

SCENE 1: JACK'S BEDROOM

CAM: Now will you believe that the Dealer's targeting you, Jack?

JACK: Look, Cam, just because he leaves a dead guy in my bed, that doesn't mean he's planning to murder me.

CAM: He's obviously planning something. It worries me that you're not more worried.

BOYD: We're certain this is Hishikawa Kuro?

CAM: Pretty certain, Deputy. He's got his wallet with his student ID, and the photo matches the body. If you look here on the carpet, just under Jack's, um, clothing item--

BOYD: Is this really how you keep your space, Jacqueline? With (BEAT) *things* all over the floor?

JACK: Well, excuse me. It's not like I was expecting visitors. Forgive me for not tidying up around the dead body before Cam and I called you guys up here. I thought we might have more urgent matters to attend to than my shitty housekeeping.

HUNTER: They say it's a sign of creativity. Messy floor, tidy mind.

JACK: Yes, thank you, Hunter. See, Boyd? I bet your floor is bloody immaculate.

BOYD: Of course it is. I'm an adult.

JACK: Well, I rest my case.

HUNTER: Would you like me to take samples from the body, Deputy?

BOYD: Yes. And bag the wallet.

CAM: (QUIETLY) Hunter. Did you see his hands and feet?

HUNTER: No.

CAM: They've been punctured in the centre, all the way through. There were holes in the floorboards of his room, where he died. We were thinking maybe he fought back with a knife or a screwdriver, and that the holes were caused by the point stabbing into the wood, but now that we've seen the body--

HUNTER: How many holes in the floor?

CAM: Three.

HUNTER: One for each hand. One for his feet. Deputy.

JACK: Wait wait wait. Are you saying this kid was crucified on his floorboards? We haven't seen that M.O. since--

HUNTER: Pilate.

[PAUSE]

BOYD: Two different serial killers, with two different signatures, but one body.

HUNTER: This can't be the work of Pilate. He's dead.

CAM: Just like the Dealer.

BOYD: Then we have a double copycat. He's not just imitating one killer's signature, he's imitating two, with remarkable precision. Almost as though he has access to the details of each case. Correct me if I'm wrong, Cameron, but the two cases that you have recorded so far for your little podcast are those of the Dealer and Pilate.

CAM: Hang on a minute, sir. Look, it can't be anything to do with the podcast, because not only have I not edited Hunter's story yet, but Spade was killed before Jack even recorded hers and the holes were in Hishikawa's floor before I spoke to Hunter. The murders came before the recordings.

BOYD: Then the only possible conclusion is that someone, somehow, has access to the Dead Box.

[TITLE SEQUENCE]

JACK: If everyone's finished gawping, then maybe you could all get out of my bedroom and take the late Mr Hishikawa with you.

Actually, scratch that, you keep the room. I'll get the Lodge to give me a guest suite.

CAM: Good luck with that. They're all assigned.

JACK: You mean I have to sleep... there?

CAM: If you're lucky, there might be a spare mattress in storage.

JACK: Ugh.

BOYD: In any case, we can't just remove the body, Jacqueline.

JACK: What? Why not?

BOYD: Because he is human, and he has a family. We can't just make him disappear.

JACK: But we can move him. It's not like he hasn't been moved already. The police aren't going to know any different.

BOYD: We work around the police, Jacqueline. We don't actively obstruct them. I need to speak to the captain, and she'll need to speak to our liaison with the police, and they'll decide between them what is to be done. We can't rush that process. This boy is one of theirs, and we need to respect that.

JACK: But the Dealer - or whoever this killer is - he's ours.

BOYD: Correct. And if we're going to find him, we need to slow down and work this scene properly, with all the support we can get from the police. In the meantime, you'll just have to find somewhere else to sleep. Now, I need to go and wake up the captain. Someone stays here at all times until I return. Understood?

CAM: Yes, sir.

[NOISE OF BOYD LEAVING: STEPS, DOOR
OPENING AND CLOSING]

HUNTER: I have a spare room you could use, if you like.

JACK: That's nice of you, Hunter, but Cam's right next door and he has a sofa.

CAM: And a boyfriend, Jack. No offence, but you'd be a bit of a third wheel.

JACK: Then you can stay at his place, and I'll take your bed. So that's sorted.

CAM: Jack--

JACK: Just for a few days, until this is all cleared up. Come on, Cam. (WHINING) There's a dead guy in my bed.

CAM: (SIGH) Of course you can have my rooms, Jack.

JACK: You're the best. (KISS)

CAM: And you're a disaster magnet. (LOW) Why didn't you say yes to Hunter?

JACK: (LOW) He's just being polite. Besides, you have a power shower.

HUNTER: Leaving aside the puncture marks, cause of death looks the same as Spade's. From what I can see without moving the body, it looks to be a single bite to the neck. What I don't understand is how someone got him in here.

CAM: The door was locked when we got back, and the windows don't open wide enough for anyone to squeeze through them, let alone bring a body in too.

JACK: Then they must have come through the door. There are skeleton keys in the Lodge, right? Or spares, or whatever.

CAM: I guess.

JACK: Then someone must have snatched one.

CAM: Or just picked the lock.

