

SCENE 1: SOUTH PARK

[FIRE CRACKLING; SIRENS; FIREWORKS;
FAIRGROUND RIDES; LOTS OF PANICKED
VOICES OF CROWD; OUTSIDE]

[TALKING AND WALKING]

CAM: The police haven't cleared the site?

JACK: Give them a chance, Cam. They only found the body ten minutes ago. And when I say they found the body, I mean the moment they lit the bonfire the entire bloody crowd saw the body backlit by the flames--

CROWD PERSON 1: (OFF) My god, his face! I thought it was just the guy, but...

CROWD PERSON 2: (OFF) Mannequins don't leak like that.

CROWD PERSON 3: (OFF) Jesus, David!

[SCREAMS]

CAM: Yeah. The panic isn't helping. Let's find the squad and see if we can get a proper account of what happened.

JACK: Good luck with that.

CAM: I've got a bad feeling about this, Jack. A really, really bad feeling.

[TITLE SEQUENCE]

[OUTSIDE; SHOUTING; WATER HOSES;
INTERMITTENT SIRENS]

JACK: They're still putting out the fire, but they've managed to get the body down, at least. Shame the police beat us to it. We're not going to get anywhere near. Is there anything you can do, Boyd?

BOYD: Hunter managed to run in and grab blood samples, but other than that, we'll have to wait for the postmortem. Did you see anything from behind the tape, Hunter? Is it Dexter Ells?

HUNTER: He's about the same height and weight, and there are holes in his hands and feet, so I would guess so, though they'll need to look at his teeth to be sure. Beyond that and the violence mark you can probably smell from here, we wouldn't have got much from the body anyway. Everything's been burned.

JACK: I don't understand the bonfire. He's stacking his signatures wrong. He started out with one - the Dealer's - when he killed Casian Spade. Then he used two signatures - the Dealer's and Pilate's - when he killed Hishikawa Kuro, and he followed the details of each signature meticulously. From the scene in Mina's darkroom, he'd already ticked off signatures one and two with Ells, but this... This doesn't make sense. The Burning Man always burned people in their beds, so why the public bonfire? It doesn't fit.

HUNTER: Maybe we have the wrong signature.

JACK: Then what other creeps do we know who burn their victims? Boyd, you've been here longest.

BOYD: There are no others that I can recall.

JACK: Then the only explanation is that he's stopped caring so much about getting the signatures right, because he's losing control.

CAM: Um. Not the only explanation. When you came to fetch me, Jack, I was doing my recording for the podcast. One of my old cases.

JACK: Oh god which one?

CAM: The Super-Speed Streaker.

JACK: But that was just Ed. He didn't kill anyone.

CAM: No, but he did do his... naked thing right after we boxed the Burning Man, and we worked out that Ed was the streaker right here in South Park, five years ago, at the Bonfire Night fireworks.

JACK: Uh oh.

CAM: Yeah. It feels like too many coincidences to ignore.

[PAUSE]

BOYD: Who knew you were making that recording today, Cameron?

CAM: I don't know. I didn't tell anyone, but whenever people ask me about working for the Seekers, the Super-Speed Streaker story is the one I tell them. It's not a secret.

[LOUD CROWD NEARBY, PEOPLE WALKING CLOSE]

BOYD: (LOW) We can discuss this further back at the college. For now, I think we've got all we can from the scene. I'm not picking up any significant scents in this crowd. Cameron?

CAM: No. None.

BOYD: Then return to your assignments while we await word from our police liaison. Dismissed.

[SOUNDS OF CLOTHES RUSTLING; PEOPLE WALKING ACROSS GRASS]

[CAM'S PHONE RING]

CAM: Oop, that's me. It's Ed. (OFF) Hey, Ed.

HUNTER: Jack, wait up. Have you eaten yet?

JACK: Hey, Hunter. No, but I don't have much of an appetite after that.

HUNTER: Well, maybe a drink then?

JACK: Sure. We could all probably do with one.

HUNTER: Actually, I was thinking just you and me.

JACK: Oh. Um.

HUNTER: I'm sorry. Did I read this all wrong? I thought... Yesterday in Pandora's rooms, I thought there was a moment--

JACK: No. No, you're not wrong. It's just... We're trying to catch a serial killer, you know. And it's been a lot, and apparently my life is being threatened, blah-de-blah, and it's not that I'm not interested, because I am, I *definitely* am--

HUNTER: But?

JACK: But I don't want to ruin something that might be... something, by not giving it my full attention. So maybe you could ask me again when we've solved this case?

HUNTER: Maybe I'll do that.

JACK: Only maybe?

HUNTER: (CHUCKLING) Okay, I'll *definitely* do that. In the meantime, maybe I could walk you back to the college?

JACK: (WARMLY) Maybe you could.

SCENE 2: THE LAB[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

CAM: Hello, Ed, my wonderful scientist.

ED: Hello, Cam.

CAM: So, you rang? What have you got for me? The results from the bonfire victim's blood can't be in already, can they? Or maybe (BEAT) did you call me down to the lab to show me the centrifuge again?

