to ten already, and he'll be looking for his Jack.

JACK: It's not going to be me!

BOYD: Not on our watch. Squad dismissed.

[TITLE SEQUENCE]

SCENE 2: THE INTERVIEW ROOM

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

MINA: Hi, there, Jack.

JACK: Mina.

[WALKING ON CARPET; JACK SITS IN CHAIR]

MINA: When you asked me to come down to the college, I thought you were inviting me to your bedroom, not the interrogation suite.

JACK: I've got questions. About your surveillance files.

[RUSTLING PAPER]

MINA: Oh. Well, that's disappointing.

JACK: Get over it. We're investigating a murder, not arranging an orgy.

MINA: Your loss.

JACK: Your files are a mess. Like this note: "LBP in eighteen-twelve with PC and W, LBP out to Vlad zero-four-forty-seven, PC and W out zero-seven-eleven, LPW Spoon zero-eight-fifty."

MINA: What about it?

JACK: It makes no sense.

MINA: It makes perfect sense. Carlton turns up at Spade's place in the evening, then leaves early hours to go and feed - bottled blood, by the way, in case you were wondering - then Spade takes the dog out and they all meet up at the greasy spoon for breakfast. What's so confusing about that?

JACK: LBP? PC? W?

MINA: Little Bo Peep. Prince Charming. The Wolf. You didn't expect me to be entirely transparent, did you, Jack? If I didn't use some kind of code you'd be scolding me for not keeping Silver secrets sufficiently secret.

JACK: Fine. Then talk me through it.

MINA: Fine. Carlton stays over at Spade's place on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Then in the wee small hours, she pretends she's going for an early morning run, but instead she comes back here to the college to get herself a bottle of blood from the canteen. I guess she and Spade used up a lot of energy overnight, if you know what I mean.

JACK: Yes, all right. What about the other nights?

MINA: He stays in, mostly. Studying.

JACK: Alone?

MINA: Yeah. Just him and the housemates.

JACK: And it's the same routine every week? Pandora stays the same nights each time?

MINA: I only watched for two weeks, but I'd guess so. Why?

JACK: And you're sure you didn't surveil anyone else for this--

[PAPER RUSTLES]

--Michael Berringer 1985 at beepmail dot com?

MINA: No one. This was the only file for that username.

JACK: Great. Well, that's unhelpful.

MINA: However, I was surveilling a couple of other students for a Mike Berringer 1985 at beepmail dot com and a Mickey Berringer 1985 at beepmail dot com.

JACK: What? Then why the hell didn't you tell us about this sooner?

MINA: You didn't ask.

JACK: Mina, I swear, you are the most infuriating--

MINA: Do you want the students' names or not?

JACK: Of course we want the bloody names!

MINA: Then you'll have to come to my office to get them.
Tomorrow morning. After eleven, please. I work late and I like to sleep in.

JACK: Mina...

MINA: It'll take me that long to dig them out. Honestly, Jack, I'm doing you a favour here. You could be just a tiny bit more gracious about it.

JACK: Mina. A student is dead. Actually, probably three of them are.

MINA: And they're not going to get any deader while you wait, are they?

[NOISE OF CHAIR PUSHING BACK]

JACK: We're going back to your office together right now--

MINA: So you're finally going to get naked?

JACK: --with Cam, and the three of us *fully dressed* are going to work through your files together until we find the names of these students. Stay right there while I get Cam.

MINA: Fine. But you're wasting time when I could be off looking on my own...

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

[FOOTSTEPS]

BOYD: (OFF) Jacqueline.

JACK: Yeah? It's not a great time, Boyd. I'm just trying to find Cam so we can--

BOYD: Did you speak to Ms Parchek?

JACK: Doing it now. I'm going back to her office so we can go through her files and hopefully pick out other students she might have been paid to follow by the same client.

BOYD: She can't just... remember?

JACK: She's not exactly a cooperative witness.

[ROLLING DESK CHAIR PUSHES BACK]

BOYD: I'll come with you, then. I'm sure between the two of us we can make her cooperate.

JACK: No, it's fine. You don't need to do that. I'll just track Cam down, I'm sure he's around somewhere, and then we can--

BOYD: No time to delay. Come along, Jacqueline.

