

SCENE 1: JACK'S BEDROOM

[PHONE RINGING]

JACK: (GROANS)

[PHONE RINGING]

JACK: Go 'way.

[PHONE RINGING]

JACK: (SLEEPILY) Urgh hello?

DRAKE: (D) Good morning, Ms Valentine.

JACK: Fuck off, Drake.

[HANG UP NOISE]

[PHONE RINGING]

JACK: What do you want?

DRAKE: (D) If you remember, I did request daily updates on the case.

JACK: It's still dark out.

DRAKE: Nevertheless. I was expecting a call from your colleagues this morning, given the incident with the flaming card last night. You did actually tell them about it, I trust?

JACK: (PAUSE) Fuck off, Drake.

[HANG UP NOISE]

[PHONE RINGING]

JACK: What part of 'fuck off' do you not understand?

MINA: (D) (PANICKED BREATH)

JACK: (BEAT) Who's there?

MINA: (D) Jack?

JACK: Mina?

MINA: (D) How quickly can you get over here?

JACK: How many times do I have to tell you? I'm not interested in a repeat performance, Mina, particularly not at this time of the morning.

MINA: (D) I think I'm in trouble. Seriously. I need your help.

JACK: Why? What happened?

MINA: (D) Can you just get over here?

JACK: Okay. Okay. Calm down. I'll just get Cam and then--

MINA: (D) No, not Cam. Just you.

JACK: Mina...

MINA: (D) Please. I'm begging you. I'm in deep shit.

JACK: Alright. Give me five minutes.

MINA: (D) I'll be waiting.

[TITLE SEQUENCE]

SCENE 2: MINA'S OFFICE

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOES]

JACK: Mina?

MINA: (OFF) Upstairs.

JACK: Jesus, what's that smell? Who died in here?

[JACK WALKING UPSTAIRS - WOODEN FLOOR]

Mina. (PAUSE) Are you hurt? Whose blood is that?

MINA: I don't know. I was kind of hoping you could tell me.

[FOOTSTEPS MORE QUICKLY AS JACK GOES
TO MINA]

JACK: Holy shit, you're covered in it. How do you not know whose blood this is? It's all over you. There's no way you could get so fucked up that you didn't notice... this.

MINA: I don't know, I swear. I was on surveillance last night down on St Clements and then I thought I heard a noise behind me and next thing I know I'm waking up here and my face, my neck, my arms feel all tight and pinchy, and when I open my eyes there's dried blood *everywhere* and I--

JACK: You know I've got to take you in.

MINA: Jack, I swear, I didn't do this. You know me. You know I wouldn't...

JACK: We don't even know what this is. Maybe you killed someone, or maybe you decided to crack out some bottles and take a bath in the stuff. Maybe this is totally legitimate. The point is that we won't know unless we get you to the lab and get you tested, so that's exactly what we're going to do. Okay?

MINA: (PAUSE) Okay.

JACK: Sit down there and don't touch anything. I need to have a look around.

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES DOWNSTAIRS]

BOYD: (OFF) Jacqueline? Are you in here?

JACK: Boyd?

MINA: (LOW) You called the deputy? Thanks a lot.

JACK: (LOW) Of course I didn't. I'm not a total idiot. (CALLING) What are you doing here?

BOYD: I saw you tear out of the college and thought maybe there was an emergency.

JACK: So you followed me? You didn't think that was an invasion of my privacy, even a little bit?

[STEPS ON STAIRS]

JACK: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) Don't come up here!

MINA: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) Don't come up here!

BOYD: Oh, er. Sorry. I didn't realise you had, er, company. I'll just...

[FOOTSTEPS RETREAT]

JACK: Boyd, wait.

MINA: (LOW) What are you doing?

JACK: (LOW) He can help. I'll have to call someone in eventually, and since he's already here...

MINA: This is a nightmare.

JACK: And it's not going to get any better by pretending it's not happening. Come on up, Boyd.

[STEPS ON STAIRS]

MINA: Can I at least put a robe on first, or does everyone have to see me in my nightie?

JACK: It'll compromise the evidence. Sorry.

[STEPS STOP]

BOYD: Oh. Oh dear. What happened?

JACK: She doesn't know. Woke up covered in blood. Doesn't remember a thing. Sound familiar?

BOYD: Unfortunately, yes. Ms Parchek?

MINA: Hello, Deputy Boyd. Nice to see you and all that. Maybe we could move this along?

JACK: I was about to take her to the lab.

BOYD: No, I don't think so. It'll be less risky to bring Dr Castell here.

[BOYD DIALLING PHONE]

(OFF) Good morning, Ed. Could you join us at Mina Parchek's office, please? Bring the evidence kit and the camera. (PAUSE) Yes, if Cam and Hunter are with you, that would be helpful. (PAUSE) Superspeed, please.

JACK: (SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH BOYD ON PHONE) You woke up in the bed?

MINA: As if I'd put myself to sleep. Everything was in its usual place: glass of water on the bedside table, clothes folded on the chair, robe on the back of the bathroom door.

JACK: But you don't remember getting into bed.

MINA: Or getting out of it again. I swear.