ED: No, sorry. Not this time. The bonfire victim's results are on their way - we're not going to get DNA from them, you know. It denatures at temperatures that high - but in the meantime I've got the DNA results from Ms Parchek's darkroom. The blood on the floor and on her skin does indeed belong to Mr Ells. The blood in Ms Parchek's veins, however, does not. She might have been wearing Mr Ells's blood, but she didn't drink it.

CAM: That's kind of a relief. Was she drugged?

ED: Yes. The same mix as before.

CAM: Which would explain the memory loss.

ED: With that amount? Indubitably. (BEAT) There's something else I need you to see.

I was looking at the photos of Mr Hishikawa's injuries from the post mortem, comparing them to Mr Spade's.

[RUSTLING PAPER]

Have you ever heard of bite mark analysis?

CAM: I can guess what it is, if that's what you're asking.

ED: Okay. Well. Here's the thing: bite mark analysis is largely derided as junk science these days. It's based on the idea that you can take a cast of someone's teeth and line up the resulting model with impressions left by teeth in the skin of a victim, thus determining definitively whether or not that person's teeth left those marks. The problem, of course, is that skin and flesh are not only malleable, but also bruise differently from person to person, so the same pressure from the same object will create quite different marks on different individuals and in different locations on their skin, depending on the force and direction of pressure from the teeth, along with such variables as age, ambient temperature, resistance, and so forth.

CAM: Okay. So we can't tell anything from the bite marks on our victims' necks, but did you find any DNA in the swabs we took from the bites?

ED: Nothing of any use -- it's the usual DNA mix -- so bite mark analysis is all we have.

[PODCAST ON]

CAM: (CLOSE) Hey listeners! Cam here cutting in with another explainer. You might be sitting there wondering: what do you mean 'the usual DNA mix'? Well, the thing about the Silver is that most of us no longer carry DNA of our own. As your body breaks down, it repairs itself using the blood you consume, so you become a kind of patchwork of the DNA of everyone who's blood you drink. It's kind of cool, but if the bad guys are just drinking standard mixed blood from the Solomon College blood banks, it's useless for solving crimes. Ed might have the most advanced laboratory in the world, and he might be able process DNA results at record speeds, but most of the time it's not much use for identifying the Silver. That would make our jobs too easy, right? Anyway, back to Ed and his weird science.

[PODCAST OFF]

ED: I might have something, though. There are some rare circumstances in which bite mark analysis is not entirely useless. That is in those rare cases where the victim remains motionless, every tooth of the attacker breaks the surface of the skin, and the attacker's teeth have some odd feature to them that is so idiosyncratic as to be unmistakable in the impression of their bite.

CAM: What are you saying, Ed?

ED: I'm saying that whoever bit Mr Hishikawa suffered from hyperdontia.

If you look here in the photo, you can see there's an additional puncture next to the cut left by each of the premolars where, in the bite mark of a typical adult, there would be nothing.

CAM: Sorry, you mean whoever bit Mr Hishikawa has more teeth than they should?

ED: That's right, bilateral parapremolar supernumerary teeth. One on each side. They're small, but they're there. And if you look here at the photo from Mr Spade's postmortem--

[SHEET OF PHOTO PAPER SLIDING ONTO
BENCH]

--the bite mark on his neck has exactly the same abnormality, indicating with some degree of certainty that this bite was created by the same set of teeth.

CAM: One extra little tooth on each side, just behind the top canines?

ED: Right. So my question for you is: how many teeth does Pandora Carlton have, and how did she know Mr Hishikawa?

[PAUSE]

CAM: I need to call Jack and Boyd.

[STEPS RUSHING AWAY, THEN RUSHING BACK
AGAIN]

Thank you, you brilliant man. [KISS] You may have just broken this case.

[STEPS RUSHING AWAY]

ED: Well. Isn't that nice.

[BEEP BEEP OF MACHINES; PRINTING NOISE]

Ah, that'll be the blood results from the bonfire victim.

[RUSTLE OF PAPER]

Oh. Oh dear.

SCENE 3: THE BARON'S MANSION

[CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES; CRUNCH
OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL]

[SOUND OF PHONE RINGING DOWN OPEN
LINE; CLICKS AS PICKED UP]

JACK: (D) Yeah?

CAM: Hey, Jack, can you meet me?

[GRAVEL CONTINUES]

JACK: (D) Hey, Cam. Where are you?

CAM: You're not going to like the answer.

[GRAVEL CONTINUES]

[PAUSE]

JACK: (D) You're in Summertown, aren't you? At the mansion of the Prime Bastard himself. Is he complaining about his 'daily updates' again? As if we're not busy enough.

CAM: It's important.

JACK: (D) Explain.

CAM: Ed had a look at the bite marks on the first two victims and he thinks we've got a match.

JACK: (D) Are you saying that Pandora bit Hishikawa too?

CAM: It's starting to look that way. And there's more: you know how I keep running across that scent I sort of recognise? In Mina's darkroom, at the Hishikawa place, and on Hishikawa's body when we found him in your bed--

JACK: (D) Don't remind me.

CAM: --well, I think I've finally placed it. I think it's Pandora Carlton's.

JACK: (D) No. That can't be right. If it were her scent then you'd have identified it immediately, like you did at the Spade house.

CAM: Yes, I would have, if it hadn't been distorted.