JACK: (GROANS) (LOW) Where the hell is Cam?

SCENE 3: INTRODUCING HUNTER

CAM: (OFF) Excellent. The acoustics in this storage cupboard are much better than they were in the office.

HUNTER: It's a little less comfortable, though, don't you think?

CAM: (OFF) It'll be worth it, Hunter, I promise. Just wait until you hear the sound quality. Right. If you start by introducing yourself, and then I'll throw you some prompts that I can edit out later in post.

HUNTER: I, er... You'll what?

CAM: (OFF) Just introduce yourself and then I'll ask you some questions.

HUNTER: All right. My name is Hunter LeMay Alderley. I was born and raised in eastern Canada, around and about the lakes, longer ago than I'm willing to admit. I've been Silver almost as long, and I joined the Seekers... about a year ago?

CAM: (OFF) Year and a half. It was May.

HUNTER: Right. Things are a bit different in North America. We don't have Seekers, or barons, or any of that. People just sort of... get along.

You know if you do anything stupid then people are coming after you with pitchforks, or they're going to cage you up in a zoo, so mostly you don't do anything stupid and you make damn sure your neighbours don't either. We police each other, which is how I got into this line of business in the first place.

[PAUSE]

CAM: (OFF) Boyd recruited you?

HUNTER: Right.

CAM: (OFF) Can you tell us about how that happened?

HUNTER: From the beginning?

CAM: (OFF) Please.

HUNTER: (DEEP BREATH) All right. Well, you asked for it. It was October, I think. Five or six years ago. I'd been back home to the Lakes, checking in on family. Not so they could see me, you understand, because they all think Uncle Hunter is long dead now, but I go back from time to time, incognito, to see what they look like these days, make sure they're all okay, arrange unexpected windfalls if belts get tight. That kind of thing. This time around, my several-times great grand niece Jodie'd had a little girl just a month or two beforehand, my great grand nephew Langley was looking after his mom just like he should, and everything seemed to be rolling along nicely, so I didn't hang about peeking in windows.

Instead, I thought I'd cross the country and head into the Yukon, like I'd done time and again over the years, for a bit of peace and quiet. I've got a cabin up there, and it needs maintaining or it freezes, rots out, gets invaded by bears, any number of things that go wrong when something made from wood gets left out in the weather. So I got a flight to Whitehorse, then borrowed a truck from an old hunting buddy of mine and hit the road. It's a bad time of year to travel out that way.

[NARRATION GRADUALLY MELDS INTO
FLASHBACK, SO SOUNDS FROM ROAD BEGIN
TO FILTER IN: TRUCK ENGINE, WIND
HOWLING, RAIN PELTING DOWN, RADIO
PLAYING COUNTRY MUSIC]

I should have gone sooner. Can't blame anyone for that but myself, but even that late in the year the storms aren't usually all that bad. With my enhanced reflexes and knowledge of the road, I thought it'd be safe enough. But then, there was no accounting for the elk.

[CRASH, CAR OVERTURNS, THEN QUIET
PUNCTUATED BY DOOR OPEN ALARM AND
TICKING OF COOLING METAL]

You ever been in a car crash, Cam?

CAM:

(OFF) No. Not a bad one like that, anyway.

HUNTER:

Well, I can tell you that it scrambles your brain up, the flipping and the noise and the shock of being thrown about like a rag doll. With a seatbelt on, you feel like you're being cut in half and you'll have the bruises to show for it. I had a cooler on the bench seat next to me, and when the car rolled it slammed into my side, must have been six or seven times, and every time it hit I swear it broke my arm in two more places and my ribs besides. That wouldn't have been a problem, because the cooler was full of bottled blood, except the catch on the damn thing snapped open and the bottles flew out everywhere, through the windscreen, into the footwells, through the back window, and then the whole cab is full of blood and glass and I'm hanging upside down with a load of broken bones that I can't heal, surrounded by drips of glass-splinter-filled blood that I can't drink.