HUNTER: That isn't what I meant. It wouldn't be hard to get through Jack's door. The problem is bringing a body into the college in the first place. Not only would they likely have to come through the Lodge, which is manned twenty-four/seven, but they'd have to get past god knows how many Silver with a dead human, all without anyone noticing. That seems challenging, to say the least.

JACK: The Dealer did it before. Back in the nineties, we found the first victim in the quad. He could have just come in over the roof.

CAM: But there's a world of difference between getting to the quad and getting through all the winding corridors and staircases that lead here. This old college is a maze. Hunter's right: this is an escalation. Not only is this guy making it clear that he's more brazen than the Dealer ever was, he's also telling us that he can get to you, Jack, even when you're here in the college, where you should be safest.

HUNTER: I don't like it.

CAM: Me neither.

[NOISE OF BOYD RETURNING]

BOYD: All right, the captain's on her way. Hunter, I want you waiting in the Lodge for the police.

HUNTER: You got it.

[NOISE OF HUNTER LEAVING]

BOYD: Cameron, get the lab to send someone over here to liaise with the Scenes of Crime Officers.

CAM: I'll call Ed.

JACK: What can I do?

BOYD: Go to bed.

JACK: Don't bench me, Boyd. I can help here.

BOYD: No, you can't. You're younger than the rest of us, and you need to sleep. Besides, this is going to require diplomacy, Jacqueline, and that is not your forté.

JACK: If you want me out of the way, then just come out and say it.

BOYD: I want you out of the way.

JACK: Well, that was hurtful.

CAM: Here, Jack, take my keys. You'll be close enough to listen through the walls if you have to.

[KEYS JINGLE]

I'll join you once I'm done here.

JACK: But I can--

BOYD: Don't be tiresome, Jacqueline, or I'll make you spend the night going through the fingerprint databases again.

JACK: Night!

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

[PAUSE AS WE LISTEN TO HER FOOTSTEPS
RECEDING]

CAM: (LOW) She should be under guard, sir. Even if this guy isn't the Dealer, he's made his intention to follow that M.O. pretty clear, and you know she won't take the threat seriously until it's too late.

BOYD: (LOW) She's only next door, and she knows the risk, Cameron.

CAM: (LOW) No, she doesn't, because if she admitted it to herself, then she'd have to admit that she's scared, and you know she's too proud to do that.

[PAUSE]

BOYD: (LOW) The best we can do right now is keep an eye on her. Perhaps I could speak to the captain and organise a surveillance rota, one of us with her at all times.

CAM: (LOW) That would help. You're not going to tell Jack about it, though, are you?

BOYD: (LOW) Oh, god no.

CAM: (PAUSE) (LOW) Thank you, Boyd.

BOYD: (LOW) You're welcome, (BEAT) Cam. And don't worry, nothing is going to happen to her. We won't let it.

SCENE 2: THE CONFERENCE ROOM

[CHAIRS SHIFTING ON CARPET AS EVERYONE
SITS DOWN]

BOYD: Good morning, squad. About last night's discovery. Mr Hishikawa's body is now with the Mortuary Service awaiting post mortem, but he's been positively identified by his fingerprints. Cause of death looks like exsanguination.

HUNTER: And the puncture marks?

BOYD: They were pre-mortem. I'm sorry, Hunter, but it looks as though - like Pilate's victims - he was alive when he was nailed to the floor.

JACK: That's just sick.

HUNTER: He was a sick man, Jack.

BOYD: 'Was' being the operative word. Pilate is dead, and the Dealer is dead, and this copycat is neither of them. He will have slipped up somewhere. We just have to find his mistake, and then we'll be able to follow it back to him. So. A sample of the small amount of blood that remained in Mr Hishikawa's body is with our lab for analysis, and hopefully they should have the results later today. The captain and I will be taking a very hard look at the IT department to see who might have had access to our - supposedly secure - Dead Box.

She is, as I'm sure you can imagine, extremely perturbed to discover that we have a potential data leak. I don't have to tell you all how serious this could be. In the meantime, I want to know where we are with the Spade case. Let's start with you, Cameron.

CAM: Spade's post mortem report was pretty much what we expected. Bite mark at the neck, very little blood in his body, and the Mortuary Service haven't got their results back yet, but we already know from our own testing that Mr Spade's blood was full of drugs, human and Silver.

BOYD: As soon as those blood results come back from the lab, and Mr Hishikawa's postmortem is in, I want you comparing the two with the Spade case so we can be sure we're dealing with the same perpetrator. Anything else to report?

CAM: There was a Silver scent on his body, which obviously doesn't show up on the report, but it's been bothering me. I swear I smelled the same thing in your room last night, Jack, and in Hishikawa's college rooms, and every time I smell it I can almost place it, but not quite.

JACK: So, what? You think we're looking for a Silver who's related to someone you know?

CAM: Or someone sired by someone whose scent I know? I have no clue. I've never noticed scents being handed down that way before, but maybe. It's just weird.

BOYD: But not helpful.

JACK: Boyd!

CAM: No, Jack, he's right. It isn't helpful. At least, not yet. Your turn. What did you find out?