JACK: (D) I don't understand.

CAM: She's been using a mix of chemicals to mask her own scent and replace it with a slightly different one, so it's not quite recognisable. The baron called the captain when he noticed her scent was changing day to day, and the captain sent me up here to check the scent, and I swear it's a match for the one at the crime scenes.

JACK: But that's impossible. The Silver can't change their personal scents. Can they?

CAM: Up until an hour ago, I would have said no, but then I smelled it for myself.

JACK: But Pandora's brand new. If she really has found a way to mask her scent, how did she do it so quickly?

CAM: We think she had help from Professor Wilks. We think he might have been manipulating her into participating in the murders. All of them, not just Casian Spade's.

JACK: (D) What? That doesn't make sense with the timelines, though. She's been at Drake's place for days, and she was in a box for part of it--

CAM: There's still more.

JACK: (D) Okay...

CAM: Boyd and the captain are up here too. They got a call from Ed that they won't talk to me about, and they want you and Hunter here immediately.

JACK: (D) The captain's there?

CAM: I overheard a bit of their phone conversation, and between you and me, there's a problem with the bonfire victim's blood.

JACK: (D) What kind of problem?

CAM: It's not human.

[PAUSE]

JACK: (D) We'll be right there.

SCENE 4: THE BARON'S OFFICE[RAISED VOICES ARGUING]

LANGFORD: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) We can't assume that it's Mr Ells's Silver girlfriend just because it fits the pattern. There could be any number of reasons that a Silver would end up on top of the bonfire, and it may be unrelated to the killer--

BOYD: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) I really can't believe that you would listen in on a telephone conversation that your captain was having on a very sensitive matter. Perhaps you've been spending too much time with your partner--

CAM: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) I didn't mean to overhear, but I don't understand why you wouldn't tell me anyway. If this is related to our case and the victim is whoever was in a relationship with Mr Ells then doesn't that make her a more likely--

[DOOR OPENS]

DRAKE: (LOUDLY) Ms Valentine. Mr Alderley. Thank you for coming. Now perhaps everyone will settle down?

JACK: What's going on?

DRAKE: It appears that we have something of a situation. Captain?

LANGFORD: Ah, you're here. Good. (TIRED SIGH) All hands on deck, I'm afraid. Dr Castell has the preliminary blood results back from the bonfire victim. They're Silver.

JACK: Yes, Captain. Cam said on the phone.

LANGFORD: Yes, but what he might not have said is: since the victim is Silver, we have no idea whether or not they're actually dead, which means that we need to get our hands on the possibly-still-alive body as soon as possible, preferably right now, and certainly before the Mortuary Service starts cutting into it.

HUNTER: You think they might still be alive? After that?

LANGFORD: Yes, Mr Alderley, I do. You know better than most how much it takes to kill the Silver, and I assure you, a little bonfire is nothing compared with what I've survived over the years. The deputy and I are going down there now to intervene, and in the meantime you, Ms Valentine and Mr Sawyer are going to stay here and sort out this mess with Pandora Carlton. If the bonfire victim is still alive, then we should know within the hour. We'll be in touch. Come along, Deputy.

[BRISK FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES]

JACK: All right, then. I guess we need to speak to Pandora. Where is she, Drake?

DRAKE: In her rooms, I imagine. If the three of you would like to adjourn to the meeting room across the hall, I'll have her brought to you.

[INTERCOM BUZZ]

(OFF) Hugo, could you bring Ms Carlton to the Jericho room, please?

(OFF SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE FOLLOWING)

No, move that meeting to tomorrow, and ask the doctor to send the blood samples to the laboratory at Solomon College for testing. (PAUSE) No, I don't think we need to go that far. If you want to patch the call through to me here in my office then I'll discuss it with her directly.

JACK: I guess we're dismissed, then.

[FOOTSTEPS ON CARPET AS THEY MOVE TO OFFICE DOOR]

CAM: (LOW) Don't make a fuss, Jack.

HUNTER: (LOW) Rude sonovabitch sometimes, isn't he?

DRAKE: I heard that, Mr Alderley.

(OFF SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE FOLLOWING

DIALOGUE) Yes, good evening to you, too. It has indeed been a while.

I understand there's some issue with the approval for the transfer from Yorkshire that we need to address.

JACK: (SNICKERING) Come on.

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES; FOOTSTEPS
CROSSING CORRIDOR; OPEN AND CLOSE
NEW DOOR AND ALL 3 PULL CHAIRS FROM
AROUND TABLE AND SIT DOWN]

Hey, Cam, did I hear the captain right when we arrived? They think the maybe-dead Silver is Dexter Ells's mystery woman?

CAM: It's a theory. It would make more sense than it being Dexter Ells himself.

JACK: Because he should be tied to a bed somewhere.

CAM: I'm afraid so.

JACK: But I thought the bonfire victim was a man? You saw the body up close, Hunter. What did you think?

HUNTER: It was hard to tell much except general size and shape, and that could have fit any gender, so not much help.
(PAUSE) I should have realised they were Silver.

CAM: I don't know. I didn't get as close as you, but if there was a personal scent, I didn't smell it beneath the burning, and the violence mark was pretty strong, too.