[JACK FOOTSTEPS MOVING AROUND THE
ROOM]

JACK: There's blood on the sheets, but nowhere else. None on the water glass. None in the bathroom.

[DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING
DOWNSTAIRS]

Nothing on the floor, either. Not one drop.

[FOOTSTEPS COMING UP STAIRS]

CAM: No blood on any of the door handles either, and if it were there, I would be smelling it. Hi, Mina.

MINA: Cam, great, hi. Am I going to have the entire squad in my bedroom this morning?

CAM: Well, Hunter's downstairs...

ED: And there's me too, I'm afraid. Hi, nice to meet you, Ms Parchek. I'm Dr Edmund Castell, from the lab. I hope you won't mind if I don't shake your hand, but you know, evidence. If I could just ask you to put your arms out like this.

[MOVEMENT OF ARMS OUT NOISE; SQUAD
WANDERING AROUND]

JACK: It doesn't make sense that there's no blood anywhere else in this place and there's that much on you.

MINA: Maybe I took a glass or bottle to bed with me?

JACK: Then where's the glass or bottle?

CAM: Maybe she took a human to bed.

JACK: Then there'd be a blood trail, or a body, or something.

ED: Agreed. More likely, and more worrying, is the possibility that Ms Parchek might have been injured in bed, then become covered in her own blood as a result, which then dried as her healing abilities erased the wounds, leaving her like this.

MINA: Why is that more worrying?

ED: Because I've only seen that once before, and it happened when a Silver bit open their own wrists while they were high on Starblood.

[PODCAST ON]

CAM: Hey, listeners! Cam here with another explainer for you, this time about all the Silver drugs you shouldn't do. There are a lot of them around, but the worst of the lot by far is Starblood. If you take it around humans, they're

pretty much dead. If you take it with other Silver, fights to the death are not uncommon. Basically, it's dangerous, it's unpredictable, and it's addictive, so DON'T DO DRUGS! Cam out.

[PODCAST OFF]

MINA: I would never touch that stuff.

JACK: Not voluntarily, maybe.

CAM: (OFF) Uh-oh.

JACK: Cam? What do you mean, *uh-oh*?

CAM: Deputy? Hunter? Could you come up here please? I've found something in the darkroom that you need to see.

JACK: What is it?

[FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS]

[DOOR OPENS]

Uh-oh.

MINA: What is it?

CAM: About a thousand playing cards surrounding three bloody holes in the floorboards.

MINA: That's... I didn't do that.

CAM: It's identical to the Hishikawa crime scene.

MINA: Now, hang on--

BOYD: Ms Parchek, we're going to have to take you into custody.

MINA: What? But I haven't done anything wrong!

BOYD: That you can remember. But until we get to the bottom of this, we'll have to detain you at the baron's residence. Come with us, please. Hunter, if you would.

[FOOTSTEPS AS HUNTER GRABS MINA]

MINA: Jack, come on. You know me. You know I wouldn't--

JACK: Sorry, Mina. Right now, I know as much as you do about what happened last night, and that's the sum total of fuck all.

SCENE 3: THE CONFERENCE ROOM

[CHAIRS SHIFTING ON CARPET AS EVERYONE
SITS DOWN]

LANGFORD: Good morning, squad. As you all know, your current case has taken a rather dramatic turn this morning. I understand that Ms Parchek is currently detained at the baron's pleasure pending the results of the various samples collected from her person and at her office. Is that correct, Deputy?

BOYD: Yes, Captain. Ms Parchek has been examined by a doctor, who found her to be dehydrated and disorientated, which could fit the initial theory that she was taking drugs and cut herself. However, it would not explain the scene we discovered in her darkroom.

JACK: We're not seriously thinking that Mina's the one killing these kids, are we?

BOYD: Until the test results are in, Jacqueline, we have to consider all possibilities.

JACK: Come on, though. It would be pretty stupid for her to be keeping surveillance notes on all these students if she's the one killing them, wouldn't it? And besides, her scent wasn't at the Hishikawa scene, or in my room where his body was left. Was it, Cam?

CAM: No. It was not. But you know what scent was in her rooms? The same one I picked up at all the other scenes. And there's more. The blood test results and postmortem report came back for Mr Hishikawa, and he had the same mix of drugs in his blood as Mr Spade did, plus they were both killed around the same time. It all confirms that there's one person doing all this, and it's not Mina.

JACK: And with Mina's memory loss, am I really the only one thinking that she was drugged, same as Pandora? I mean, come on. She didn't put that scene together in her own darkroom.

BOYD: Maybe not, but if so, the evidence will show us who did. Did the results come in for the blood on the Ten of Clubs?

CAM: Yes, Deputy. It matches DNA from samples we took from Dexter Ells's rooms at Lincoln College, so we know he's the latest victim, but there's still no sign of his body.

HUNTER: I don't want to speak out of turn, here, but given that he's targeting Jack, perhaps we should be focusing more on his next victim?

JACK: (SIGHING) Seriously, Hunter?

LANGFORD: Yes, Mr Alderley. I quite agree. Perhaps we should.

