

SCENE 1: THE IDEA[FOOTSTEPS AND OUTSIDE NOISES]

JACK: (OFF) No.

CAM: Oh, come on.

JACK: It's a terrible idea, Cam.

CAM: Come *on*. It'll be fun.

JACK: No, it won't. You're so suggestible it's scary. I mean, a bunch of true crime podcasters get murdered and instead of going, 'What idiots. Maybe they shouldn't have talked shit about that serial killer and broadcast it to the entire world,' instead you go, 'Hurray! Where do I sign up?'

CAM: It's not like I'm going to release it though, is it? It's just for us, for our records. Maybe for the newbies to help them settle into vampire life. Think of it like a diary of the Seekers.

JACK: ...whose whole job is to keep the existence of vampires secret. I'm not sure how you think that's compatible with starting a podcast about our old case files. Things leak, y'know.

CAM: I'll be careful.

JACK: No.

CAM: Can't you humour me, just this once? For all the times I brought you food, or covered your shifts, or carried you home from the bar when you got too wasted to stand--

JACK: Fine. But I want it on the record that I still think this is a terrible idea. You know how I feel about writing reports, and this is basically just an audio version. I mean, why would you volunteer for *more* tedium when--

CAM: Great! So for names, I was thinking maybe *The Oxford Murders*.

JACK: That's already a film. Elijah Wood, John Hurt. Far too intellectual.

CAM: Hmm. Then how about *The Vampire Diaries*?

JACK: You're joking, right?

CAM: Wait, wait. I've got it. This is so good. You're going to love it. Ready? You're listening to - wait for it, wait for it - *Interviews with Vampires*.

[PAUSE]

JACK: This is going to be a fucking disaster.

[TITLE SEQUENCE]

SCENE 2: THE PARTNERS[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING ON]

CAM: Can you introduce yourself?

JACK: Do I have to?

CAM: Jack, you promised.

JACK: All right. I'm Jack Valentine and I'm a member of the Seekers, on the same team as Cam. Unfortunately.

CAM: And can you tell us about the Seekers?

JACK: Wait a minute, you said this was for our internal use only. If you're not going to release it outside of the Seekers, then why do you need me to--

CAM: Yeah, yeah, of course. You're right. Carry on. (LOW)
Don't worry, I'll fill you in later. (NORMAL) So, tell us about the podcaster case.

JACK: Dear god, you mean you actually *do* want a case report? I was joking about that, you know. Anyway, you were there. Why can't you do it?

CAM: Okay, how about I get us started and you can join in with reactions and interesting observations? They do it on loads of podcasts and it's a super easy job.

I'll do all the work, you just have to listen to what I say and chime in when you have a thought.

JACK: I have a thought: this is a waste of time.

CAM: Yes, just like that, only less cynical.

JACK: Maybe you should find another partner.

CAM: Maybe, but you're the one I've got, so we're stuck with each other.

JACK: (GRUMBLES)

CAM: All right, then! Here we go. It was a cold, dark night--

JACK: It was midday and sunny.

CAM: --when we got the call to attend a glamorous West Oxford recording studio--

JACK: It was a dank little hole off the Botley Road. I thought you were doing a case report, not just making shit up.

CAM: I'm trying to add some flavour.

JACK: Nope. 'Scuse me one second, can I just...

[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING OFF]

JACK: That's better. Okay, I'm leaving.

[CHAIR SCRAPES]

CAM: Jack! Please? I'll do your laundry for a week.

JACK: Bye.

CAM: A month.

[PAUSE]

JACK: I'm listening.

[DOOR OPENS]

BOYD: We've got a call.

CAM: Deputy Boyd, we were just--

JACK: Thank *god*. Where?

BOYD: Follow me, at speed. Now.

[CHAIRS SCRAPE, VAMPIRES WHOOSH. DOOR
CLOSES]

SCENE 3: THE TOWPATH[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING ON]

CAM: (CLOSE) I never thought when I woke up this morning that I'd find myself heading to the rough part of town at super-speed, with a sore head and a sorer wallet, but I gotta say I'm still looking better than the goose who's lying in the bushes by the towpath. This guy got cooked. East Oxford's Iffley Road is a hell of a walk from the bright lights of the city centre, so if I was a betting man, I'd guess he caught a one-way ride to the wrong side of the river.

BOYD: What are you doing?

CAM: Nothing, Deputy.

JACK: He's recording a podcast.

BOYD: And did you clear that with the captain?

[PAUSE]

Then put it away.

[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING OFF]

CAM: Yes, sir.

JACK: (LOW) Suck up.

CAM: (LOW) Snitch.

BOYD: Jacqueline, Cameron, please. The crime scene.

CAM: Yes, sir.

BOYD: Hunter, what do we know?

HUNTER: Not much, sir. The body's still warm, so I'd guess he's not been dead long, given how cold it is out here.