I wouldn't beat yourself up. (PAUSE) I should be beating myself up about the podcast recordings, though.

JACK: What? Why?

CAM: Well, you know how I said it was just a coincidence that the murders seemed to be referring to the podcast episodes we were recording?

JACK: *You* were recording. But yes...

CAM: Well, um, maybe I was wrong. Remember how I lost that iPad a few weeks ago? Yeah, well, I thought I'd disabled it, but apparently I did it wrong, so whoever took it could have accessed everything I stored in the cloud, including the raw podcast recordings.

HUNTER: What cloud?

JACK: But you said the murders couldn't have anything to do with the podcast because they came before you did the recordings.

CAM: Yes... That's true, but I also sort of made some notes while I was planning the podcast. You know, what cases you might each talk about, what questions to ask you, how to shape the episodes, and they're all saved in the Notes app on my phone, which backs up my my iPad, so... Yeah.

JACK: Ugh, Cam. (BEAT) Where did you lose it?

CAM: At Solomon College. Actually, now that I think about it, it was probably in the canteen. Near the top table.

HUNTER: Where the professors eat?

CAM: (WINCING) Yeah.

JACK: For gods sake, Wilks probably just... picked it up. It would have given him a perfect window into your, and my, life, and when you started first making notes about and then *recording* the bloody podcast he probably couldn't believe his luck. He's been using it to plan exactly how to murder his next victim in a way that will feel personal and invasive and bloody awful to us.

CAM: To you, Jack.

JACK: For some reason we still don't understand.

CAM: I'm sorry.

JACK: Never mind. At least it's a lead. Have you remotely disabled and wiped the thing now though? Because if not, maybe we can use it to track Wilks.

CAM: Um, not so much. The IT department says Wilks, or whoever has it now, has switched out the account it's associated with, so it isn't talking to my devices anymore.

JACK: So we can't wipe it or track it or anything?

CAM: No, but at least nothing new is being uploaded to it from the cloud. The captain is... Well, there are going to be consequences, she said, and they'll be worse than a few reprimands. You might need to find a new partner for a while, Jack.

JACK: Dammit, Cam. But you're the only one I like.

[PAUSE]

HUNTER: You both lost me miles back. Could you maybe run all that iPad stuff by me again?

JACK: Forget it, Hunter. You don't need the details. Basically, Wilks has had access to the cases Cam was planning to record for the podcast.

CAM: I'm sorry.

JACK: Stop apologising, Cam. The captain's going to make you do that enough. Look, let's move back to the bonfire victim. Wild theory, but could it be Wilks himself? After all, he did disappear yesterday.

CAM: Which could be explained by the fact that he's being chased by the Seekers. It doesn't mean he's thrown himself on a bonfire.

JACK: The guy who's doing all of this, though? I can see him wanting to make himself part of his own art. Plus, Wilks is ancient, right?

He probably knew he wouldn't die, but maybe he thought making himself into a victim would throw us off.

CAM: But there was a violence mark on the body. Would you even get that with suicide?

JACK: Why not? If you're intending violence towards yourself, that would still activate the scent mark, right?

CAM: I don't know. But it doesn't fit the pattern as well as it would if Mr Ells's girlfriend was the bonfire victim. You were looking into her, right, Hunter?

HUNTER: I was.

JACK: Did you find any evidence that she's Silver?

HUNTER: Well, I called all the friends who mentioned her, but they had nothing to add to what they'd already told us. None of them knew her well enough to recognise her. But Ms Parchek's surveillance files for Mr Ells - and Mr Hishikawa - were more helpful. The IT department helped me save the photos in my telephone. Let me see if I can pull them up.

[TAPPING; MORE TAPPING; FRUSTRATED
TAPPING]

They were right in here earlier, so why can't I see them anymore?

[FRUSTRATED TAPPING]

JACK: Oh, just give it here.

[ACCOMPLISHED TAPPING]

Here we go. They're just saved in your photos, you luddite. This icon here, see? (PAUSE) Hmm.

HUNTER: It's the same woman in each one, right? I think both victims were seeing the same mystery woman.

JACK: Maybe. The photos don't show much, though. Hooded woman in the quad, but it's dark and the resolution isn't great.

CAM: Pass it here.

[PHONE CHANGING HANDS NOISE]

Long hair, but I can't tell what colour. Hey, wait a minute. I recognise that necklace: the star and the moon. Isn't that the same one Pandora wears? Look.

JACK: Yes. Yes it is.

[PAUSE]

HUNTER: So, what? Pandora Carlton was dating all three victims?

JACK: Maybe.

CAM: And she was the one who bit at least the first two, if Ed's bite mark evidence is right.

JACK: That's a big if.

HUNTER: And she was present at every crime scene, if Cam's nose isn't lying.

CAM: Which it never does. Not now it knows the scent she was using to mask her own, anyway.

JACK: But I saw Pandora after Spade's death, guys. I sat up with her for days. She was distraught. I just can't believe that she would be involved in all this, at least not willingly. She doesn't have it in her.

HUNTER: I know you feel protective of her, Jack, but we need to face facts: she's starting to look less and less like an innocent victim.

JACK: At least give her a chance to explain herself, will you?
(PAUSE) What's taking so long, anyway?