CAM: You do have a bit of a history with Mina, Jack. That might explain why she's being dragged into all this.

JACK: So now it's *my* fault for having a little fun?

LANGFORD: No one's saying that, Ms Valentine.

JACK: Not out loud, maybe, but I see that look, Boyd.

BOYD: Jacqueline...

JACK: Look, we don't even know that I'm the next target.

BOYD: Well, if he's following his usual pattern, it'll be in the cards. So, Jacqueline, were there any missing cards from those laid out on the floor in Ms Parchek's darkroom?

JACK: (NONCOMMITTAL NOISE)

CAM: Jack...

JACK: Fine. There were three Jacks of Hearts missing.

CAM: *Three?*

[PAUSE]

LANGFORD: Perhaps it's time we told Ms Valentine and Mr Alderley about the envelope.

JACK: What envelope?

LANGFORD: I believe the two of you interviewed Professor Wilks, correct?

JACK: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) Yeah.

CAM: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) We did.

LANGFORD: Well, the Professor is one of the twenty-six members of the college's governing board. I sent each of them an envelope at the beginning of the term with a document for signature, along with a little sticky tab on which I had written 'sign here'. Yesterday, one of those 'sign here' tabs was returned to me, still in its original envelope, along with this.

[CLANK AS NAIL AND CARD IN PLASTIC BAG
ARE TOSSED ONTO TABLE TOP]

JACK: Not another Jack of Hearts.

LANGFORD: Yes, this time pierced with a nail and covered in what the lab has confirmed to be Mr Hishikawa's blood.

HUNTER: You think one of the governing board did this?

LANGFORD: Regretfully, I have had my suspicions, yes. The IT department assured us that no one outside the highest echelons of the college could possibly have accessed the Dead Box, and the contents of this envelope just confirmed my suspicions. The lab found no evidence on the envelope or the sticky tab, but I've done some investigating of my own. Now, counting all those that were returned to me with the signed documents, and those found in the bins and desks of the governing board, I have accounted for the whereabouts of all twenty-six of those little sticky tabs, except five. Three were sent to Professors who are currently on sabbatical overseas, so their envelopes were not sent internally and so were not

unaddressed, as this one is. One was sent to Professor Montague who, as you know, is currently indisposed and not in a fit state to murder anyone. That just leaves Professor Wilks.

JACK: I knew I got a weird vibe from him!

LANGFORD: Yes, well, perhaps that was justified. The Professor seems to have disappeared. No one's seen him since yesterday.

CAM: We might already have some information on the Professor that we can use to track him down. You were going to look into him, weren't you, Jack? Last night, when you promised me you wouldn't be leaving the college--

JACK: Look, Cam, I'm sorry about that, but--

LANGFORD: What? Well, no wonder he's run! I told you not to mention the envelope to anyone, Mr Sawyer, particularly not to Jack.

CAM: Captain, I didn't--

JACK: What? Why not?

LANGFORD: Because I ordered him not to, Ms Valentine. With the college governing board under investigation, security is paramount, and your little side investigation might just have tipped off our suspect.

JACK: Maybe, if I'd actually had a chance to start investigating him. As it happened, I didn't, so whatever spooked him, not guilty. And can we take a second to address the fact that if the killer really is Wilks, he has absolutely no reason to target me? When Cam and I interviewed him yesterday, he couldn't have been less interested. Fixated on me he is not.

HUNTER: He doesn't have to be, Jack. Now that we know we're looking at a copycat, we know that nothing he does is personal. He's sending you playing cards because the Dealer did and he's imitating that pattern, not because he's fixated on you himself.

CAM: Hang on, though: between the card in the envelope and the one we found tied to Buster's collar, that still only accounts for two of the missing cards.

[PAUSE]

Jack. I know that look on your face.

JACK: Okay, look, while we're all confessing things we might not have been totally forthcoming about, I should probably tell you about the card he sent me last night.

CAM: Last *night*? Jack! (HIGH-PITCHED) Why didn't you tell me?

JACK: Because I knew you'd go all... high-pitched about it.

LANGFORD: That concealment of evidence has earned you a reprimand, Ms Valentine. Perhaps you had better start at the beginning.

JACK: Captain--

CAM: Just tell the story, Jack.

JACK: Look, it was no big deal. Drake had just walked me back to the college--

BOYD: You went to see Baron Drake.

JACK: Yes, about Pandora.

BOYD: After I expressly ordered you to leave that aspect of the investigation to me.

JACK: Well, yes, but--

LANGFORD: That's another reprimand, Ms Valentine. Two in as many minutes. You *are* having an insubordinate day, aren't you?

[PAUSE]

Well? Continue.

JACK: I don't want another reprimand.

LANGFORD: Then I advise you to start talking.

JACK: There's not really much to tell. I was just walking into the college when I saw something on the grass in the quad - on the same spot, by the way, that we found that card back in ninety-nine. Anyway, we'd just barely seen it and worked out what it was when it went up in flames.

CAM: Like someone threw a match at it?

JACK: No, like it self-combusted. It was in the middle of the grass, on its own, with no one around, then *poof*, it started burning, right after we spotted it, and after a second there was nothing left but ash.