JACK: I've been through the social media accounts of Dexter Ells, the guy we've identified as the Ten of Clubs, but he doesn't put much out there. Nothing posted over the past few days, but then he hasn't posted anything for the past fortnight, either, and we know he didn't go missing until Saturday at the very earliest, so that feels like a dead end. While I was wasting time being benched--

BOYD: Jacqueline...

JACK: --I pulled up everything I could find on Pandora Carlton's car accident, and there isn't much publicly available. I'd like to see the police report, and maybe speak to whoever looked after her at the hospital.

BOYD: I'll look into it. Hunter?

JACK: Wait wait wait. Did you speak to Drake about it?

BOYD: (AHEM) Yes.

JACK: And? (BEAT) He wouldn't tell you anything, would he?

BOYD: Hunter.

JACK: Boyd...

BOYD: We are moving on, Jacqueline. Hunter.

HUNTER: Since we've likely found number ten--

BOYD: That's still to be confirmed by DNA test.

HUNTER: Right.

CAM: Ed's working on the sample you collected from Lincoln College now, sir. He should have the results later today.

HUNTER: Right. Well, in the meantime, I'm looking at the next numbers in the series. I've been listening to Cam's podcast about the old Dealer cases and it gave me some ideas.

CAM: See? It's already paying its way.

JACK: Debatable.

HUNTER: So I'm looking at all the University sports teams, seeing who wears numbers eleven, twelve and thirteen for each one. Turns out there's a guy who plays for the football team who they call the Diamond, and he wears number twelve, and there's a girl on the hockey team with the surname Spar who wears number eleven.

JACK: I don't think he'd choose someone with the same surname as the twins he killed back in the nineties. He'd want to be more original than that. It's an evolution, right?

CAM: Besides which, we know who number eleven is going to be, because he's already sent the Jack of Hearts, so he's clearly targeting--

JACK: Don't say it, Cam.

[PAUSE]

HUNTER: Well, there are plenty of surnames on the college rosters that might fit - things like Hertford and Clover - but no first names that relate to the numbers twelve or thirteen. Or eleven. Still, I think we should talk to them all and see if there's anything we're missing.

BOYD: Agreed. Good work, Hunter. Give me the full list and I'll arrange for the colleges to send the students over here for interviews, along with Hishikawa and Ells's friends.

HUNTER: What are we telling them?

BOYD: The usual: we're the University's Security Service, assisting the police.

JACK: We should probably take another look at Pandora's room here at the college, too. Maybe talk to her tutors, see if we can find some link back to whoever turned her Silver. Since Parchek's paper trails lead nowhere, Carlton feels like our strongest lead right now. The fact that she was involved at all feels like it doesn't fit.

BOYD: It's an anomaly, yes. Okay, take Cam with you.

CAM: Actually, the captain wanted to see me about recording a segment for the podcast. It won't take too long, but I need to do that first.

BOYD: In that case, I suppose I could--

CAM: (CLEARS THROAT) (LOW) Hunter.

HUNTER: Oh, er, I can help this morning if you like, Jack. If Cam's busy.

JACK: Thanks for the offer, but I'll be okay on my own.

HUNTER: Sure, but I'd welcome the opportunity for us to work together.

CAM: (LOW) Say yes...

JACK: Um, well, okay. If you're sure. That would be nice. I guess. I mean, as colleagues, it would give us a chance to chat. You know. About the case. And maybe I could help with your interviews too.

HUNTER: Great. I'll go grab the spare key for Pandora Carlton's room from the Lodge and be back in two shakes.

[FOOTSTEPS AS HUNTER LEAVES]

JACK: Okay. Sure. Great. See you back here, you know, then. In a minute, I mean. (LOW) Jesus Christ.

BOYD: What's going on, Jacqueline? (PAUSE) Cameron?

JACK: Nothing. It's nothing.

BOYD: You're up to something. Why are you talking to Hunter in such a peculiar way?

CAM: It's nothing sinister, Deputy. Jack's just finally realising how hot he is.

JACK: Cam!

BOYD: How hot... Oh. I see. *Oh*. Well, in that case, I will say that workplace romances are highly inadvisable and should anything occur between the two of you I would have to assign one of you to another squad.

JACK: It's not an issue. Really, Cam should never have said anything.

BOYD: That's as may be, but should your circumstances change, I require you to inform me. Understood?

JACK: Yes, sir, Deputy, sir!

CAM: Jack...

JACK: Oh look, here's Hunter. See you later.

[NOISE OF JACK LEAVING]

BOYD: That seems like a bad idea, Cameron. I'm not sure why you're encouraging it.

CAM: Well, at least if she's with Hunter then she's not on her own.

BOYD: Ah. I did speak to the captain about that.

CAM: And?

BOYD: She pointed out - and I agree - that if we brought in anyone from the other teams to guard Jacqueline, she'd put two and two together and realise what was going on.

CAM: So it's just us?

BOYD: For now. Don't worry, Cameron. She's in safe hands.

SCENE 3: THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING ON]

LANGFORD: Is it rolling?

CAM: (OFF) Yes, Captain.

LANGFORD: Then turn it off.

CAM: (OFF) Captain?

LANGFORD: Now, please, Mr Sawyer.