[DOOR OPENS]

Drake? Where's Pandora?

DRAKE: I'll get to that. Captain Langford just called: she and the deputy are heading back to the college with the body now. They're going to wait for you there, as we have something of a situation here.

JACK: Another one?

DRAKE: I'm afraid so. We need to empty the building so my security team can sweep the premises. Pandora Carlton is missing.

SCENE 5: THE LAB

[RUNNING OUTSIDE ACROSS THE PAVED BITS
OF THE QUAD]

JACK: (BREATHLESS) They're waiting in the lab?

CAM: That's what Boyd's text says. Hunter?

HUNTER: Right behind you.

[OUTSIDE DOORS OPEN; WALKING SHORT
TILED CORRIDOR; LAB DOORS OPEN]

CAM: Captain.

LANGFORD: Ah, good. The three of you are here. As you can see, the deputy and I have secured the body.

JACK: It's under the sheet?

BOYD: Yes, Jacqueline. The captain suggested - and I agree - that it would be disrespectful for us to stand around looking at them in that state for no good reason.

[PAUSE]

HUNTER: Do we know who it is yet?

LANGFORD: No, Mr Alderley. Not yet. Dr Castell has performed a brief examination and confirmed that whoever this is, they are not currently showing any signs of life, but that doesn't mean they won't. He's currently looking at the victim's blood, which should tell us more.

CAM: In the meantime, sir, we have some news.

LANGFORD: Ms Carlton has flown the coop. Yes, I know.

JACK: There's more, Captain. We were looking at Mina's surveillance photos from victims two and three, and it looks like the mystery women they were seeing might both have been Pandora.

HUNTER: Given the bite marks, and her scent at the crime scenes, and her relationships with the victims, we think she must have been involved in some way.

JACK: Like, maybe because she was being drugged or manipulated by Wilks or something.

LANGFORD: Or so you hope?

JACK: Yeah, well. Yeah.

LANGFORD: We have news of our own that may well put paid to that theory, I'm afraid. As it transpires, Professor Wilks is not a criminal on the run, but rather he is an esteemed academic on a lecture tour of South America. He flew out yesterday.

Accordingly, he could not have put this body on the bonfire this evening, and so - unless our copycat has a copycat, which I hope is a proposition as ludicrous as it sounds - he is not our killer.

JACK: But what about the envelope with the sticky note thing?

BOYD: Envelopes circulate around the college's internal mail system very quickly, Jacqueline. It could have been sent to anyone within these walls, or someone from outside could have picked it up from the Lodge.

LANGFORD: Yes, it appears to be something of a red herring.

BOYD: But given that the sender wasn't one of the governing board, and there are very few other people who have access to the Dead Box outside the Seekers, we were a bit stumped. Your missing iPad solves the mystery of our information leak very tidily, Cameron.

CAM: I am so sorry about that, Captain.

LANGFORD: We will be discussing it later, Mr Sawyer. At length.

JACK: Yes, fine, that's great and everything, but it doesn't actually sort out the two main mysteries we're trying to solve here, does it? One, if Wilks is cleared, then who's the killer? And two, who's this possibly-dead Silver?

[FOOTSTEPS ON TILE; RUSTLE OF PAPER]

ED: I might be able to help with that last one.

LANGFORD: Ah, Dr Castell. What have you found?

ED: Well, I've had a look at the victim's blood under the microscope, and it is very definitely Silver. It also looks entirely stagnant, so I'm afraid to report that I doubt this individual will be returning to life after all.

LANGFORD: Ah.

BOYD: Any clues as to the identity of the victim?

ED: A few, Deputy, but I'm certainly not in a position to make an identification. What I can tell you is that, given the extent of the injuries suffered by this victim in the fire, I would estimate that any Silver above ten years post-transition should have been able to survive them. Given that this individual has not, we are looking at a young Silver.

BOYD: Male or female? Height and weight?

ED: All of that will have to wait until the post mortem, I'm afraid.

[PULLS BACK SHEET FROM BODY]

As you can see, the body has become somewhat distorted by the heat.

JACK: Oh, god.

CAM: Put it back, Ed.

JACK: No, Cam, wait. Hunter, have you still got those photos on your phone?

HUNTER: Yes. Here, just take it.

[TAPPING ON PHONE]

JACK: Look at the chain around the neck, and follow it down to the collarbone. See that area where something's sort of shining?

HUNTER: Oh, no.

CAM: Is that the star and moon pendant?

JACK: Guys. This is the body of Pandora Carlton.

SCENE 6: THE CONFERENCE ROOM[CHATTER]

LANGFORD: Hello, everyone. Thank you for coming to our offices this morning, Baron Drake, Dr Castell. Now that the squad's all here, perhaps we could get started. I know that everyone's tired, and some of you have had very little sleep, if any, but I think we're nearly at the end of the line, so if you could bear with us just a little longer then everyone can go and get some well-earned rest. Over to you, Baron.

DRAKE: Thank you, Captain Langford. My security team found something during their search for Ms Carlton that I think you all should see.

CAM: Um, is that my missing iPad?

DRAKE: Yes, Mr Sawyer, I believe it is. But that's not what I wanted to show you. Here.