[DRIPPING; TINKLING AS BROKEN GLASS
SETTLES; HISSING OF RADIATOR]

If I'd known I was going to crash, I would have drunk the whole cooler before I left and had enough in my system to heal myself three times over. Hell, I'd have had enough to run at super-speed all the way to the cabin and then I could have skipped the drive altogether, but like they say, hindsight is twenty-twenty. Right at that moment, I reckon my vision was a damn sight worse than that, but I still had a little blood in my stomach that I'd drunk on the road, and I hoped it would be enough to put some of me to rights, at least.

[CLICKING OF BONES HEALING; RADIATOR
HISSING]

For a while, I just sit there, waiting for my bones to heal themselves. A few of them do. Most of them don't. Then I figure I'll have to move sooner or later, and it's getting dark, and no one's coming to help me because my phone's busted so I can't make the call, and in these parts there'll likely be more sympathy for the elk than for me anyhow. The beast's gone, loping off into the forest like the crash that reduced me to a mess of broken bones was nothing to him at all. I reckon he was fine. I was not, but I hauled myself out of the truck anyway, clawing through the broken window into the snow. Then I see it's getting dark and I'm gonna be stuck here in the middle of the night in a snowbank in a storm and I'll weather it, sure, but if I want to thaw out before March then someone's going to have to bring me some blood, and god knows that's not going to happen. As far as I know, I'm the only Silver between here and Vancouver, and no one knows I was planning to come out this way because I'm a lonely old cuss who doesn't talk to people as much as he should. Luckily, my legs are about the only part of me that isn't broken, so I wrap myself up as warm as I can and put them to good use.

[STORM, WIND BLOWING, FOOTSTEPS IN
SNOW, GURGLING AND LABOURED BREATH
AS THOUGH HE'S PUNCTURED A LUNG]

It gets dark late this time of year, but the storm's so thick that two in the afternoon might as well be two in the morning, and I'm starting to feel my broken bones. You know how when you let your fingers get too cold, they start to throb and shoot with pain? Well, I can tell you that cold and broken fingers smart worse. A lot worse. It feels like I've been trudging through the snow for hours and I'm near hallucinating with the pain when I see the light filtering through the snow like warm sunshine through leaves, and I practically throw myself at the door of the cabin.

[THUMP; KNOCKING AT DOOR; BREATHING
CONTINUES]

Of course, then I see they've put bear mats down on the porch, but I'm so beat I can't catch myself from sliding to my knees and impaling my shins on the nail boards at my feet.

[SHOTGUN RATCHETS FROM INSIDE DOOR]

MS ST JEAN: (OFF) If you're a person, then identify yourself. If you're a bear, then git.

HUNTER: (CROAKING) The name's Hunter LeMay Alderley, ma'am. I busted up my truck a few miles down the road. I'm not, uh... not in great shape. I'd appreciate some help, if you're willing to give it.

[SHOTGUN PUT DOWN, LOCKS UNLOCK,
DOOR TENTATIVELY CREAKS OPEN;
BREATHING CONTINUES]

MS ST JEAN: Dear lord, boy. What kind of a state have you got yourself into? You're bleeding all over my bear deterrents.

HUNTER: Sorry, ma'am.

MS ST JEAN: Don't you apologise to me. Just put your arms around my neck and let me pull you up.

HUNTER: I'm covered in blood, ma'am, and I'm not that light.

MS ST JEAN: Hogwash. If I can carry three fenceposts at a time then I can certainly carry one sorry looking boy off my porch. Hold on.

[RUSTLE OF CLOTHING, STAGGERED
FOOTSTEPS; BREATHING CONTINUES]

Here, you just take a seat.

[THUMPS DOWN INTO CHAIR]

[DOOR IS CLOSED AND LOCKED BEHIND
THEM; STORM NOISE DIES DOWN NOW IT'S
LOCKED OUTSIDE]

HUNTER: (EXCLAIMS IN PAIN) I think I've broken some ribs.

MS ST JEAN: I can tell that from your breathing, and I don't like it one bit. I'd like to get you some help, but emergency services don't come out here, and certainly not in a storm. How are you feeling?

HUNTER: Better than I look, I'm sure, ma'am.

MS ST JEAN: It's Ms St Jean.

HUNTER: Thank you, Miz St Jean. I appreciate it.