CAM: (OFF) Okay. Okay, I'm doing it.

[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING OFF]

It's off. But I'm confused. I thought you called me here to do a recording?

LANGFORD: That was by way of being a ruse. It seemed the easiest way of getting you alone without raising suspicions.

CAM: Suspicions?

LANGFORD: Suspicions, Mr Sawyer. I got some post this morning.

[RUSTLE OF ENVELOPE; TINKLE OF NAIL
HITTING DESK]

Hand-delivered to my desk.

CAM: Another Jack of Hearts?

LANGFORD: Yes, only this time it's been stuck through with a nail. A very large, very rusty nail, covered in dried blood.

CAM: Oh, no. It's going to be Mr Hishikawa's, isn't it?

LANGFORD: Yes, that would be my guess, but I would like you to take this to the lab--

RUSTLE OF PUTTING THINGS BACK IN
ENVELOPE]

--and ask Dr Castell to test it, *very* discreetly. The three of us are the only people who will know about this, and we need to keep the circle small. Do you understand?

CAM: Yes, Captain. But--

LANGFORD: But?

CAM: Why the secrecy?

LANGFORD: Because of the other thing I found in that envelope. Something that, I'm fairly certain, the sender did not mean to leave there.

[RUSTLE]

CAM: What is it? A sticker?

LANGFORD: An index tab. It was stuck on the inside of the envelope, which suggests to me that whoever sent me this playing card reused the envelope without realising this index tab was still stuck in there.

CAM: What's that writing on it?

LANGFORD: It says 'sign here'. And it's in my handwriting.

CAM: Um. Captain. I'm not sure what you're trying to tell me here.

LANGFORD: (SIGH) No, Mr Sawyer, I am not a serial murderer. However, I did send out twenty-six envelopes just like this one at the beginning of the term, each one containing an Attestation with an index tab on it, just like this one, demonstrating where the document should be signed.

CAM: What? To who?

LANGFORD: Whom, Mr Sawyer. To each of the professors on the governing board of Solomon College. Every year we ask them to sign a document confirming that they have complied with the Primus's secrecy pact for the preceding year and have not done or said anything that might lead to the revelation of the existence of the Silver to humanity. Thus my conclusion that this envelope--

[ENVELOPE RUSTLES]

--contained one of those Attestations, and so was delivered by one of the twenty-six recipients of the Attestations.

CAM: You think one of the governing board is doing this?

LANGFORD: It would explain the killer's ability to access Jack's rooms, our case records, and Pandora Carlton. Perhaps there are fingerprints on this envelope--

[RUSTLES]

--or perhaps on the index tab. Either way, please ask Dr Castell to be thorough. And for now, keep this to yourselves.

CAM: I can't even tell Jack?

LANGFORD: *Especially* not Jack. The more danger she's in, the more reckless she becomes, and that's not something I want to encourage. (PAUSE) Off you go, then. Let me know what you find.

SCENE 4: PANDORA'S COLLEGE ROOM[KEYS JINGLE]

HUNTER: Here we are. Room two eighteen.

JACK: I don't think I've ever seen this corridor of the dorms before. It's kind of nice.

[DOOR OPENS]

Jesus Christ! This place is enormous.

[FOOTSTEPS AS JACK LOOKS AROUND]

It's five times the size of my rooms. How is that fair? I've been at Solomon College nearly two decades and I get shoved in rooms that are smaller than our stationery cupboard, but the students get... this? Look at the size of that window! My god, she's even got a walk-in wardrobe.

HUNTER: Well, Ms Carlton is a postgraduate student, so she teaches the undergrads as well as doing her own work. She needs to have space to host tutorials.

JACK: She could host a bloody football match in here! It's going to take us ages to search.

HUNTER: The deputy and I already went through everything thoroughly, and I don't think anyone's been in here since our initial search, so we're only looking for something we might have missed.

JACK: Okay, then.

[WALKING AROUND; OPENING AND CLOSING THINGS; THUMPING AS JACK TRIES TO OPEN DRAWER]

This desk drawer is locked somehow, but I don't see a keyhole.

HUNTER: It's just jammed.

[THUMP]

There you go.

JACK: You searched it already?

[RUSTLING AS JACK ROOTLES THROUGH DRAWER CONTENTS]

HUNTER: Yup.

JACK: Is there anywhere you didn't search?

HUNTER: I don't think so. What exactly are you expecting to find?

JACK: I don't know. An explanation?

HUNTER: For what?

JACK: The puzzle pieces I can't fit together. Look, something awful happened to Pandora Carlton a month ago. I think someone knocked her off her bike deliberately so they could turn her Silver and use her in her boyfriend's murder, but I can't work out why someone would go to the trouble of doing all that.

HUNTER: I guess it keeps the real killer's hands clean.

JACK: But this guy is meticulous. Deliberate. Why introduce a wild card like that? Sure, he drugged her, but he couldn't have been absolutely sure that she'd do what he wanted her to when she was under the influence.

HUNTER: It's risky. Maybe he likes the thrill of that.

[RUSTLING CONTINUES AS JACK SEARCHES]

JACK: I don't know. He seems like a classic organised killer to me, and a drugged-up newbie would be nothing but a spanner in the works for him. It just doesn't make sense.