BOYD: And you're certain that it was the Jack of Hearts.

JACK: Yes, and it smelled of blood. It was dark, but it looked to me like the card was covered in it.

LANGFORD: Unfortunate that there was no evidence left to test.

BOYD: Yes, Captain, but I think we can probably assume the blood belonged to Mr Ells. After all, the first card Jacqueline received was marked with the blood of Mr Spade, the first victim. The second, the one sent to you, was marked with the blood of Mr Hishikawa, the second victim. It follows that the third would be marked with the blood of the third victim, Mr Ells.

LANGFORD: Indeed.

HUNTER: The thing I don't understand is, how did the card combust? There was no evidence left at all?

JACK: Nothing. I thought maybe the card had a teeny tiny bomb attached to it, set off when we approached, but that would leave wires and stuff, wouldn't it?

CAM: He could have set some kind of fuse. I bet you Ed could come up with fifteen ways to do it and leave no trace. The bigger question is: why set the card on fire?

HUNTER: Well, he's stacking signatures.

CAM: What was that, Hunter?

HUNTER: He's stacking signatures, right?

JACK: Right. Right. It's like Boyd said. First card: first victim's blood and first killer's signature. Second card: second victim's blood and second killer's signature, represented by the nail. Third card: third victim's blood and third victim's signature, represented by the fire. So who do we know who kills their victims with fire?

BOYD: (SOFTLY) I can only think of one.

CAM: Oh, god. The Burning Man.

HUNTER: The Burning Man?

JACK: You weren't here then. It was... bad.

BOYD: He tied his victims to their beds and burned them alive.

HUNTER: Oh, lord.

LANGFORD: Did we check Mr Ells's bed?

BOYD: Yes, sir. It's empty. But, if you remember, the Burning Man killed humans who were in relationships with Silver, so--

LANGFORD: Ah, yes. Then we need to find the other bed, and hope he was in it alone.

BOYD: Yes, sir. I believe Mr Ells's friends did mention a woman.

HUNTER: Perhaps she was Silver, sir. It would maybe explain why the killer targeted Mr Spade and Ms Carlton, as though he had this escalation in mind all along.

CAM: I don't know. That's an awful lot of ducks to get in a row to tick off all the victim profiles for each killer he's copycatting. Not only does he have to find three male students who have names that will fit the playing card pattern, those individuals also have to be in romantic relationships with Silver.

JACK: No, Cam, it makes perfect sense. Look: that's why Pandora Carlton was turned Silver last month. He needed her to be Silver so Casian Spade would fit his victim profile.

BOYD: So we're looking for two Silver women, possibly newly-made.

JACK: Drake didn't know of any except Pandora.

BOYD: Then possibly they were turned in other areas of the country. Hunter, please speak to the friends of Mr Hishikawa and Ells again and try to track these women down.

CAM: I know this might sound unlikely, but could Mina have been Mr Ells's girlfriend?

JACK: Come on, Cam. I know she's a bit of a weasel, but she would have mentioned that. Her surveillance files on Ells might be worth reviewing, though.

BOYD: Take a look at those too, then, Hunter. I'll ask the baron to put the question to Ms Parchek, at least.

JACK: In the meantime, Cam and I can dig into Wilks's background.

LANGFORD: No. For now, I want you to do nothing.

JACK: Nothing? Really, Captain--

LANGFORD: (EMPHATICALLY) Nothing. Review the crime scene evidence. Review the postmortem reports. Review whatever you like that involves you staying right here in this office and having nothing at all to do with Professor Wilks. The deputy and I will look into him, extremely carefully, and we will bring you in once we have a better handle on the situation. Is that clear?

CAM: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) Yes, sir.

JACK: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) So, what? We just have to sit around here doing nothing while the Professor's out there killing people?

LANGFORD: If Professor Wilks is indeed the killer - which is a suspicion that will not leave this room until it is thoroughly confirmed - then I would say that he has made his next victim more than clear, wouldn't you, Ms Valentine? Accordingly, I would say that the best way we can prevent further deaths is by keeping you here, surrounded by the best Seekers the country has to offer. Wouldn't you agree?

JACK: But, Captain--

LANGFORD: I'm so very glad that you agree, Ms Valentine, because otherwise I'd have to bring you up on your third reprimand in not just the same week, but the same day, requiring me to impose a suspension and the salary cut that goes along with it. So it is such a very good thing that you and I are in agreement, isn't it?

JACK: (MOODILY) Yes, sir.

LANGFORD: Excellent. I'm sure you and Mr Sawyer will find some productive way to pass the time. Dismissed.

SCENE 4: INTRODUCING CAM

[PODCAST ON]

CAM: Hey, listeners! So, yeah, hi! You've been listening for a while now, and you're probably thinking, 'Hey, who's this guy I'm hearing all the time? What's his story? So, yeah, this is me, Cam. My name's Cameron Sawyer, and I work with Jack and Hunter. They've given you the stories of what I guess are their formative cases, if you like, and they've gone with pretty dark ones, not that that's unusual for this job, but I wanted to show you that, hey, being a Seeker isn't all doom and gloom, and sometimes we deal with stuff other than death and murder and serial killers. So I'm going to tell you about a case that had its finale on Bonfire Night, which is the day I'm recording this for you, so it's seasonal, and it also happens to be my personal favourite case of all time: The Case of the Super-Speed Streaker.