[NOISE OF OPENING AUDIO FILE ON IPAD]

This audio file was saved under the name 'For Jack Valentine'.

JACK: (LOW) Oh, for fuck's sake.

PANDORA: (D) Hi, Jack. If you're listening to this, then I'm probably dead. I couldn't escape those sharks forever, huh?

(PAUSE THEN LAUGHING WRYLY OVER NEXT BIT OF DIALOGUE)

LANGFORD: Sharks?

JACK: Long story, Captain.

PANDORA: (D) I just wanted to say I'm sorry for the whole bit of this where it looked like I was threatening to kill you. I just wanted to focus your, and your team's, attention elsewhere so I could do what I felt I had to do. You were so kind to me, that first night, and all those nights you stayed with me after, and I didn't want you to think that it meant nothing to me. But you were already part of the plan by then, and there was no way to change it without ruining it. So I'll just say: they weren't blameless, those boys. All three of them deserved what they got, and I'm glad they're dead. But it's my turn now, to close the circle and put an end to all of this. So goodbye, Jack. And thank you.

[DEAD AIR FOR A MOMENT BEFORE CUT]

HUNTER: Was that a confession?

DRAKE: Yes, Mr Alderley. I rather think it was. In light of recent developments, we've released Ms Parchek from custody. She had no relationship with any of the victims outside of her surveillance work, and it seems that she was simply drugged by Ms Carlton to deflect suspicion until such time as she had eliminated all of her targets.

JACK: *Her targets? Come on, Drake. She said 'what I felt I had to do'. That sounds like coercion to me.*

DRAKE: She also said her victims deserved it and she was glad they were dead.

JACK: Maybe they *did* deserve it. Men are scum, Drake. Case in point.

DRAKE: (AMUSED NOISE)

LANGFORD: Ms Valentine, you will rein yourself in this instant or you will find yourself on the sharp end of that suspension I keep having to threaten you with.

JACK: (SOURLY) Yes, Captain.

LANGFORD: Deputy?

BOYD: Yes, sir?

LANGFORD: Perhaps you'd be so kind as to lay out the facts for us as we now understand them.

BOYD: Yes, sir. Between this recording, her possession of the iPad, the bite marks, the scent trails and her relationship with each victim, this feels fairly open and shut.

JACK: Pfff. What about the car? There were tyre marks at the first scene, and Pandora rides a bicycle.

CAM: That doesn't mean she couldn't have driven a car, Jack.

LANGFORD: Grasping at straws, Ms Valentine. Continue, Deputy.

BOYD: *However*, we do have some disparities in the timeline to clear up. We discovered Mr Spade's body on the 29th of October, and Ms Carlton was at sick bay here at the college, under Jacqueline's supervision, until the morning of the 1st of November, when she was boxed. She was released from the box the following day, and remained as a guest in the baron's house from then until her body was discovered last night.

CAM: So she could have killed Spade and Hishikawa, and staged the scenes for us to find, since the post mortems both placed their deaths around the same time, on October 28th.

BOYD: But she couldn't have killed Mr Ells, or put Mr Hishikawa's body in Jaqueline's bed on the 4th of November, or staged the scene at Ms Parchek's yesterday morning, if she wasn't somehow slipping out of the baron's house.

[PAUSE]

LANGFORD: Baron Drake. Would you care to comment?

DRAKE: (AHEM) It appears that, after her release from the box, my security team understood that their role was to protect Ms Carlton, not to imprison her. I confess that I was under the same impression.

JACK: So you just let her wander out of your house and murder people? Perfect.

DRAKE: You asked me to host her in one of the guest rooms, Jack. What was I supposed to think?

JACK: I just...

DRAKE: I know, and I'm sorry, but she obviously had a plan.

LANGFORD: The baron's right, Ms Valentine. It might not make sense to us, but she clearly felt compelled to kill those boys. Perhaps they had a history of which we are unaware, or perhaps she was operating under the delusion that they did, but either way she seems to have completed her mission, as she saw it, and then killed herself.

JACK: But really, like that? You think she just sat herself on top of the bonfire and waited as she burned to death?

ED: Erm, not exactly. I finished the blood testing overnight.

LANGFORD: And found what, Dr Castell?

ED: Huge amounts of sedatives. Enough that even an older Silver would have been knocked out by the cocktail for some time, I'd estimate. For all the apparent brutality of her death, Ms Carlton probably went peacefully, Jack.
(BEAT) Unlike her victims.

HUNTER: Speaking of which, before we all pat ourselves on the back and head to our bunks, we're still missing a body.

LANGFORD: Indeed we are, Mr Alderley.

[PAUSE]

Suggestions, Deputy?

BOYD: Well, when we saw the body on the bonfire, Jack suggested that the killer might be losing control, but knowing what we know now, it's clear that there has been absolute control at every step of these crimes, even more than we initially surmised.

LANGFORD: So?

BOYD: We need to follow the signatures.

[PAUSE]

JACK: Oh, god. Boyd's right. If Pandora really was the mystery woman who was seeing each of our three victims, then I know exactly where we're going to find Mr Ells: in Pandora's bed. We need to go back to her rooms, now.

HUNTER: I'll go with you.

DRAKE: Let's all go.