[SEARCHING NOISES]

HUNTER: Sometimes these things don't make sense. Killers do awful things all the time for no reason at all, and you'll drive yourself crazy trying to work out why. People can't always be solved.

JACK: Is that how you feel about Pilate? (PAUSE) Cam played me your recording. I hope you don't mind.

HUNTER: Well, I guess that's only fair, seeing as how he played me yours. Are you doing okay?

JACK: Sure. Why wouldn't I be?

HUNTER: Because last night you found a dead man in your bed. You'd be forgiven for being a little... rattled.

JACK: And that dead man was killed using the signature of a killer you tracked halfway across the Yukon. You'd be forgiven for being a little rattled too, but here you are.

HUNTER: Here we both are.

[PAUSE]

JACK: I worked that case before he crossed the Atlantic. The Pilate case, I mean. We could never work out why he killed them the way he did. He didn't have a religious background, and he never gave any indication that he had a calling or a mission from god.

His victims were totally random, as though he was killing just because he saw an opportunity rather than because he thought the victim deserved to die. That's not normal for killers that use a religious signature.

HUNTER: You wanted to ask him why.

JACK: Maybe.

HUNTER: But I killed him, so now you can't. I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK: I'm not blaming you, Hunter. We never worked out why the Dealer did what he did either, and I killed him myself before I could ask. You do what you've got to do. We all know that. And I guess you're right - sometimes there is no reason.

HUNTER: But you find that unsatisfying.

JACK: I want it all to make sense, because then we might be able to fight it. If it's just mindless chaos... There's nothing here, Hunter. Thanks for looking with me again, but there's nowhere she could be hiding anything, and this place is just immaculate. (LOW) Ugh.

[PAUSE]

HUNTER: What's wrong?

JACK: Nothing.

HUNTER: Jack?

JACK: No, it's nothing. It's just... It makes me wish I'd tidied up my rooms a bit before you saw them this morning. Because next to this... It's a bit of a contrast, isn't it?

HUNTER: *That's* what you're worried about? You think I'd judge you for a little mess? Jack.

[RUSTLE AS HUNTER MOVES CLOSER AND
TAKES HER HAND]

You never have to pretend to be anything other than who you are. You're allowed to be a little messy. It's part of you. (LOW) Don't wish yourself away.

[PAUSE]

JACK: Hunter, I--

[DOOR OPENS; FOOTSTEPS]

Cam! Cam's here. Hey Cam.

CAM: Hi, you two. Learn anything interesting?

JACK: Nope. Nothing. Nothing at all. Great to see you, Cam. Shall we go and speak to Pandora's tutor? Thanks for your help, Hunter, but we can take it from here.

HUNTER: (LAUGHING) Of course. I'll see you this afternoon, then.
Interview room at two o'clock?

JACK: This afternoon? Oh, right. Yes. For the student interviews.
Absolutely. Two o'clock. Yes. Right. See you then.

CAM: Thanks for stepping in, Hunter.

HUNTER: Not a problem. Bye, then. (SOFTLY) Bye, Jack.

[FOOTSTEPS AWAY]

JACK: Oh my god I am such an idiot.

CAM: What did I just walk in on?

JACK: Nothing. Absolutely nothing. How did the recording go
with the captain?

CAM: Um. Fine. Yeah, fine.

JACK: What are you not telling me?

CAM: What are *you* not telling *me*?

[PAUSE]

JACK: All right. Then let's just keep our secrets to ourselves and
go interview this professor, shall we?

CAM: (RELIEVED EXHALE) Good idea.

SCENE 5: THE TUTOR'S STUDY[KNOCK KNOCK][DOOR OPENS]

PROFESSOR WILKS: Yes?

CAM: Professor Wilks?

PROFESSOR WILKS: Yes.

CAM: Seekers. Could we come in?

PROFESSOR WILKS: I'm rather busy at the moment--

JACK: We have some questions about Pandora Carlton and her involvement in the death of Casian Spade. You're her tutor?

PROFESSOR WILKS: Yes, but I'm not sure what I could tell you. I don't know anything about that.

CAM: We're just trying to get an outsider's perspective, Professor Wilks.

PROFESSOR WILKS: On what, exactly?

JACK: Her turning Silver, in particular. You're the one who arranged for her to be moved to Solomon College?

PROFESSOR WILKS: At the baron's request, yes. Since it happened so close to the start of term, we - the governing board - agreed that it would be best to transfer her straight here instead of having her continue at Merton. As I'm sure you can imagine, a young woman going through the Silver transition surrounded by a college full of humans would have been less than ideal. It was bad enough that she insisted on retaining that boyfriend of hers.

JACK: Insisted?

PROFESSOR WILKS: Oh, insisted. It's fortunate that it took her only a few days to master hiding the silver in her eyes, or we might all have been exposed by her stubbornness.

[PODCAST ON]

CAM: Hey, listeners! Cam here with a little refresher on hiding your silver. If you're a newbie Silver, I don't need to tell you what the most noticeable difference between the Silver and humans is: where humans have blood vessels in the whites of their eyes, we have this silver-coloured liquid instead. It looks awesome, I know, but you can't just go wandering around showing it off because then humans are bound to work out that something supernatural's going on, and you'll have the Seekers knocking on your door in no time. To avoid that, we all need to learn to pass as human by hiding our silver, in the same way that we have to master our other supernatural skills, like super-speed and super-hearing and all of that. Some people, like Pandora, get the hang of it within a month.