[CAM SINGS ALONG GEEKILY TO EXCITING THEME TUNE MUSIC]

This all happened five years ago, before Hunter joined us, when Ellie was still on our team. The Seekers were going through kind of a bad time back then. We'd just boxed this serial killer called the Burning Man, who liked to set people on fire, and we were all exhausted and honestly a little traumatised by the whole thing, so I suggested we take a break. Besides, it was Halloween, the Freshers were having a big party at a club in town,

and if I had reasons of my own for wanting to be there...
Well, no one had to know about those.

[FADE INTO BACKGROUND NOISE OF THE
SEEKERS' OFFICE; PRINTERS, TYPING,
BACKGROUND CONVERSATION]

JACK: (OFF) No.

CAM: Oh, come on.

JACK: It's a terrible idea.

CAM: Come on, Jack. It'll be fun.

JACK: No, it won't. No one goes out on Halloween. Not only is it a Monday night, which is a bloody stupid night to go anywhere, but we'll be surrounded by people dressed up in stupid sexy vampire costumes with stupid fake blood everywhere going 'Rargh' at people's necks and it's just *insulting*.

CAM: Or, if you look at it another way, it's the perfect opportunity to relax a little, have some fun, and blend in seamlessly with a bunch of humans.

JACK: A bunch of *students*, Cam. I might not look it, but I'm rapidly approaching forty, and you're god knows how many hundred years old. Why would I want to party with children?

CAM: It won't just be students. There'll be older people there too. Ellie's coming.

JACK: What? She's not.

CAM: She is. She said, and I quote, 'Sounds awesomesauce.'

JACK: (SHOUTING) Ellie!

[FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING ON CARPET]

ELLIE: Yep?

JACK: You're not seriously going to this Halloween debacle with Cam, are you?

ELLIE: The one night of the year that I get to tell everyone I'm a vampire without breaking the secrecy pact? Absolutely! And, mum's the word, but (LOW) I'll be taking a sneaky hipflask of blood along with me.

JACK: You're planning to drink Massacres? You? I never thought I'd see Little Miss Perfect get fucked up in public.

ELLIE: Oh, no. No. Of course not. I'm not going to be mixing it with anything, just drinking it straight, if I drink it at all. But it does feel just a teensy bit naughty to be going to a human party with a bottle of blood in your pocket, doesn't it?

JACK: (DEADPAN) You rebel.

CAM: You know what would be really rebellious? Going to a Halloween party.

JACK: (SCOFFING) What?

CAM: You said it yourself, Jack. None of the Silver go out on Halloween.

ELLIE: Right, so if we do, then we're going against the 'herd mentality' you're always talking about.

JACK: Occasionally there's a good reason to follow the herd, like when it's running from danger or, in this case, a tragic waste of an evening.

CAM: Is that what you're really worried about? Or do you just worried what the others will think if they find out you went? Because I've got to say, that's a pretty conformist attitude, Jack.

[PAUSE]

JACK: Fine. But I'm not wearing a costume.

CAM: You don't have to.

JACK: If there's an entry fee, I can't afford it.

ELLIE: Don't worry, I'll cover it.

JACK: If it's rubbish then I'm ditching before ten o'clock.

CAM: Sounds fair to me. Meet back here in an hour?

ELLIE: Super! I'll be the one wearing the fake fangs. Toodles!

[FOOTSTEPS AWAY]

CAM: This is going to be great. You'll see.

JACK: No, Cam. It's going to be a fucking disaster.

[FADE TO BUSY CLUB; CHEESY SPOOKY
TUNES PLAYING IN BACKGROUND; LAUGHING
CROWD; CLINKING GLASSES ETC]

CAM: (V.O.) It was not, in fact, a disaster. Not to start with, at least.

[THE FOLLOWING IS SHOUTED OVER CLUB
BACKGROUND]

JACK: Do you know how much these drinks were? Eight pounds! Eight pounds for three doubles! We should go to student nights more often. Here you go, Ellie.

ELLIE: Um, thanks. Is that, um, my gin and tonic?

JACK: No, even better. It's a Jäger and Coke.

ELLIE: (SIPPING) Mm. It's... mmm... an acquired taste?

JACK: It's cheap and alcoholic, so I say fill your boots. (PAUSE)
Cam? Who are you looking for?

CAM: Oh, no one.

JACK: Cam...

CAM: Look. Up on stage. The costume competition is about to start.

JACK: Costume competition? Dear lord. I thought the student crowd was made up of young adults, not genuine children.

ANNOUNCER: (D) We've been circulating through the crowd all night to pick out our top three costumes for your voting pleasure! If you like what you see, scream as loud as you can. Whoever gets the loudest scream gets the prize: two *hundred* pounds to spend at the bar! Ready?

[SCREAMS]

Then here's your first contender: the queen of the undead herself, the Fangtastic Fangarella!