JACK: He's human, obviously. That bite on his neck is a pretty good candidate for cause of death.

HUNTER: Probably the blood loss killed him. I'll swab the wound site, fingernails, lips and take a blood sample, but I'm not sure we'll get anything.

JACK: He's wearing scruffy clothes. Looks like he was going out early, not coming home late.

CAM: And wherever he came from, he didn't walk. See? Tyre tracks.

JACK: Let's take a look.

[CLOTHING RUSTLES]

They go right up to the body, and it's lying kind of on top of them, so I'd guess his body was dumped from whatever vehicle made the tracks.

HUNTER: There was a wallet with ID in his back pocket: Casian Spade. He's a student. Only a few miles from home. Driver's license is for an address in North Oxford.

[RUSTLE AS HUNTER HANDS ID TO JACK]

JACK: Fancy street for a student.

HUNTER: Postgrad, I think.

JACK: Cam and I can check it out. Have the police already been here, Boyd?

BOYD: No, our contact called us first. They'll be here in three minutes--

[SIRENS]

Make that one, so hurry it up. Hunter's on evidence collection. Jaqueline, observations. Cameron, scent trails. Understood?

CAM: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) Yes, sir.

HUNTER: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) Yes, sir.

JACK: Yeah.

BOYD: Go!

SCENE 4: CAM EXPLAINS SEEKERS[PODCAST ON]

CAM: (CLOSE) Hey listeners! Cam here, as promised, bringing you the low down on the Seekers and the way we work - or don't work - with the human police. Here's the thing: our job is to keep vampires - or "the Silver" as we call ourselves - secret from humans. Mostly we do that by tracking down anyone who's out there killing people, because when that happens, humans start paying attention, which is exactly what we don't want. The problem for us is that Silver justice and human justice are very different things, so we have to work around the police instead of with them. That's where the Silver superpowers come in handy: when you're moving at super-speed, using your super-sight, super-hearing and super-smell, there's not much that can escape your notice. We're good at what we do, and we always get our guy. Usually it's a rogue Silver who's after blood and out of control, or someone who's taken drugs - don't do drugs! - and doesn't know what they're doing, but sometimes it's an older Silver who's got a taste for fresh blood and doesn't want to stop. The only thing to do with those people is lock them up where they can't hurt anyone else, which is exactly what we do.

So here's the deal, newbies: drink your blood from bottles, don't tell humans about the Silver, and DON'T DO DRUGS! Cam out, back to the action.

[PODCAST OFF]

SCENE 5: THE STUDENT HOUSE

[OUTSIDE, TRAFFIC NOISE]

CAM: Did you want to take the lead on this interview, Jack?

JACK: So you can record it on your little gadget? Not likely.

CAM: Please.

JACK: Fine, but you owe me chocolate.

[KNOCK ON DOOR]

LISA: Hello?

JACK: Good morning. I'm Jack Valentine and this is Cameron Sawyer. We understand that Casian Spade lives at this address?

LISA: Yes. Who are you?

JACK: I'm sorry, but we have some bad news. Do you live here too?

LISA: Yes.

JACK: Name?

LISA: Lisa. Penrith.

JACK: Could we come in, Ms Penrith?

LISA: Is he all right? He went out to walk Buster along the river, but that was hours ago now and he's usually--

JACK: Perhaps we'd better come in.

[DOOR CREAK]

LISA: Lawrence is still in bed, but--

JACK: You probably want to wake him. Him and anyone else who lives here. We'll put the kettle on. Oh, don't worry, we can find the way.

LISA: Okay, I--

JACK: Quick as you can, please.

[STEPS TO KITCHEN, KETTLE ON]

JACK: (LOW) This place isn't like any student house I've ever seen. It's bloody enormous. And it stinks of dog.

CAM: (LOW) And something else... (SNIFF SNIFF) Are you picking up that scent?

JACK: Silver?

CAM: Yes. More than one. I'll check outside. You do the chatty chat.

JACK: But I'm crap at the chatty chat. Cam, seriously, you can't leave me here with a bunch of adolescent...

CAM: (OFF) Be right back.

JACK: (LOW) Bloody hell.

[STEPS DOWNSTAIRS]

LISA: This is Lawrence.

JACK: Right. Jack. Let's sit, yeah?

LAWRENCE: Lisa said you had bad news about Casian?

JACK: Yes, uh, yes. I'm afraid, regret to inform you, sad news, he's, uh, no longer with us.

LISA: (LOW) Oh no.

LAWRENCE: (EXTRAVAGANT CRYING)

JACK: Sorry.

LAWRENCE: (MORE CRYING)

JACK: Yes, sad news. Sad news.

LISA: Have you found Buster, yet? He's a golden cocker spaniel, big floppy ears.

JACK: Not yet. Is there anything you can tell me about who might have done this?