Most of us take a little longer to get that much constant control over the little muscles in our eyes, so if that's you, don't panic! You'll get there eventually, but until then you'll need to stay out of sight of humans, or pull out your sunglasses whenever you're in public. Just remember: keep that silver hidden by any means necessary, and we won't have to lock you away until you can do it by skill alone. Cam out.

[PODCAST OFF]

JACK: Did she bring him here, Professor? The boyfriend?

PROFESSOR WILKS: No. It was a condition of her residence. No human visitors. In case of accidents, you know. We couldn't stop her from visiting him off site, of course, and then look what happened.

CAM: Was her level of control a concern, then?

PROFESSOR WILKS: No more than it is with any new Silver. Really, there's not much I can tell you. Now, if you don't mind, I have a tutorial at one.

[DOOR SHUTS]

JACK: Well.

CAM: Hmm.

[WALKING AWAY]

JACK: Is it just me, or was that weird?

CAM: I don't know. A lot of the professors are like that.

JACK: Too much brain, not enough manners?

CAM: Exactly.

JACK: You heard what he said about Drake?

CAM: (WARNING) Jack...

JACK: Come on, Cam. He's up to his eyeballs in the mystery around Pandora's transformation and he's telling us *nothing*. Something's going on.

CAM: He's our boss. Worse, he's our boss's boss or, if you're counting the deputy, our boss's boss's boss. It's above your pay grade, so leave it alone. If it were important, he'd have told us.

JACK: (SARCASTICALLY) Yeah, right.

CAM: Leave it, Jack. Come on. Let's grab some lunch and go help Hunter with the student interviews. He's going to need all the help he can get.

SCENE 6: THE INTERVIEW ROOMS

[SOUNDS OF CHAOTIC CHATTER IN THE
CORRIDORS OF THE SEEKERS HQ;
STUDENTS EVERYWHERE]

[DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING]

HUNTER: (OFF) (SHOUTING) Thank you, everyone, for your time!
Please return to your colleges!

[PAUSE]

CAM: (SHOUTING) Please disperse!

JACK: (SHOUTING) Do not pass Go! Do not collect two hundred
dollars!

[NOISE CONTINUES]

CAM: They're not leaving. Don't they have homes to go to?
Essays to write? Studying to do?

JACK: Ah, sweet, innocent Cam. How little you understand
student psychology. (SHOUTING) Half-price pints at the
King's Arms!

[CHEERING; NOISE GRADUALLY RECEDES AS
STUDENTS LEAVE]

HUNTER: Thank you, Jack. I thought we'd never get them out of here.

JACK: No worries, Hunter. See, the thing you need to understand about students is that they're like mould: they hang around big old college buildings and loiter in sheltered corners, but they're easily eradicated if you apply a little alcohol.

HUNTER: (LAUGHS) I need to check in with the deputy.

JACK: While you're at it, would you tell him that we spoke to Pandora's tutor, Professor Wilks?

HUNTER: Sure. Anything to report?

JACK: I got a weird vibe.

CAM: She means no. Thanks, Hunter.

HUNTER: No problem. See you tomorrow, Jack?

JACK: Yeah. Great. See you then.

CAM: Bye!

[STEPS AS HUNTER LEAVES]

[PAUSE]

CAM: Staring a little, there, Jack. Hate to see him go, love to watch him leave?

JACK: Shut up.

CAM: You two seemed pretty cosy working the interviews together this afternoon. That's all.

JACK: And that *is* all, Cam. Working. That's it. All right?

CAM: If you say so. Did you get anything useful, then?

JACK: Maybe. Nothing on the potential elevens, twelves and thirteens, but both Hishikawa and Ells had mystery ladies in their lives who started coming and going at strange times of day. Maybe that's part of the pattern. Maybe they all ended up like Pandora Carlton.

CAM: You think the killer's picking out his targets' girlfriends and turning them Silver?

JACK: Maybe. Not girlfriends, though. Not for Hishikawa and Ells. Their friends described the women more like casual hookups; they couldn't even give us names. But if a couple of new Silver had popped up, there'd be records of that somewhere, wouldn't there?

CAM: Probably.

JACK: Somewhere like Drake's mansion?

CAM: Jack--

[TEXT MESSAGE ARRIVES]

That's me. Oh. Ed wants me to swing by the lab.

JACK: Do you want me to come with?

CAM: (PANICKED) No, um. Thanks, but no. I should go on my own.

JACK: Oh, I see. More photocopier canoodling, is it? Then I'll go see if I can dig up some dirt on Professor Wilks. He creeped me out.

CAM: You think he might be involved?

JACK: Don't you? He's Silver, he's a chemist with access to all kinds of drugs, and as a professor at Solomon College, I wouldn't be surprised if he had access to the Dead Box as well.

CAM: (LOW) Okay, yes, good idea, but do it quietly, okay? We don't want to tip him off.