[BACKGROUND SCREAMS]

ELLIE: Oh, look! She's a vampire! Wow, I thought *I'd* put some effort into my costume, but that is truly spectacular.

ANNOUNCER: (D) Show her some love, people!

[MORE SCREAMS]

JACK: Seriously, Cam, who are you looking for?

CAM: No one.

JACK: Cam...

CAM: All right, fine. It's just I was messaging with this guy on a dating app earlier, and he mentioned he'd be here, so I thought I'd just swing by and see if we happened to bump into each other...

ELLIE: A human? Isn't that a bit, um, risky?

JACK: Oh, let him have some fun. His on-again-off-again boyfriend is off-again, and being a prick about it. So what if Cam gets himself a little strange? Gotta say, though, mate: you're being a tiny bit stalkery about it.

CAM: I know. (SIGH) Maybe this was a bad idea.

ANNOUNCER: (D) And for those of you who like a good pun, here's our next contender!

[SCREAMS]

JACK: I don't get it. He's a sperm?

ELLIE: No, his costume is black. He's a tadpole.

CAM: Wearing a mortarboard and gown? Come on, guys. He's an Oxford comma.

JACK: (GROANS)

[FEW SCREAMS]

ANNOUNCER: (D) Okay, I guess there aren't a lot of pun-lovers in the audience. We hear you, loud and clear, or rather, we don't. Moving swiftly on to our final contender...

[LOUD SCREAMS]

ELLIE: Oh, I know this one! He's that superhero, the one who moves really fast. What's his name?

CAM: The Flash.

[WHOOSH]

[SMASHING GLASS, GENUINE SCREAMS]

JACK: Yes. Yes, he is. Or, you might say, the Flash-er.

ELLIE: Um, where did his clothes go?

CAM: Never mind his clothes, he just moved at super-speed in front of a club full of humans. He's clearly Silver, and he just breached the secrecy pact. We've got to catch him.

ELLIE: I'm sure your enthusiasm has nothing to do with his extreme hotness.

JACK: How do you know he's hot when he's wearing a mask?

ELLIE: Only on his face, Jack. The rest of him is... Well. With a body like that, his face doesn't matter.

JACK: Ellie! I never would have guessed you were such a--

CAM: Come on! He's getting away!

[WHOOSH; CLUB NOISE FADES OUT]

(V.O.) There was no catching up with the streaker, and with so many people packed into the club it was impossible to pick up a scent trail. We never stood a chance. By the end of the week, we were ready to put it down to a drunken one-off and file the streaker away in the Creep Box.

[IN SEEKERS' OFFICE: TYPING OFFICE
BACKGROUND NOISE]

JACK: Soooo... Have you heard anything else from the mystery man you've been messaging?

CAM: Yeah. A little. A lot. Honestly, we've been in touch pretty constantly for the past couple of days.

JACK: Well? What's he like? Spill.

CAM: His name's Sam, he's in his thirties, and he's the lead guitarist in a band that's starting to take off. They're playing tonight, actually, on the Cowley Road. On top of that, he's fun, and funny, and so easy to talk to that sometimes it feels like I've known him forever.

JACK: But?

CAM: But it's just that I think I like him. I might like him *a lot*, but he's human, and he might look older than me, but he's far too young, not to mention that I've only just broken up with Ed and it's kind of fresh.

JACK: What happened with you two this time, anyway?

CAM: I don't know. He's always too busy for me, as usual, but at the moment I feel like he has so many walls up that he's forgotten how to be vulnerable, even with me.

JACK: Did you tell him that?

CAM: I tried to. He just kind of... blinked.

JACK: I'm sorry.

CAM: I think it really is the end this time, Jack.

JACK: Then it's just as well you've found someone new. We should go tonight.

[FOOTSTEPS]

ELLIE: Ooo are you going out?

JACK: Yeah, Cam fancies a guy in a band that's playing tonight, so we're going to go see him in action.

CAM: I haven't agreed to this.

JACK: But you will. You should send him a message telling him you'll be there and ask if he wants to meet up.

CAM: I don't think so.

JACK: Why not?

CAM: It feels a bit... scary. And he'll probably say no.

JACK: Don't be ridiculous. He would absolutely say yes. But whether you message him or not, we're going to this gig.

CAM: I don't know...

JACK: Come on. You know you want to see him do his thing.

ELLIE: And I definitely do. Maybe afterwards he'll even take you backstage and show you how to finger his instrument.

JACK: Ellie, I swear, I never realised you had this side of you. Such an innocent face, and yet such filthy innuendo.

ELLIE: I'll take that as a compliment.

CAM: (EXHALE LOUDLY) All right. Let's go.

JACK: Great! You're buying my ticket. And my drinks.

CAM: Just like always, then.

JACK: Yeah, but I'm worth it, aren't I? Now, let's go bag you a guitarist.

[FADE IN ON LOUD MUSIC VENUE NOISES;
LIKE THE CLUB BUT WITH SOME TUNING UP
TOO]

[THE FOLLOWING IS SHOUTED OVER CLUB
BACKGROUND]

CAM: I think that's him.