LAWRENCE: (SNIFFLING) Why would anyone... want to... hurt... Casian? (BAWLING)

JACK: Is there anything you can--

LAWRENCE: (BAWLING)

JACK: Anyone who--

LAWRENCE: (BAWLING)

JACK: Right. I see. Well. I'll just... leave my card and leave you to it then.

[BAWLING CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND]

LISA: I'll see you out.

[RUSTLING OF CLOTHING AND FOOTSTEPS;
BAWLING REDUCES IN VOLUME AS THEY
RETREAT]

[DOOR OPENS]

LISA: He was doing his doctorate, you know. Casian. He's so nearly done with it. It's just a shame. Well, of course it's a shame; he's dead. God, what am I saying? But, you know, he was so close to finishing.

JACK: What did he study?

LISA: Archaeology. He liked the work, on the digs. There was something therapeutic in it for him, I think. Not so much the being outside in the mud, but the small, repetitive, methodical movements removing layers of earth. He's like that, his personality, I mean. Careful. That's why this is... a bit of a shock. (SNIFF) Can I ask: how did he die?

JACK: We're not sure yet. We're trying to find out.

LISA: (LOW) Was he... you know, clothed?

JACK: Fully. I promise. There was nothing like that. (BEAT) Why do you ask?

LISA: He's got a girlfriend. She's around here a lot, sometimes going in and out at weird times of day. I don't like her much.

JACK: Why not?

LISA: I don't know. It might just be a personality clash, but she rubs me up the wrong way. She says these things to Casian that sound normal enough, until you think about it later and realise she was being a passive-aggressive dick. You know?

JACK: Do you know her name?

LISA: Pandora. Pandora Carlton, if you can believe that.

JACK: Sounds like a posh girl.

LISA: She is. Hey, where's your friend gone?

[CAM ARRIVES FROM THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE]

CAM: Sorry, just taking a phone call. We won't take up any more of your day, Ms Penrith. Thank you for your time.

LISA: Anything I can do. I hope you find whoever did this. You know where we are if you need us.

JACK: Thanks. Bye.

[DOOR CLOSES]

[JACK AND CAM WALK AWAY]

JACK: (LOW) Did you hear that, about the girlfriend with the stupid name?

CAM: Worth checking out. Nine times out of ten, it's the love interest.

JACK: In human cases, Cam. When you're dealing with the Silver, nine times out of ten it's opportunistic bloodlust. What did you find?

CAM: Two Silver scents. One just in the garden, not in the house, and one all over the place.

JACK: Either of them familiar?

CAM: Not the one inside. The one in the garden might be.
There was a scent at the crime scene too, on Spade's body, but it's neither of the ones I'm getting at his house.

JACK: So there are *three* Silver involved in this case?

CAM: Potentially.

JACK: Great. That's just fucking great.

[PAUSE]

Maybe one of them will turn out to be the girlfriend.

CAM: A Silver/human relationship? I doubt it.

JACK: It's happened before.

CAM: Rarely, and only for short periods.

JACK: Until the Silver kills the human?

CAM: Right.

JACK: Then I vote for chasing down the girlfriend, who will doubtless turn out to be Silver.

CAM: And I vote for reporting back to the deputy and taking our orders from him, like we're supposed to.

JACK: (GROANS) You're so boring.

CAM: And you're so reckless. Come on, we can go back to the college and pick up lunch while we're there.

JACK: Well, when you put it like that...

SCENE 6: THE COLLEGE CANTEEN

[FOOTSTEPS ALONG CLOISTER]

[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING ON]

CAM: (CLOSE) Solomon College, Oxford is the kind of joint where only rats and vampires wanna stay: it's big, it's old and there's nothing in the cupboards 'cept hard cheese and more rats.

JACK: How long is this phase of yours going to last?

CAM: The podcast or the noir?

JACK: Both. Either. Just knock it off, would you? (PAUSE) And don't talk about cheese. I still haven't had that lunch you promised me.

CAM: Canteen it is, then.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS; CANTEEN
BACKGROUND NOISE]

BOYD: Jacqueline, over here!

JACK: (LOW) Oh god. If I have to face the deputy with an empty stomach then someone's going to get hurt.

CAM: (LOW) I'll load a tray. You go sit.

JACK: (LOW) You are a prince among men.

CAM: (LOW) I know.

JACK: Boyd. Hunter.

[CHAIR SCRAPE AS JACK SITS]

HUNTER: Hey, Jack.

BOYD: Jacqueline. You interviewed the housemates?

JACK: Sort of. One of them mostly cried on me. Cam picked up a couple of Silver scent marks, though, and I have the name of a girlfriend: Pandora Carlton. I'd like to interview her.

BOYD: Hunter, you follow up on that.

JACK: Hey, Boyd, come on, I was the one who--

BOYD: I need you to search his social media, Jacqueline.

JACK: Why can't Hunter do that?

HUNTER: Because I was born in the eighteenth century and, to my shame, I haven't yet discovered how to navigate the World Wide Web.