[PAUSE]

MS ST JEAN: I know a little first aid. We should get all these cuts washed up, and wrap your ribs, I guess, and I don't like the look of that arm any more than I like the sound of those lungs. You look pale.

HUNTER: It's cold, Miz St Jean.

MS ST JEAN: Well, that I can do something about. Come closer to the fire here, and let's see about that arm.

[FIRE CRACKLING, CLOTHING RUSTLING,
DISTANT STORM]

[SOUNDS FADE OUT INTO NARRATION, BUT
THE STORM SOUND CARRIES ON]

HUNTER: (V.O.) The storm didn't let up for a long time. Too long, for me, and for my new companion.

Things that should have been healing if I'd been human just weren't, because I didn't have enough blood in my body to fuel even one more regrown cell. That might have been all right with any other nurse, but Miz St Jean had been doing makeshift doctoring in the Yukon long enough to look at my still-open wounds and worry.

MS ST JEAN: Something ain't right here, Mr Alderley. Maybe it's time I went out to Shannon's place over the hill to use her satellite phone.

HUNTER: When you say over the hill, how far exactly are we talking?

MS ST JEAN: Hmm. Around ten miles, I reckon.

HUNTER: No. You'll freeze to death.

MS ST JEAN: Your cuts ain't healing, your arm is broken in more places than I can count and your lungs are rattling like a dying petrol engine. Either I maybe freeze to death out there or you for sure bleed to death in here.

[STORM NOISES]

HUNTER: (V.O.) I couldn't let her go out in the cold like that, but she sure as shit wasn't going to sit and watch me stagnate until the storm passed. Can you imagine the frustration?

This woman, who'd only just met me, was about to go and get herself killed over a problem that she could solve with just a cup of her blood, less even, if only I could tell her what I needed. But, of course, that was out of the question.

[STORM NOISES]

HUNTER: I think the problem might be haemophilia, Miz St Jean.

MS ST JEAN: Haemophilia?

HUNTER: It's a blood clotting disorder.

MS ST JEAN: I know what it is, Mr Alderley. I also know that it's something you have from birth, and if you knew you had it, I believe you'd have mentioned it before now.

HUNTER: My family has a history of late-onset. It could explain the fact that I'm not healing.

[PAUSE]

MS ST JEAN: And what exactly do these family members of yours do to treat their "late-onset haemophilia"?

HUNTER: A blood transfusion might work.

MS ST JEAN: What blood type are you?

HUNTER: What blood type are *you*?

[PAUSE]

MS ST JEAN: AB negative. Useless to all but three percent of the population, they say.

HUNTER: Then I'm in luck.

MS ST JEAN: Are you now.

[PAUSE]

HUNTER: Are you willing to try it?

MS ST JEAN: With what equipment?

HUNTER: I have some tubes and needles in the bag I brought with me.

MS ST JEAN: And you just carry that around with you?

HUNTER: Any good woodsman keeps a full first aid kit, Miz St Jean. You'll know that, living out here. Maybe mine is fuller than most, but I'm the cautious type.

MS ST JEAN: Lucky again, huh?

HUNTER: Prepared, I prefer to think. I know it's a lot to ask, Miz St Jean, but do you think--

MS ST JEAN: Get your tubes. If you die in this storm, I won't have it laid at my door.

[CLATTER OF MOVEMENT; FADE OUT]

HUNTER:

(V.O.) I tried not to make my recovery seem too miraculous, but Miz St Jean was no fool. She never asked, but one day I woke to find an eggcup full of blood at my bedside. That was the day I stopped faking being an invalid and started fixing the things that needed it. I chopped wood, pumped water, sank fenceposts, and between the two of us we got the whole place looking better than new within the space of a few weeks. Every couple of days there was a small pot of blood by my bed when I woke, and every time Miz St Jean never said a thing about it. I guess I was not the first of our kind to blow through those parts in a storm, but I wouldn't be the last either.

[WIND BLOWS]

He came on a Friday, with the hail. I'd been planning to leave the next Monday, to get up to my own cabin and finally start working on everything that needed doing before the winter set in, but I never got the chance to say my goodbyes. When I got back from checking property line that evening before we turned in for the night, Miz St Jean was already dead.