HUNTER: Baron, I'm not sure--

DRAKE: I said I'm coming, Mr Alderley. So lead the way.

SCENE 7: PANDORA'S COLLEGE ROOM

[FOOTSTEPS ON CARPET CORRIDOR; KEY IN
LOCK]

LANGFORD: You have a key to Ms Carlton's room, Mr Alderley?

HUNTER: No, Captain. I just picked up the spare key from the Lodge when Jack and I searched the room yesterday.

[DOOR OPENS; FOOTSTEPS OF 6 PEOPLE ON
WOODEN FLOOR]

Here we are, then. The bedroom's--

CAM: I think we can follow our noses, Hunter.

[PAUSE]

JACK: Oh, god. Is it him?

LANGFORD: Dr Castell? Your opinion, please.

ED: The victim is the correct height and weight.

[PAPER SHUFFLING]

Although the fire has destroyed parts of the body, enough remains intact to match this intricate tattoo here on the victim's upper arm (BEAT) to the tattoos noted in Ms Parcchek's surveillance file. This is indeed Mr Dexter F.

Ells. I should also note that the bite mark on his neck bears the distinctive impression of Ms Carlton's bilateral parapremolar supernumerary teeth. I'll be able to confirm the match when Ms Carlton's teeth are examined at post mortem.

LANGFORD: Thank you. In the meantime, I have a lot of calls to make. Dr Castell, please take the usual samples and start running your tests. Deputy, photographs. And Baron, if I could impose, I should be very grateful for your assistance with one call in particular.

DRAKE: The Solis Invicti?

LANGFORD: Yes.

[PODCAST ON]

CAM: (CLOSE) Hey listeners! Cam here, with a quick explainer about the Solis Invicti. So, remember how I told you that the Primus is in charge of all the Silver in the country? Well, that means the Seekers and the barons report to him and his elite bodyguard, the Solis Invicti. They are *super cool*. They do all the investigations in London, along with looking after security for the Primus generally, so when there are serial killers on the loose, the Solis Invicti need to be kept informed. That's why the Captain's calling them now. If you prove yourself in the Seekers and work very hard, there's a chance that one day, if you're very lucky, you might get promoted to the Invicti yourself and get to be one of the best of the best. That's the dream. Cam out!

[PODCAST OFF]

LANGFORD: I can call the Invicti, but I imagine the Primus will want a direct update himself. Don't you agree, Baron?

DRAKE: As you say, Captain. I'll call him now.

[FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR; LANGFORD AND
DRAKE STAY MUMBLING ON PHONES IN
BACKGROUND; BOYD AND ED SHUFFLE
ABOUT DOING THEIR JOBS]

JACK: There's less damage than I expected. Pandora must have put the fire out before it set off the sprinkler system.

[SOUND OF CHAIR DRAGGED ACROSS WOOD
FLOOR AND CAM STEPPING ONTO IT]

CAM: No, look. The fire alarm was disabled, so I think she intended him to keep on burning. I wonder what happened.

HUNTER: The fire burned itself out. There's a lot of water in the human body, so people don't burn as easily as all that. She didn't know what she was doing.

JACK: That's my problem with all of this, you know? Not to speak ill of the dead, or whatever, but Pandora *didn't* know what she was doing. She only got turned Silver a month ago, so how did she learn so much about us in that time all on her own?

Seriously, she worked out how to play the Seekers, how the Dead Box works, she worked out how to mix Silver and human drugs, how to hide her own scent, and Cam didn't even know that was possible. Doesn't it seem like a lot for a newbie?

CAM: She was clever, Jack. You've forgotten that she was here at Oxford for her postgraduate studies. That kind of intelligence... You never know what people are capable of. When she was turned, she probably got fixated on the world of the Silver, acting out our worst crimes as a way of working through whatever trauma she experienced that caused her to go off the deep end. Maybe something to do with when she got turned.

JACK: Yeah, okay, maybe, but there's the other thing: who turned her? We never worked that out, did we?

CAM: You can't always answer every question, Jack. She confessed. That's enough. (RAISING VOICE) Right, Captain?

LANGFORD: Yes, quite. I'd call this case closed. Right, that's the urgent calls done. I want you all out of here within five minutes so the police can come through. If anyone needs me, I'll be in my office. Dismissed.

[FOOTSTEPS]

BOYD: All right, squad. Everyone go and get some sleep. (OFF)
Thank you for your help, Baron Drake.

DRAKE: (OFF) Not at all, Deputy.

[FOOTSTEPS AND CHATTER AS EVERYONE
VACATES SCENE]

HUNTER: (LOW) You look miserable, Jack. Does it really matter that you don't have every single little answer?

JACK: Yes, Hunter, it matters. It all matters. It's a mystery unsolved and that just... Ugh.

DRAKE: You do hate an unanswered question, don't you, Jack?

JACK: Why are you even still here, Drake? Don't you have orders to issue or plans to enact or minions to bully?

DRAKE: I'm not a supervillain, Jack.

JACK: Just a regular villain, yeah?

[PAUSE]

DRAKE: Mr Alderley, perhaps you'd be so kind as to allow me a quiet word with Ms Valentine.

HUNTER: Yes, sir.

JACK: Forget it, Drake. I've had about enough quiet words with you to last me a lifetime.