JACK: *Still?* Jesus, Hunter, you dinosaur. Even the Deputy has managed to embrace technology and he's *ancient*.

BOYD: Jacqueline...

JACK: Seriously, everything's on the internet. How do you get anything done?

HUNTER: (LAUGHS) How do you, when you're always looking at your phone?

JACK: You'd be amazed at how good I am at multitasking.

HUNTER: I can only imagine.

[TRAY CLANKS ONTO TABLE; CUTLERY
CLATTERS]

CAM: When you two have finished flirting--

JACK: Excuse you, Cam, we were doing nothing of the kind.

CAM: Here's your food. And you were.

HUNTER: I thought we maybe were.

JACK: (LAUGHS DERISIVELY) Sure, Hunter.

BOYD: When everyone has finished gossiping, if it's quite all right with you, perhaps we could return to the case?

HUNTER: My apologies, Deputy.

BOYD: Thank you. Now. Jacqueline told us about the scents at the victim's house.

With your superior nose, Cameron, is there anything else you can tell us about scents at the crime scene?

CAM: Well, there was a scent on the body, just a faint one. It was sort of familiar, maybe, but I can't place it. And there was the violence mark, of course. He was definitely killed by a Silver.

[PODCAST ON]

CAM: (CLOSE) Hey, listeners! Cam here again, just editing in a quick explanation for anyone who's new and maybe isn't up on their scent marks. So, you've probably noticed that since you got turned Silver, you're smelling a lot more smells, right? Well, there's not just the individual scent that the Silver leave, which is what we're mainly looking for in our investigations. There are actually a few different scent marks we make. One of them is a "Violence Mark", which gets left behind on someone when a Silver attacks them. It's a sort of rubbery, oily, acidic, hard to describe kind-of-smell really, but you'll know it when you come across it, and we come across it a lot in the Seekers. The good news for us is that we know any person carrying it has been the victim of a Silver attack. The bad news is that we have no way of identifying which Silver, because unlike personal scents, violence marks aren't individual to the Silver leaving them. So, that sucks, but I guess if things were otherwise then I'd be out of a job, so can't complain too hard, right? Okay, back to the action.

[PODCAST OFF]

BOYD: Jacqueline, any visual details at the scene to report?

JACK: Just the tyre tracks we already discussed. There wasn't any blood on the ground that I could see, but that doesn't mean Spade wasn't killed there. Maybe our Silver just isn't a messy eater. I think it probably does mean that this wasn't an accident, though, because it was a clean bite and a clean job. The Silver who did this was in control. No witnesses, no mess, no traceable evidence.

HUNTER: Yet. The swabs are with the lab.

BOYD: Anything on the tyre tracks, Hunter?

HUNTER: Painfully common. No leads there.

BOYD: Then Hunter, you're on the girlfriend, Jacqueline on the social media and Cameron following up with the lab.

JACK: "On the social media"? All right, grandpa.

BOYD: What's that noise?

CAM: What noise?

[WHIRRING]

JACK: He's talking about the noise coming from your pocket, Cam. The whirring sound. The one like an audio recorder that hasn't been turned off, despite--

CAM: Oh. That noise.

[RUSTLE AS RECORDER EXTRACTED FROM
POCKET]

I didn't even realise I had it on. Silly me.

BOYD: Mr Sawyer.

CAM: Deputy, I didn't mean--

[RUSTLE AS BOYD TAKES RECORDER; CLICK
OF RECORDER TURNING OFF]

BOYD: Captain's office. Now.

SCENE 7: THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE[DOOR OPENS]

LANGFORD: I do prefer it when you knock, Deputy. The open-door policy that I operate is, I assure you, entirely theoretical.

BOYD: Apologies, Captain Langford. It's just that an urgent issue has come to my attention.

LANGFORD: Oh?

BOYD: Mr Sawyer has been recording our activities with the intention of releasing our case files as a podcast.

[NOISE OF RECORDER SLAPPED ONTO
TABLE]

CAM: Only within the Seekers. Well, within the Silver, anyway. And only after the cases are closed, obviously. No active matters. Because I thought we should have something, you know, to show for everything that we do.

LANGFORD: I see.

CAM: And they could be useful. We'd have records to refer back to in the future, and I thought that since we don't keep case files--

LANGFORD: There's a reason for that, Mr Sawyer.

CAM: Yes, but these wouldn't be detailed. They're more sort of... experiential. Immersive. Giving a taste of what it's like to be us, out on the streets, chasing down bad guys and bringing them to justice. You know. A day in the life sort of thing.

[PAUSE]

BOYD: So, Captain, you can see why I thought I should--

LANGFORD: I think it's a great idea.

BOYD: What?

LANGFORD: We never get to write our history, Deputy. It's a thankless task, this secret role that we play. We don't get to publicise what we do, or to memorialise it in any way. So yes, I think it's a great idea to record our story for future Seekers, and for ourselves, to acknowledge the work that we do to make our world a better place. Don't you?