[FOOTSTEPS UP WOODEN STEPS; CREAK OF DOOR SWINGING OPEN]

[HARD HAIL]

[PAUSE]

CAM: (OFF) Do you want to take a break?

HUNTER: No. (BEAT) No, I'd rather get to the end of the tale in a single sitting, if it's all the same to you, then it's done.

CAM: (OFF) Whatever you prefer.

HUNTER: All right, then.

[HARD HAIL]

She was laid out in the main room like she was Jesus on the cross, with her hands and feet nailed to the floorboards and the stink of Silver violence on her skin. The guy must have been in and out in under half an hour, because I wasn't gone more than that since dinner, but from the state of the room you'd think he'd been there all day. He was meticulous, precise, as though the position of every hair was important, and he knew exactly what he was doing because he'd done it before, over and over again, here in the U.K. You were calling him Pilate, back then, in the Dead Box. Someone's idea of a joke, I guess. .

CAM: (OFF) Mina Parchek's. She was talking to a witness and got creative.

HUNTER: Poor taste.

CAM: (OFF) I don't disagree.

HUNTER: Anyhow, by the time I arrived he was gone, leaving a faint scent trail and not a drop of blood in poor Miz St Jean's body. I didn't so much think about what I did next as feel it, because before my brain could talk to my feet I was out of the door with my bag slung across my shoulders, tracking his trail through the weather as it turned from hail to snow and back again before settling into the heaviest blizzard of the year so far.

[FOOTSTEPS IN SNOW; WIND]

It's cold in the trees, when there's nothing but wilderness around you. You don't realise how warm a town can be, or how one house lends heat to another, until you walk out into the middle of nowhere and let the empty air sink into your skin. In that part of the world, it's unimaginably worse. It burns and aches until you're too cold to shiver, until your breath freezes on your lips and sticks them together so you have to tear them apart to eat or drink or keep yourself company in the dark with the sound of your own voice. I walked for days, following the footprints and the scent, until I reached the next house with the next open door and the next laid-down crucifixion. It went on like that for a week, maybe two, through day and night, further and further into the wild as I blindly followed the trail of a man who was drinking himself stronger at every stop, while I grew weaker and colder with every step.

The only thing that pushed me on was the thought of those eggcups of blood, given without condition or demand by a woman who barely knew me, and who would never again bring a traveller in from the cold. I didn't know then that I was chasing a serial killer, though that soon became clear enough. I didn't know then that I wasn't the only one following his trail. And I didn't know that - as I was about to discover - he had become even bolder as we'd moved further north.

[FOOTSTEPS IN SNOW]

When the sun is high, the Yukon is a magical place. The heat melts the top layer of snow into these glimmering crystals that dazzle your eyes and crunch beneath your feet before you break through to the softer stuff below. It's a morning like that, with bright light reflecting everywhere, when I come across a large red stain in my path outside a cabin I know very well.

[FOOTSTEPS IN SNOW COME TO A STOP]

My cabin. And the scent trail leads right to it.

[RHYTHMIC HAMMERING FROM A DISTANCE]

[MAN SCREAMS, THEN SCREAM IS CUT OFF]

[FOOTSTEPS HURRY THROUGH SNOW]

[HAMMERING STARTS AGAIN]

[FOOTSTEPS UP 3 WOODEN STAIRS]

[DOOR CREAKS OPEN]

HUNTER: Hey! What are you--

MAN: Yargh!

[SOUNDS OF FIGHT]

HUNTER: (V.O.) He hits me in the head with the hammer, and I feel bone give under the blow. Somehow, I wrestle the thing from his hands and return the hit, but I get luckier than him. It crushes his skull and puts out his lights, for the time being at least, which gives me time to see what he's done to my home. (PAUSE) The man pinned out in the middle of the floor is my neighbour, Thomas Amberland, who has a cabin five miles east of here. I was too late for him. So was the other guy.

[FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE, QUIET AT FIRST, AND APPROACHING]

[UP STEPS]

[DOOR CREAKS OPEN]

BOYD: Mr Alderley?

HUNTER: Yup.

BOYD: Deputy Boyd, from the Seekers. I heard you had a cabin up here and thought maybe you could help us catch a serial killer I've chased all the way here from Oxford, but it looks like you've already done that.