JACK: Which one?

CAM: The guy with the stubble and the wavy hair.

JACK: He looks unwashed.

ELLIE: He looks hot.

JACK: Seriously, Ellie, I think someone should check your hormones.

ELLIE: I'm just having a little fun. (BEAT) I hate to say this about anyone, Jack, but honestly... you're being a little bit of a stick in the mud.

JACK: Me?

CAM: Shoosh, shoosh! They're starting.

[GUITAR STRUM]

[PAUSE]

[DULL TAPPING ON BROKEN MIC]

ELLIE: What's going on?

JACK: I think Cam's guitarist has a broken microphone.

ELLIE: Oh, no, where's Cam's hot date going?

CAM: He's not my hot date. Seriously, I've never even met him in person--

JACK: He's probably just going to swap out the mic. Don't panic.

[WHOOSH]

Uh oh. Is it just me, or does that masked, but otherwise naked, man look familiar?

ELLIE: He's back! Hello, you gorgeous hunk of man.

JACK: Ellie!

ELLIE: What's he doing?

JACK: Looks like he's fiddling with the guitarist's mic.

CAM: What does it matter what he's doing? He's back, running around at super-speed, breaking the secrecy pact *again*, and it's our job to catch him. Come on!

[CLUB FADES OUT; TIME ELAPSES; RUNNING
CHASE NOISES FADE IN; OUTSIDE ON
NIGHTTIME STREETS]

CAM: Can you see him? Did he double back up that alley?

JACK: No, I don't think so. You're not getting any scent at all?

CAM: No. Busy club. Cold night. And I don't have a reference scent to follow.

JACK: Then he's gone.

CAM: He could have crossed the road. Or maybe he went up onto the rooftops? Come on, Ellie.

ELLIE: No. My feet hurt. These shoes aren't designed for running.

CAM: Take them off, then.

JACK: We've been searching the streets for like an hour, Cam, and we've seen no sign. Face it, we lost him.

[PAUSE]

CAM: (SIGH) I know, but *again*? How does he keep getting away?

JACK: Are you sure your guitarist isn't Silver? Because I couldn't help but notice that the moment he went off stage, the streaker came on.

- ELLIE: He's about the right height and build as well, and if it is him, then the hotness of his face would perfectly match the hotness of his body. Seriously bonkable.
- JACK: *Bonkable?* (LOW) Dear god.
- CAM: Well, it's not as though they have a box for Silver or human on your app profile page. But I didn't recognise him as someone I've met before, and the world of gay Silver is a pretty small one, so unless he's new I feel like I would have.
- JACK: But if he is the streaker, it would explain how we lost him so easily. He could have just doubled back and hopped on stage.
- ELLIE: We should go and interview him. It'll only take a few seconds to work out whether or not he's human.
- JACK: Yeah, but we've probably missed the gig by now. We could go pick him up at home, I guess.
- CAM: But in the much more likely scenario that he's not the streaker, and is in fact human, I'm not having my first introduction to him be as a weirdo knocking on his door at midnight demanding to know whether or not he likes to expose himself in public.
- ELLIE: Fair point.
- JACK: Then we'll just have to come up with another plan.

CAM: (V.O.) After that disaster, Jack persuaded me to message the guy and ask him straight up if he wanted to meet. She was right: it wasn't that scary, and he did say yes. He suggested the fireworks party in South Park on Bonfire Night, so Jack and Ellie agreed to come with me for moral support and, if necessary, back up.

[FADE INTO SOUTH PARK FIREWORKS
FESTIVAL; BONFIRE BURNING IN
BACKGROUND; FAIRGROUND RIDES; LOUD
CHATTER; OUTSIDE; MUSIC PLAYING FROM
STAGE]

CAM: (EXCITEDLY) Aaaah they've got a waltzer! We have to go on the waltzer. And candyfloss, and toffee apples, and look, I could win you a cuddly polar bear from the hook-a-duck.

JACK: No rides and no sugar. You're hyper enough already. Where are you meeting the guitarist?

CAM: By the bonfire, at seven-thirty.

ELLIE: Which part of the bonfire? Look at the size of it.

JACK: Shit. Ellie's right. The thing is enormous. How are you supposed to find him in that crowd? Can you message him to change the meeting place? By the side of the music stage might work.

[PAUSE]

CAM: No phone service in the park. Can I hotspot off your phone?

[RUSTLE CHECKING PHONE]

JACK: No service either. Ellie?

ELLIE: I left my phone at home. (PAUSE) What?

JACK: Who leaves their phone at home?

ELLIE: I wanted to enjoy the evening without interruption. What's so strange about that? Oh my word is that Rick Astley on the music stage?

JACK: I doubt it, but who knows? He's got bills to pay, just like the rest of us.

CAM: Rick Astley? Really?

JACK: I think it's a cover band.

ELLIE: I think it's really him.

CAM: Come on, come on!

JACK: Let go of me, Cam. It's not Rick Astley.

CAM: Let's watch anyway.

JACK: All right, you don't need to drag me.

CAM: Well, apparently I do. Oh my god, it really *is* Rick Astley!
Listen to the tone of his--

[WHOOSH]

JACK: Um, naked man alert. Naked man alert!