BOYD: I... Yes, I suppose.

LANGFORD: So, Mr Sawyer, if you need anything from me to assist in your project, anything at all, please do let me know.

CAM: Thank you, Captain.

LANGFORD: Now, if that was all, Deputy?

BOYD: Ahem. The case, sir.

LANGFORD: The student? I'm sure you have it under control, Deputy.

BOYD: Yes, sir.

LANGFORD: Good. Don't forget your little recorder, Mr Sawyer.
Fabulous thing. So advanced, so discreet.

CAM: Yes, sir.

LANGFORD: With your love of gadgetry, Deputy, I'm surprised you
didn't think of this yourself.

BOYD: I... No, sir.

LANGFORD: Perhaps you should have. Well, then, off you go. Have
fun.

[DOOR CLOSES]

SCENE 8: CAM EXPLAINS COLLEGE[PODCAST ON]

CAM: (CLOSE) Hey listeners! Cam again, here to give you the scoop on Solomon College, now that we're here. It's one of the oldest and prettiest of the Oxford colleges, basically a picture postcard of flowering wisteria, weathered limestone and signs telling you to keep off the grass. But despite that, it's unlike any other Oxford college. For starters, it doesn't accept undergraduates, at least not human ones, and it's never open to the public. It was founded as a seminary back in the thirteenth century, but there was a bit of an incident shortly after it opened and now its only members are Silver. It's been the base of the Seekers forever, and it's also home to a bunch of Silver scholars and professors, along with the labs that do our crime scene analysis as well as their own research. It's a pretty good system, and it keeps us all below the radar as long as we stick together.

If you're a new Silver looking to join the Seekers, or you're a student, or an academic, or a sciencey guy like my boyfriend Ed, you'll get rooms at Solomon College like the rest of us. It's not luxury digs or anything, and we're tight on space, so the Seekers have to share their offices, like I share with Jack, but there's good wi-fi and as much food and blood as you want, whenever you want, and that's not nothing. There are worse places to be a Silver in this city, believe me. Cam out!

[PODCAST OFF]

SCENE 9: JACK & CAM'S OFFICE

[TAPPING OF COMPUTER KEYBOARD;
OPENING OF DOOR]

CAM: (OFF) Jack? Oh, you're working on Spade's social media?

JACK: Yep.

CAM: Okay. I'll see if the lab results are in yet.

[KEYBOARD TAPS; PAUSE AS BOTH WORK
FOR A WHILE]

JACK: (GROANING) Oh god.

CAM: What?

JACK: I think Casian Spade might have been the most boring human being on the face of the planet. Seriously, Cam, it's just pictures of his lunch - a worryingly high salad quotient, by the way - and pictures of his stupid dog.

CAM: I like dogs.

JACK: That's because you practically are one. You're a Labrador in person form. If you were any more lolloping and enthusiastic then I'd have to invest in a frisbee and start taking you to the park for walks. What's happening with the lab results?

CAM: I'm waiting for more emails. So far there's nothing on the swabs from the mouth or the wound, but Ed's still testing the blood and the scrapings from under his nails.

JACK: Well, tell your boyfriend to hurry up.

CAM: He's going as fast as he can, Jack.

JACK: It's been a long day, it's late, I'm tired and I'm *bored*. I know I shouldn't speak ill of the dead, but this man was so *boring*.

[TAPPING OF COMPUTER KEYBOARD]

Here, look, he's got a series of photos of a wardrobe in hour-long intervals as he up-cycles it. He is *literally watching paint dry*. Look, here he is in the library. Here he is with a book. Here he is with another book. Here he is with yet another... Hey, wait a minute.

CAM: Find something?

JACK: I think so. In the background of some of these photos. There's a woman with red hair, blue eyes, pouty red lips, a camera with a telephoto lens...

CAM: Mina Parchek?

JACK: Ding ding ding! Mina fucking Parchek, private investigator and husband-seducer extraordinaire.

CAM: Oh... the scent in the garden outside Spade's house.
That's who it was. I knew it was familiar.

JACK: God bless your nose. Fancy a late-night excursion?

CAM: Sure, why not? But I'm calling the deputy to report in.

JACK: Teacher's pet.

CAM: Someone's got to be the responsible one around here,
and we both know that's never going to be you.

JACK: Guilty as charged, and happy about it. I'm driving.

[OFFICE CHAIRS MOVE, FOOTSTEPS]

CAM: Um, maybe it's better if I drive.

[KEYS JINGLE AS THOUGH SNATCHED FROM
CAM'S HAND]

Hey, Jack! Get back here!

[FOOTSTEPS RECEDE DOWN CORRIDOR]

I thought we just agreed you weren't the responsible one!
Jack. Jack!

SCENE 10: MINA'S OFFICE[POUNING ON DOOR]

JACK: Hey, Parchek! Open up! I know you're in there!

MINA: (OFF) We're closed.