HUNTER: You're from England?

BOYD: That's right. Do you know who this man is?

HUNTER: This man here was my neighbour. But this Silver? I don't recognise him at all. Do you?

BOYD: I don't know his face, but I can tell you who he is. He's killed seven people in the U.K. and who knows how many here in Canada.

HUNTER: Five. It was five.

BOYD: Twelve in total, then. I'm glad you ran into him before he could make it thirteen.

HUNTER: I just wish it could have been sooner. (PAUSE) What will you do with him now?

BOYD: Take him back to the U.K. Lock him up.

HUNTER: And how are you planning to do that? You gonna carry him the whole way?

[PAUSE]

This man has no shot at redemption, Deputy Boyd. It would be more honest to end it here, now.

BOYD: Then what do you suggest? We're in the middle of nowhere, with extremely limited options.

HUNTER: (BEAT) Give me a few hours. I'll see it done.

[PAUSE]

[NOISE TO INDICATE RECORDING HAPPENING
AS WE RETURN TO INTERVIEW, LIKE TAPE
WHIRRING BUT MORE MODERN?]

CAM: (OFF) You killed him? How? I thought we were basically indestructible.

HUNTER: It's easier than you'd think, if someone's out cold and you're willing to spend the time taking them apart. I'd not care to repeat it or - if you don't mind - relive it. It's work that's hard to wash off your hands, even when you know that it's owed.

CAM: (OFF) You did it for her.

HUNTER: She had no reason to help me. I had a bunch of reasons to avenge her, and not much to live for once my home was gone. I think the Deputy saw that clearly enough when he asked me to come back and join you. I said yes without really thinking, but I'm glad of it.

Home's something you take with you, they say,
and I feel like I brought it here with me.

[PAUSE]

[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING OFF]

CAM: Thank you, Hunter. It means a lot that you shared your story with me. This case we're on right now must be tough for you.

HUNTER: The Dealer? I'd be lying if I said serial killers didn't stir something up in me, but they're where we make the most difference.

CAM: What do you mean?

[SOUND OF TIDYING UP, GETTING UP FROM FLOOR ETC]

HUNTER: Well, a Silver kills someone by accident, and that's it, but a serial killer keeps going until you put them down, and for a Silver, that could be centuries. If we can put this guy away, I'd say it's worth the bad memories. (PAUSE) I could do without the tabloid nicknames, though.

CAM: Yeah, Mina loves a catchy name. She's a bit of a menace, really. You should have heard how she was with Jack when we went over there to get her files.

HUNTER: She put up a fight?

CAM: The opposite, unfortunately. She and Jack had a one-night thing a while back, and she's pretty clear that she'd like a repeat performance. Very clear.

HUNTER: And how does Jack feel about that?

CAM: (LAUGHS) Who knows how Jack feels about anything?

HUNTER: You're her best friend.

CAM: Even Jack doesn't know how she feels sometimes. That's the problem. She certainly doesn't know what's good for her. Jack and Mina would be a complete disaster. Can you imagine? But that's exactly why she'll probably end up doing something stupid with her.

HUNTER: She deserves better.

CAM: And again, my friend, we are in agreement. For what it's worth.

SCENE 4: JACK & CAM'S OFFICE[RUSTLE OF PAPER AS PAGES TURN][FOOTSTEPS AS JACK ARRIVES]

CAM: Hey, Jack. Where have you been?

JACK: Where have *I* been? Where have *you* been, you deserter? I couldn't find you, so I had to go back to Mina's with bloody Boyd and spend all bloody day and all bloody night going through her files, only to discover that she was hired by the same client to surveil Spade and Hishikawa, which we could have guessed already. Eventually, we found a third student linked to the same client, but his details had mysteriously disappeared from Mina's computer. She heavily implied that they might mysteriously reappear if I took my clothes off.

CAM: Well, it's not like she hasn't seen you naked before.

JACK: Cameron Sawyer. Are you suggesting that I should have *prostituted* myself to Mina Parchek?

CAM: There's a killer on the loose, Jack. If you could get ahead by--

JACK: *Thankfully* the files turned up pretty quickly after Boyd threatened to call Drake and his goons, so we now know the name of the Ten of Clubs: Dexter Ells.