JACK: I'm not exactly going to shout about the fact that we think a professor might have--

CAM: (LOW) *Quietly*, Jack.

JACK: Jeez, okay. Quietly.

CAM: Good. I'll walk you back to the office.

JACK: It's in the opposite direction from the lab.

CAM: That's okay. I don't mind.

JACK: What are you talking about? You'll be doubling back on yourself.

CAM: I know, but I'm in no rush.

[PAUSE]

JACK: Oh my god. *That's* why you made Hunter come with me to Pandora's rooms this morning. You're playing bodyguard. I can't believe you, Cam! I don't need a bloody babysitter.

CAM: I know that, Jack. I'm just worried about you, that's all. There's a killer on the loose and--

JACK: Yes, I know, you think he's targeting me, but even if that's true he's hardly going to have a chance to snatch me at Solomon College, in broad daylight, between here and the twenty yards I'll have to walk to get back to the office. Is he?

CAM: (PAUSE) Maybe.

JACK: No, he's not. Now run along and see your boyfriend before he starts to wonder where you are.

CAM: You'll take care? You promise?

JACK: Just go! Walk away! Now, please.

CAM: Okay. I'm going. Bye. Just be careful, okay?

JACK: Goodbye, Cam!

[CAM WALKS AWAY]

(LOW) Jesus Christ. Right. Now to get some real answers.

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

JACK: Hello, Drake. Miss me?

[LIGHT SWITCH ON]

DRAKE: Waiting for me in the dark in my own office, Ms Valentine. How very cloak and dagger of you.

JACK: We need to talk about Pandora Carlton. I want to see the police report, I want to talk to whoever treated her at the hospital, I want to know how many other girls have been turned in mysterious circumstances recently, and I want to know whatever you know that's making your face go blank like that, like it does when you're trying to look inscrutable. And failing, I might add.

DRAKE: You don't want much, do you? And here I was thinking... Well. (PAUSE) Come on.

JACK: What?

[FOOTSTEPS]

DRAKE: Out.

JACK: You're ejecting me? Seriously? Without telling me a single thing about how Pandora Carlton-- Wait. What are you doing?

DRAKE: Getting my coat.

JACK: Why are *you* getting your coat when *I'm* the one leaving?

DRAKE: Because I'm taking you back to the college.

[PAUSE]

JACK: Did Cam call you?

DRAKE: You walked across the city alone, in the dark, less than twenty-four hours after you found a dead man in your bed, put there by a killer who has made his intentions towards you more than clear. Yes, Mr Sawyer called me. Thank god he called me. He was sick with panic, and now I can tell him he has no reason to be--

[SOUND OF TEXT MESSAGE BEING TYPED]

--because you haven't been kidnapped by a serial killer, you're just too pig-headed to follow a simple and very reasonable request from someone who loves you and wants to keep you safe.

[SOUND OF TEXT MESSAGE BEING SENT]

So. Shall we?

JACK: I'm not leaving until you tell me--

DRAKE: We can walk and talk. And before you try to argue with me, let me make it clear that that is my very final offer.

[DOOR CLOSES]

JACK: Fine. Then start talking.

[IN THIS SECTION OF DIALOGUE THEY'RE
WALKING ALONG CARPETED CORRIDOR
THEN DOWN SOME CARPETED STAIRS TO
THE FRONT DOOR]

DRAKE: Then I'll start with your last question: I'm not aware of any other young women turning Silver recently. Just Ms Carlton.

JACK: Hmm. Well, that's unhelpful. And the rest?

DRAKE: What was your first demand? Oh, yes. The police report. There is no police report.

JACK: What? Why not?

DRAKE: Because although Ms Carlton might well have been involved in a hit and run on Broad Street, she was actually found outside A and E. Thankfully, the doctor who first treated her is one of ours and recognised the bite mark immediately.

JACK: I want to speak to the doctor.

DRAKE: I'm sure you do, but since the doctor in question is human and shouldn't technically know anything about the Silver, you can't. I, however, have done so on your behalf, and can tell you everything they know about Ms Carlton.

JACK: That's ridiculous. I need to speak to the doctor myself.

DRAKE: And I need to make sure that the doctor's delicate position isn't jeopardised by the Seekers.

JACK: I can be discreet.

DRAKE: No, Jack.

[FRONT DOOR OPENING]

You can't. You are the polar opposite of discreet.

[FRONT DOOR CLOSING - OUTSIDE NOW]

So you can either listen to their account from me or you can hear nothing at all.

[WALKING DOWN THREE FRONT STEPS THEN
OVER GRAVEL OUTSIDE]

JACK: Fine. Then tell me.

DRAKE: When you ask so nicely, how can I refuse?

JACK: You are so annoying.

DRAKE: And you are pushing your luck again, Jack. If my guest suite still isn't good enough for you, then the offer of a cobweb-filled box in my basement stands.

JACK: Locking me up is literally the only way you'd get me to spend the night under your roof.

[LOADED PAUSE]

DRAKE: Noted.

JACK: I didn't mean-- Just tell me about the doctor, would you?

[WALKING ON PAVEMENT OUTSIDE FROM
NOW ON]

JACK: Drake?