JACK: Not for me, you're not!

[DOOR OPENS]

MINA: Well, hello Jack. Either come in and get naked, or fuck off. Oh, and Mr Sawyer. I suppose you're here on official business then, in which case you can both fuck off. Good night.

[SCUFFLE AS MINA TRIES TO CLOSE DOOR]

JACK: Uh-uh-uh, Mina. We have questions. A human is dead and your scent is at his house, so do you want me to drag you up in front of the baron again for breaching your licence or are you going to invite us in?

MINA: Well, if you put it like that... I suppose you'd better come in.

JACK: So kind.

[WALK INTO OFFICE; DOOR SWINGS CLOSED]

MINA: You're looking good, Jack.

JACK: Keep it in your pants, Mina, and tell us everything you know about Casian Spade.

MINA: I don't know who you're talking about.

[CLICKING AND PHONE SCROLL]

JACK: Really? Then who's this in the background of his Instagram pictures with her fancy camera pointed right at him?

MINA: Oh, that Casian Spade. Maybe I recognise him.

JACK: And when you say you recognise him, you mean...?

MINA: I might have a small file on him.

JACK: How small?

[FILING CABINET DRAWERS OPEN AND CLOSE]

[FILES SLAPS ONTO DESK]

MINA: Not that small.

JACK: Jesus Christ.

[PAGES TURNING]

CAM: You still print all this stuff out? Will no one think of the trees?

JACK: So you were hired to spy on the kid. Photos, surveillance, the usual package?

MINA: That's about the size of it.

JACK: Why?

MINA: They didn't say. They just wanted to know movement patterns, visitors, interests.

JACK: The kind of thing a murderer would need to plan an attack, you mean? Great. Just great, Mina. You know he's dead, right?

MINA: Oh, really?

JACK: That's all you have to say? (SCOFF)

[PAGES RUSTLE]

Is there anything in here about who hired you?

MINA: You'll find the email address and print outs of our correspondence, but the money was transferred through a PayPal account. Don't know the real name.

CAM: And you didn't do any identity checks at all? What kind of business are you running here?

MINA: An extremely profitable one.

[PAGES RUSTLE]

JACK: It would need to be to cover the printing costs. There's reams of this. Christ, Mina, you're as bad as Hunter. I'm surprised you're not still using a typewriter.

MINA: I've got my old one upstairs, actually. Got my own darkroom too. Wanna see it? It's cosy. I think there's even a bottle of gin under the sink.

[PHONE RINGS]

JACK: It's Hunter. Yeah?

HUNTER: (D) I've got her.

JACK: Got who?

HUNTER: (D) Pandora.

JACK: The girlfriend? What do you mean, you've got her?

CAM: They've got her?

HUNTER: (D) Found her on the edge of Port Meadow, not far from Spade's house. You probably want to come and see for yourself. The deputy is on his way.

JACK: Okay. Share your location with me on your phone.

HUNTER: (D) Uh... How do I do that, exactly?

JACK: Oh, forget it, just stay put and we'll come and find you.

[HANG UP NOISE]

We've got to go.

MINA: Good. Don't come back until you're willing to take your clothes off.

JACK: Great seeing you, too, Mina.

[FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY ON WOOD FLOOR]

MINA: (OFF) You can see more of me any time you like. And I mean. Any. Time.

JACK: (FIRMLY) Goodbye, Mina.

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES; WALKING AWAY ON PAVEMENT]

CAM: Aggressive, isn't she?

JACK: Forget her. Come on. Don't want to keep Hunter waiting.

CAM: With your driving? Not likely.

JACK: Just come on!

[CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

SCENE 11: PORT MEADOW[CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES][FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL THEN GRASS][OWL HOOTING]

JACK: Jesus Christ, I can't see a thing.

CAM: Jack, you're Silver. You have enhanced vision.

JACK: Sure, that's great, except it's cloudy and there's no fucking moon. There's nothing to enhance. I'm not as ancient as you, Cam. I can't see in the dark.

CAM: Wait a second. I can just use the torch on my phone.

[CLICKING ON PHONE]

Better?

JACK: Much, thank you. Now, where are we going?

HUNTER: (OFF) Over here!

JACK: Hunter? Over where?

HUNTER: (OFF) Down here! In the drainage ditch.

JACK: You bring us to the most glamorous places. Where is she, then?

HUNTER: Along there, in the culvert. She won't come out. She's a bit... Er.

JACK: 'Er'?

HUNTER: Best you go see for yourself.

[SOUNDS OF STEPS MANOEUVRING
DOWNHILL INTO DITCH; WATER TRICKLING]

PANDORA: There are sharks! Their fins, circling, watch out, they'll eat you alive! They kill surfers in Australia, you know. Thousands every year, but they never report them, because then no one would go in the water, and no one would ever go to Australia, and then no one would have any tourism money and they'd all starve to death, all because of the sharks!