CAM: (PAUSE) I don't get it. How does his name fit the pattern?

JACK: Dex is ten. His middle name is Frederick, so his middle initial is F. Trèfles is French for clubs, apparently, which, if you pronounce it *really* badly, is--

CAM: Ter-eff-ells. Dexter F. Ells.

JACK: He's a student at Lincoln College, and he's been missing for two days. No sign of a struggle in his rooms or anywhere else at the college. Apparently, he's just vanished. We're going to talk to his friends tomorrow, along with Hishikawa's. (PAUSE) What have you been doing all day, then?

CAM: Talking to Hunter. You know, for the podcast.

JACK: Not the fucking podcast again.

CAM: It's happening, Jack, whether you like it or not. And now, it's past my bedtime, so I'm going upstairs. Can I walk you to your rooms, m'lady?

JACK: Yeah, fine. I'm knackered. Let's call it a night.

[NOISE OF TURNING OFF COMPUTER AND
PACKING UP DESK]

CAM: He's an interesting guy, Hunter. Hidden depths. Gentle. More sensitive than you might think.

JACK: (BEAT) Why are you telling me this?

CAM: I think you might like him.

[OPEN AND CLOSE OFFICE DOOR]

[FOOTSTEPS DURING NEXT SECTION AS
THEY WALK ALONG CORRIDOR AND
UPSTAIRS]

JACK: I do not! I mean, I like him in the sense that he is a work colleague I enjoy spending time with, and I respect him, but that's no different from how I feel about any other work colleague.

CAM: Like Boyd?

JACK: Okay, Hunter is slightly different in that he doesn't have a massive stick up his arse.

CAM: And he smells nice, you said.

JACK: When? Was I drunk?

CAM: Maybe.

JACK: Then it doesn't count. You can't go holding me accountable for things I say when I'm drunk, not after nearly two decades of friendship. It's underhanded of you even to try.

CAM: In vino veritas.

JACK: In vitro what?

CAM: "In wine there is truth". It's an old saying. It means the stuff you say when you're drunk means more than you might think.

JACK: Well, regardless of what I said after five Massacres too many, I know better than to shit where I eat. Hunter and I work together.

CAM: Like Ed and I work together? Things are pretty awesome between the two of us, aren't they?

JACK: For now. But what if you had an argument, or you broke up? How would you deal with it then?

CAM: Why would you think we're going to break up? What have you heard?

JACK: Nothing! I'm just saying. It's a risk.

CAM: And I'm just saying that maybe tomorrow I'll be far too busy on the postmortem report to talk to Dexter's friends with you, and maybe you'll need to go across the corridor to Hunter and Boyd's office to ask for his help instead, and maybe it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world if, during the process, you got to know him a little better.

JACK: He's been here over a year, Cam. I know him well enough.

CAM: Seems like you're just meeting him for the first time, though, doesn't it?

JACK: Fuck off. He's part of the squad, besides which, I haven't been interested in a guy for years.

CAM: Then maybe you're due. I'm just saying think about it. That's all.

JACK: Now it's all I'm going to think about, and it's going to make me weird around him. We have to work together. Jesus, Cam, why did you have to say anything?

CAM: Because I love you and I want you to be happy.

JACK: You're the worst.

CAM: But at least I'm enough of a gentleman to walk you home.

[JINGLING OF KEYS]

JACK: Fancy a nightcap?

CAM: That depends. Are you mixing it with blood, or...?

[UNLOCK DOOR; DOOR CREAKS OPEN]

JACK: Just because you can't handle the Massacres--

CAM: Jack, stop!

JACK: What?

CAM: I smell blood. Bad blood. Wait here.

JACK: You're joking, right? I'm coming in with you. They're my rooms. Oh my god, it reeks in here. I know I'm not the best housekeeper, but I swear--

CAM: It's coming from your bedroom.

JACK: I don't like this.

CAM: Neither do I.

[DOOR SWINGS OPEN]

I'm guessing you didn't leave a naked dead man in your bed when you came to work this morning.

JACK: You'd be guessing right. Shit, Cam. I think we just found Hishikawa Kuro.

CAM: The Nine of Diamonds.

JACK: In the flesh.