ELLIE: Oh, goody! The streaker's back.

CAM: He's manhandling Rick Astley!

JACK: I think he's after the mic. Oop. Astley's down.

[MIC FEEDBACK; BOOING]

ED: (D) I'm sorry to interrupt, but my boyfriend's in the
audience, and I have something to say to him.

[QUIET FALLS; FAIRGROUND RIDES IN
BACKGROUND]

JACK: Boo! Put Astley back on!

ELLIE: Now, let's not be so hasty. That streaker has one
beautiful backside. And the frontside's not too--

CAM: We have to catch him before he gets away! Come on.

ED: (D) I want to say I'm sorry, and if you need me to make
myself vulnerable then I can. See? Please take me back.
I love you.

JACK: Um, Cam? Is it just me or is he looking at you?

CAM: Oh. Oh, no. (LOW) It's Ed.

ED: (D) I was distracted by work and I know that's no excuse, but-- (OFF) Unhand me!

JACK: Oop. Astley's fighting back.

ELLIE: Yeow! He's got one hell of a right hook.

JACK: The streaker's going to run. And...

[WHOOSH]

CAM: There he goes, breaking the secrecy pact again. How am I going to talk him out of this one? The romantic fool.

JACK: Wait, did you say Ed? *Our* Ed?

ELLIE: I've been perving over *Ed*?

CAM: Yes. I should have recognised him, but I hardly expected-
-

ELLIE: Oh my god.

JACK: Ugh. I did not need to see Ed naked. Excuse me while I go and wash my brain out. I'll need a pint of gin. Two pints of gin. (LOW) Dear lord there isn't enough gin in the world.

ELLIE: Jack, wait! Wait for me! I need gin too!

CAM: (SHOUTING) Excuse me! Can I get some help with this... situation?

JACK: (SHOUTING) Sorry, Cam! Your naked ex, your naked problem!

[BACKGROUND NOISE SLOWLY FADES OUT]

CAM: (V.O.) They left me there in the middle of South Park, wondering what I should do next. I was supposed to be meeting the guitarist in half an hour somewhere near the bonfire. It would take me twice that long just to find him. I knew exactly where to find the stalker, though: back at the college in his suite above the lab.

[KNOCK KNOCK]

(V.O.) I cancelled the date.

[DOOR OPENS]

ED: Oh. Cam. Hi.

CAM: What were you thinking, Ed?

[CREAK AS DOOR OPENS WIDER]

ED: I don't know. I came to find you the other day and you'd left your phone on your desk and a message popped up and I didn't mean to read it, I swear I didn't, but--

(PAUSE) I thought maybe if I made a grand gesture, that might be enough to win you back.

CAM: But why choose... *that*?

ED: The nudity, vulnerability... It seems a tenuous kind of logic now I come to explain it, but it felt apt at the time. Maybe I wasn't thinking clearly.

CAM: I'd say so. You used super-speed, Ed. In front of humans. Three times.

ED: Oh. Well, yes. I suppose I shouldn't have done that, but the first time I tried it I lost my nerve, and the second time the microphone was broken, so--

CAM: You broke the secrecy pact.

ED: Oh. Um.

CAM: We opened a file on you. You're in the Creep Box.

ED: Oh. Oh dear.

CAM: For someone who's supposed to be a genius, you have been incredibly stupid. I should march you up to Summertown right now and present you to the baron for sentencing.

ED: Oh. (SADLY) I see.

CAM: But...

ED: But?

CAM: Maybe that can wait until tomorrow.

[FOOTSTEPS AS CAM STEPS INSIDE]

ED: Oh. *Oh*. Yes. Maybe it can.

CAM: (V.O.) It never would have worked out with the guitarist anyway.

[DOOR CLOSSES]

[FADING BACK INTO QUIET OF RECORDING ROOM]

Don't worry; this isn't a story about corruption in the Seekers. Ed did go to see the baron the next day, and after he explained himself as well as he could, he was let off with a warning. After all, there was no harm done, just a few rumours about light effects and teleportation technology that everyone forgot about by the end of the next week. And so the Super-Speed Streaker was deleted from the Creep Box and - with special dispensation from the Captain - never made it into the Dead Box at all.

[PAUSE]

Maybe that shouldn't be my favourite case, if you can even call it a case at all. But it taught me a little about the strange ways people choose to express their love for

each other, and it brought me and Ed back together when we were having a difficult time so, yeah, I stand by it. It's my favourite.

[KNOCK ON DOOR]

CAM: Yep? Hey, Jack. What's up?

JACK: You weren't answering your phone.

CAM: Oh, damn.

[RUSTLING FIDDLING WITH PHONE]

I had it on silent. Sorry. What's up?

JACK: Boyd called. I think we've just found the Ten of Clubs.

CAM: Really? Is it Dexter Ells?

JACK: Maybe.

CAM: What do you mean, maybe?

JACK: It's too early to tell. The body's at the fireworks display in South Park, but we're going to need dental records to identify him.

CAM: Why?

JACK: They found him on top of the bonfire.