DRAKE: I was waiting for you to remember your manners.

JACK: My-- (MUTTERING) For fuck's sake. (NORMAL) Please, almighty Baron Drake?

DRAKE: Childish, Jack.

JACK: You started it.

DRAKE: (SIGH) Ms Carlton was discovered in the ambulance bay outside the hospital by one of the paramedics on his way back to his vehicle.

It was about ten-thirty on a Saturday night, and they were busy, so she couldn't have been there long. She had nothing with her - no bag, no bicycle - just her phone and wallet in her pockets. The paramedics got her on a gurney and took her inside, where she was assessed by our doctor friend. Ms Carlton didn't have any injuries apart from the bite mark on her neck, although she was wearing a cycle helmet that, as I understand it, showed some signs of impact. She'd lost a lot of blood, and she was unconscious, so our friend tended to her bite wound, gave her a transfusion, and called me. I had her brought back here and then arranged a transfer to Solomon College. That's all we know.

JACK: All you know? Come on. What scent marks was she carrying? What did the bite mark look like? Did anyone swab the bite for evidence? Were there fingerprints or fibres left behind?

DRAKE: I have no more answers for you. Our doctor contact is human, so they didn't pick up on any scent marks, and by the time we collected Ms Carlton she had washed and changed to leave the hospital, so any other evidence was gone. As for the bite mark... Well, you know how quickly super-healing kicks in with a blood transfusion. Intravenous is always more effective. Less fun, of course.

JACK: Obviously. Needles. Ugh.

DRAKE: I didn't know you were phobic.

JACK: Because you don't *know* me at all. And anyway, I'm not phobic exactly, but does anyone actually *like* their skin being punctured?

DRAKE: (SEDUCTIVELY) You've been bitten before, Jack. It can be... Well. If Winta did it right when she turned you, then you must remember how pleasurable--

JACK: (FLUSTERED) Yeah. Maybe. Whatever. You're changing the subject.

DRAKE: (AMUSED NOISE)

[PAUSE]

(AMUSED) You were asking about the doctor.

JACK: Yes. The doctor. Right. Right. (DEEP BREATH) So what you're telling me is that between Pandora healing, her stuff missing and any scent or blood evidence being washed away, we have nothing.

DRAKE: Nothing except what Ms Carlton might remember which, as with the night of Mr Spade's death, is nothing so far.

JACK: Bugger. I had this theory that the killer turned her Silver so he could use her to kill Spade, but you're saying that literally any of the Silver could have done it, and their reasons for doing so might have nothing at all to do with this case.

DRAKE: Well, not literally any of the Silver. Turning someone Silver is not an easy thing. There's no guarantees that it'll work. Most of the time it doesn't, in fact, unless there's an existing relationship between the sire and the person they intend to turn.

JACK: Are you saying that Pandora and this guy had a thing?

DRAKE: No, I don't mean they were *in* a relationship. Just... they might have had a relationship of some kind. If they didn't know each other at all, he would have been taking a significant gamble in attempting to turn her. Though, of course, he may have done exactly that.

[PAUSE]

JACK: If only she could remember something. Has she said anything to you?

DRAKE: I wouldn't characterise Ms Carlton as talkative. She keeps to herself. She hasn't left the house. In fact, she hasn't left her room at all, beyond the occasional visit to the library.

JACK: You've got your own personal *library*?

DRAKE: Of course. Who doesn't? (BEAT) But no, the library is an archive. It comes along with being the Baron of Oxford, just like the rest of the house. None of it actually belongs to me.

JACK: Still. What does she read?

DRAKE: Romance novels mostly.

JACK: I can understand that. She killed the man she loved, and she can't even remember why.

DRAKE: But she's resilient. Look at how quickly she adjusted to being Silver. She'll get through this, too, I have no doubt.

[PAUSE]

JACK: I was supposed to study here, you know. At Oxford. Like Pandora.

DRAKE: I know.

JACK: When I got turned, you could have set me up at Solomon College like you did for her.

[PAUSE]

DRAKE: You would have been wasted in academia, Jack. You were born to be a Seeker.

JACK: But I didn't get much of a choice, did I?

DRAKE: Jack--

JACK: We're here. You've walked me home. You can go away now.

DRAKE: Daily updates, remember?

JACK: Yes, fine.

DRAKE: Daily, Jack. I mean it.

JACK: And I said fine. Go home, Drake.

DRAKE: Wait-- What's that in the quad? Stay here.

JACK: Is that a playing card?

[FOOTSTEPS]

DRAKE: Jack, wait. Wait! Don't come any closer. It's a Jack of Hearts, it's covered in blood and--

[NOISE OF GOING UP IN FLAMES]

--it's self-combusted.

JACK: Put it out!

DRAKE: With what?

JACK: I don't know, but put it out! It's evidence! (BEAT) Was evidence. And now it's ash. (SIGH)

[PAUSE]

DRAKE: What do you think it means?

JACK: It means Ed won't be able to pull a print off it, or salvage a DNA profile.

DRAKE: Don't be facetious, Jack. The flaming playing card is clearly a message of some kind. So is it a threat? Do you recognise it as a signature? What does it mean?

[PAUSE]

JACK: I have no idea.