JACK: Not sure why you called us, Hunter. Looks like you've got everything under control here. We'll see you in the morning, yeah?

[SOUND OF BOYD ARRIVING]

BOYD: Hunter? What's the situation here?

HUNTER: Hello, Deputy. We seem to have an issue.

BOYD: How long has she been in the pipe?

HUNTER: At a guess, I'd say she's been there since she killed Spade this morning. She still has blood on her lips.

BOYD: Are you getting a read on it, Cameron?

CAM: Smells like Spade's blood, sir. And I'm picking up her personal scent too. It's the one I smelled in Spade's house, for sure.

JACK: Silver girlfriend. Called it.

CAM: You did. But her scent isn't the one that was on his body.

BOYD: That's irrelevant at this point, Cameron. I'd say it's plain enough that she killed Spade.

PANDORA: I did. (CRYING) I killed Casian. And now the sharks are going to kill me. They never stop growing their teeth, you know. Row after row and they just keep coming and falling out, one after the other, biting biting biting biting biting biting biting biting biting biting biting biting biting...

[FADE]

CAM: What's wrong with her?

HUNTER: Trauma, maybe?

JACK: Or drugs. I've seen this kind of thing before when people have done a little experimenting. Hit the wrong combination, and you're screwed. Maybe if she drinks enough blood she'll be able to reset, but we won't get anything out of her until whatever she's taken wears off.

BOYD: You were looking into her background, Hunter. Does she have a history of drug abuse?

HUNTER: No, Deputy. There was nothing like that, but there wasn't much of anything. She's a student, just transferred to Solomon College a month ago, after she got turned. On track to receive her PhD this year.

JACK: Studying sharks, by any chance?

HUNTER: Good guess. Marine biology.

BOYD: Perhaps the stress got to her. All of us have the potential to crack under pressure.

JACK: She's certainly cracked.

PANDORA: (OFF) biting biting biting biting biting biting biting biting biting biting biting biting...

[FADE]

JACK: Maybe she saw something that... I don't know. Broke her.

BOYD: We'll need to test her blood to be sure.

CAM: So we take her to the college sick bay. The duty doctor can take whatever samples we need, and look after her until whatever this is passes.

BOYD: Good suggestion, Cameron. Let's get her out and get some samples to the lab. If her last meal was our victim, then we might find his DNA.

HUNTER: All right. First, we get her safe. Then we do the tests.

BOYD: Agreed.

[PAUSE]

JACK: So are any of you going to go in there and fish her out or...

[THE NEXT THREE PIECES OF DIALOGUE
OVERLAP EACH OTHER A BIT, WITH THE
SQUARE-BRACKETED PORTIONS
OVERLAPPING]

HUNTER: I'm not sure I really know how to approach her without compromising the evidence--[by picking her up.]

CAM: [And I really]--don't want to scare her when she's in such a fragile state--[and she might be more comfortable with a woman.]

BOYD: [The problem is these are new shoes and]--it's really quite dirty and wet in there.

JACK: You're all pathetic.

[SPLASHING FOOTSTEPS]

JACK: (SOFTLY) Pandora? Hey Pandora.

PANDORA: ...biting biting biting biting biting biting...

JACK: (SOFTLY) My name's Jack, and I'm going to get you out of there. Okay?

PANDORA: No. Sharks. No. No. Sharks with biting biting rows and rows of biting biting biting...

JACK: (SOFTLY) I'm just going to-- (LOUD) Hey, can you stop messing around and shine that torch down here? I'm trying to do something, unlike you lot. Pass me that log, would you? Okay, great.

[SPLASH]

(SOFTLY) No, it's okay, don't worry. We've got a bridge, see? Just take my hand. That's right, one foot there, and you're on the bridge. No sharks, okay?

PANDORA: Sharks.

JACK: (SOFTLY) No sharks. They can't breathe the air, can they?

PANDORA: No sharks?

JACK: (SOFTLY) That's right. Here we go. There. The sharks didn't get us.

PANDORA: They got Casian. With their teeth, biting biting biting biting...

BOYD: I've got a blanket in the back of the car. Bring her this way. I'll drive her back.

JACK: I'll sit in the back with her.

HUNTER: I can manage, if you want to--

JACK: I'll sit with her.

HUNTER: (BEAT) Okay.

[CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES; OPENS AND CLOSES; ENGINE ON; DRIVING]

SCENE 12: THE CONFERENCE ROOM

BOYD: Thank you for gathering so early this morning, squad.

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

Jacqueline. It is now (BEAT) seven minutes past nine.

JACK: (SLEEPILY) It's Saturday, Deputy. Give me a break.

BOYD: And we are working a case.

JACK: But we're waiting on lab results.

CAM: Not anymore, Jack. They came in overnight. Massive amounts of all kinds of drugs in Pandora Carlton's blood. Silver blood under Spade's fingernails, and though we can't be sure that it's hers, she's confessed, so...