DRAKE: Thank you, Mr Alderley.

HUNTER: Of course, sir.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENING AND CHATTER
RECEDING AS EVERYONE LEAVES]

JACK: Ugh, I hate the way you have him being all 'yes, sir, no, sir' around you.

DRAKE: Really? It never seems to bother you when Mr Sawyer does it. Is there something special about Mr Alderley, I wonder?

JACK: (DEFENSIVELY) No. Of course not.

DRAKE: You're a terrible liar, Jack.

JACK: (EXASPERATED) What's this *quiet word* in aid of, Drake? Because it seems to me like you're just wasting my time.

DRAKE: Look, I know you believed in Ms Carlton, and I know it can't have been easy to have been placed in the centre of this case. I wondered about playing the recording for you on your own, but in the end I decided it would be harder to carry it alone than to share it. I just hope I made the right choice for you.

JACK: What do you care?

DRAKE: Why would you think I wouldn't?

JACK: I don't know, track record? (BEAT) God, I'm too tired for this.

DRAKE: Jack Valentine, too tired to argue. I never thought I'd see the day.

JACK: Yeah, because it's not at all tiring to work a thirty-six hour day on a case when you're only twenty years post-transition and still need to sleep like a human. And it's not completely knacking to find out that the victim you put your faith in, who you protected for days against whoever might be coming after her, has not only killed herself, but is also the exact same killer you were trying to protect her from. And it's not *absolutely exhausting* to have an irritating, arrogant bastard in your face all the time, a constant reminder of everything he took from you twenty years ago and can never give back. So yeah, I'm not tired at all.

DRAKE: Jack--

JACK: Fuck off, Drake.

[FOOTSTEPS AS SHE WALKS AWAY]

(OFF) I'm going to bed.

[DOOR SLAMS]

SCENE 8: THE CONFERENCE ROOM[DOOR OPENS]

CAM: Oh, hey, Jack! We weren't expecting to see you this afternoon.

BOYD: Jacqueline? You should be resting. The case is over. You don't need to be here until tomorrow.

JACK: No, it's fine, guys. Thank you, but actually I was just here because... (LOW) Um, Hunter. Wasn't there something you were going to ask me?

HUNTER: (LOW) You're sure?

JACK: Come on, I'm starving.

HUNTER: (LAUGHS) Then maybe you'd let me buy you dinner. There's this French place I know near Chalgrove.

JACK: Do I have to dress up?

HUNTER: Nope. Jeans are just fine. If you're ready to go, we could leave right now. They've got a great atmosphere, great food, even better wine--

JACK: Ah, the magic words.

HUNTER: All right, then. I'll drive.

JACK: All right. (SHOUTING) See you guys tomorrow!

BOYD: Not so fast, Hunter. We need to finish writing up the report for the Dead Box.

CAM: Oh, come on, Deputy. Let them go. We can do the report.

JACK: Thanks, Cam. You're a gem.

CAM: One condition: you're bringing in breakfast doughnuts tomorrow.

JACK: Done. See you then!

[JACK AND HUNTER WALKING AWAY
LAUGHING; DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

BOYD: Right. Well, Cameron. Let's start at the beginning, at the crime scene where Mr Spade's body was found. You pull out the details from the scene reports and I'll do the same with the post mortem.

CAM: Yes, sir.

[RUSTLING PAPER]

That's weird. Didn't Hunter say there was nothing out of the ordinary about the tyres that left the marks at the crime scene?

BOYD: Yes. Why?

CAM: Well, look. It says right here in the crime scene report.

[SHUFFLING OF PAPERS ACROSS DESK]

They're not exactly rare tyres, sure, but they're not car tyres either. They're for a large SUV, or a truck, and how many of those do you find in central Oxford?

BOYD: There's a lot of farm land around the city, Cameron. I wouldn't read too much into it if I were you.

CAM: I guess. I'll make a note in the record anyway, in case we ever find Carlton's vehicle.

[TYPING]

Okay. What's next?

SCENE 9: HUNTER'S CAR

JACK: Oh my god, Hunter. Your car is enormous.

HUNTER: It's a truck. Hop in.

[CAR DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE]

JACK: You're ridiculous. You live in Oxford, not the Alaskan wilderness.

[SEATBELT DRAW AND CLICK]

Why in the world do you need a truck?

HUNTER: Actually, I live in the countryside.

JACK: You do?

HUNTER: Yup.

[ENGINE ON]

Up a long, steep dirt road.

[REVERSING AND DRIVING AWAY]

Most cars can't manage it. The truck comes in handy.

JACK: Huh. I didn't know that.

HUNTER: Not many people do.

JACK: You play your cards close to your chest.

HUNTER: (LAUGHS) Playing my cards close to my chest. Yes, I like that.

[RUSTLING IN CENTRE CONSOLE]

JACK: What-- Hunter, what are you--

[STRUGGLING SOUNDS]

[SYRINGE STICK]

Ow! Jesus. What are you doing? (SLURRING) Wait, what was in that syringe?

HUNTER: Just a little something to help you relax. Don't worry, Jack. You rest now. We'll have plenty of time to talk later. We'll have all the time in the world.

[ENGINE NOISE]