JACK: You call that a confession? Come on, Cam.

CAM: She said she killed Spade.

JACK: And five minutes later she said it was sharks. You could have told her it was little green men and she would have parroted that back to you.

CAM: Her blood was full of his DNA, Jack. I'm sorry. I know you've been sitting up with her the past couple of days.

I know you want an explanation, but she hasn't talked, she isn't getting any better, and now we know for certain that she's the one who killed Spade.

JACK: What are you saying?

BOYD: I took Ms Carlton up to Summertown this morning and the baron boxed her.

[PAUSE]

JACK: How long?

BOYD: To be determined. For now, she's somewhere safe where she can have a chance to recover and get the drugs out of her system.

JACK: Oh, sure, Boyd. Or maybe it'll just send her even crazier.

[PODCAST ON]

CAM: Hey, listeners! Cam here, just to reassure you that although some of the Silver we lock up in the baron's basement do go slightly loopy during their confinement, most of them come out absolutely fine once they've served their sentences, and you don't have to worry about the ones that do go peculiar because they're drained of their blood before they go into their boxes so they're weak as kittens and definitely can't bust out and come after you. As long as you stick to the rules, there's really no need to worry.

Of course, if you break the rules, then being boxed is excruciatingly painful and might make you lose every single one of your marbles so, you know, be good out there!

[PODCAST OFF]

JACK: It's inhumane.

BOYD: And we aren't human, Jacqueline. She's dangerous. She needs to be contained. A box is the best place for her. Or were you intending to babysit her forever?

JACK: (GRUMBLES)

BOYD: Then it is what it is. Dismissed.

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

[WALKING AND TALKING INSIDE CORRIDOR]

HUNTER: Are you all right, Jack?

JACK: I don't know. I just wish we knew who the scent on Spade's body belonged to. Cam, you're one hundred percent sure it's not Pandora's?

CAM: Come on. This nose doesn't lie.

HUNTER: It could be any one of the many Silver in Oxford. In the country, even. Perhaps someone followed the scent of the blood and stumbled onto the body.

JACK: *Literally*, stumbled? The Silver don't do that, Hunter. Don't be thick.

CAM: Maybe they had a look at the body, realised there was no blood left and scarpered. The point is that it's irrelevant. We've got the girl who killed him. Stop worrying.

JACK: But it doesn't make sense.

HUNTER: She rowed for her old college. She would have known the towpath well. It's right by the college boathouses.

JACK: But Pandora couldn't have driven him there - she was out of her mind. She would have been all over the road, even with Silver reflexes. And they found her in North Oxford, near his house, like the whole thing went down there and someone else dumped the body at the other end of town.

CAM: But she's the one who killed him, Jack. His DNA's in her bloodstream. He was her last meal.

[WALKING OUTSIDE INTO THE QUAD]

JACK: I'm not disputing that, but how do we know she was acting alone? Plus, remember how clean the crime scene was? Remember how it looked like whoever did the biting was in control, and that can't have been Pandora, not with the amount of drugs you say were in her system. Unless someone laced Spade's blood and that's how she ingested the drugs--

CAM: But then why would she bite him *before* she was drugged? She was already under the influence when she attacked him. It's the only thing that makes sense.

JACK: It's just going to bother me. That's all.

CAM: Come on. You need some rest. I promised you chocolate, and I mean to pay up.

HUNTER: If you don't mind me tagging along, I could bring the snacks.

CAM: Okay, Hunter. Deal. Just let me duck into the lodge for my post, okay?

JACK: Check mine while you're in there!

[DOG BARKING]

JACK: Whoa!

HUNTER: It's okay. It's just a dog.

JACK: Ugh, dogs. They're loud. And they stink. And people just tie them up and leave them - case in point - and expect everyone else to deal with it like it's normal to have a rabid animal in a public place.

HUNTER: He doesn't look rabid to me.

JACK: Yeah, well. Give him time.

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

[STEPS AS CAM JOINS THEM]

CAM: Hey, this was in your pigeon hole.

JACK: A hand-delivered manila envelope? How very clandestine.

CAM: Any secret admirers you need to tell me about?

[TEARING OPEN ENVELOPE]

JACK: Um, so, this is weird. Look.

CAM: It's a photo of a dog.

JACK: Not just any dog. It's this dog, right?

[STEPS; METALLIC JINGLING OF COLLAR]

CAM: Hey, it's Buster, Spade's spaniel. Look, it says so on his tag. Hey Buster. Who's a lovely puppy dog? Who's a lovely puppy dog?

JACK: What's that tied around his collar?

[RUSTLING AND JINGLING]

HUNTER: A playing card?

CAM: It's the Jack of Hearts. (PAUSE) Oh. Oh, no.

HUNTER: What in the world is that supposed to mean?

[PAUSE]

CAM: Jack. Look, let's not get carried away. We don't know--

JACK: We do, Cam. It means he's back. And this is just the start.