

SCENE 1: THE LODGE

[OUTSIDE IN COLLEGE QUAD]

JACK: He's back.

HUNTER: Who's back?

CAM: That's impossible, Jack. He's dead.

JACK: You know I never believed that, Cam.

HUNTER: Who's dead?

CAM: That's right. Hunter wasn't a part of the squad back then.

HUNTER: Back when?

[HURRIED STEPS ON STONE]

JACK: Hello? Where's the college porter? There you are. Who left that dog here? And who left this envelope in my pigeon hole?

PORTER: I don't--

JACK: You must have seen something. We must have cameras in this place, right?

PORTER: The dog was here when we opened up this morning.

JACK: But the envelope wasn't, so who put it there?

PORTER: I did. It came with the post, Ms Valentine.

JACK: No, there's no address on this envelope. It must have been hand-delivered.

PORTER: I don't know what to tell you. It came with the post.

CAM: It's not his M.O.

JACK: It is, Cam. His name. The victim's.

CAM: Casian?

JACK: His surname. Spade.

CAM: (BEAT) Oh, shit.

[RUNNING STEPS]

HUNTER: Will someone please tell me what's going on?

[TITLE SEQUENCE]

SCENE 2: INTRODUCING JACK

CAM: Okay?

JACK: Yeah.

CAM: You sure about this, Jack?

JACK: Look, you said someone's got to do it, and that someone should be me. So yes. I'm sure. Just... Let's get on with it, okay?

CAM: Then start by introducing yourself - when you joined, background, all that stuff - then you can take us into the case. Ready?

[NOISES AS CAM ARRANGES MICROPHONE]

JACK: Yeah.

CAM: (OFF) Okay. Go for it.

[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING ON]

JACK: Okay. So. My name's Jack Valentine. Jacqueline, full name, but don't call me that unless you want to make an enemy for life. I joined the Seekers about twenty years ago, I guess, just after I turned Silver, but that's a whole other story. My first case, back then, it was a serial killer, and we knew that from the beginning because his signature was... distinctive.

He'd already killed a few people before I joined, but then I turned up and it was like he went into overdrive. Maybe my name set him off, I don't know. Jack Valentine. You know. Jack of Hearts. But suddenly we're finding crime scenes with playing cards at them all over the city, and it turns into this game of cat and mouse that lasts for months without ever getting us anywhere. We couldn't find the guy though, the one we called the Dealer.

[PAUSE]

How much detail do you want here?

CAM: (OFF) As much as you want to give, really. As much as you can remember.

JACK: You know I remember all of it. Photographic memory.

CAM: (OFF) Right. A bit about each crime scene then, maybe? And the clues that led us to the guy, and how we caught him.

JACK: We didn't catch him, Cam.

CAM: Just because there's a copycat out there, it doesn't mean the work we did back then to catch him--

JACK: We never caught him. (LOW) That's the whole point.

[A BIT OF DEAD AIR BEFORE CLICK OF
RECORDER TURNING OFF]

SCENE 3: THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

[KNOCK AT DOOR]

LANGFORD: Come in.

[DOOR OPENS]

Mr Sawyer, Ms Valentine. What can I do for you?

CAM: Sorry to interrupt, Captain, but there's something we need to show you. Here.

LANGFORD: What is this?

[RUSTLE AS SHE EXTRACTS CARD FROM ENVELOPE]

The Jack of Hearts. Oh, dear. So either someone's trying to wind Jack up, or we've got a copycat on our hands.

JACK: It's not a copycat, it's *him*.

LANGFORD: He's dead, Ms Valentine.

JACK: You know I never believed that. You think a human could have pulled off everything he did? You *really* think--

CAM: There are similarities, Jack, but there are differences too, and you can't just ignore them.

The Dealer always picked female victims, never male.
And he chose his victims because of their names--

JACK: Right. All university students, all with surnames matching the suits of playing cards, like Spade. Spades. It fits, Cam.

CAM: But his first name was Casian. If we're comparing this with the Dealer's pattern, the first name should be something that identifies a particular card in the deck, like Jack Valentine is the Jack of Hearts. Spade is Spades, okay, but Casian doesn't mean anything relevant. It should be a picture card, or a number, like--

LANGFORD: Otto?

[SHUFFLING PAPERS]

CAM: Exactly. What?

LANGFORD: These are the files you retrieved from the private detective, I believe. The boy changed his name when he was eighteen. His given name was Otto.

CAM: Eight.

JACK: See? The Dealer killed seven students in the nineties. This is number eight. I told you, it fits. Everything fits. Captain, I'm going back to the crime scene. If this really is him, then there should be another card there pointing us to his next victim.

LANGFORD: Do NOT go alone, Jack. Fine, go if you must, but go via the canteen, and take Cameron with you.

JACK: Captain--

LANGFORD: I am not asking. I am telling. But I am also giving you special dispensation to fuel up on blood and move at super-speed to get there, *carefully*, even though it's daytime, because I know you're going to do it anyway and you've already had two reprimands this month.

JACK: I need to do this on my own, Captain. You know what he--

LANGFORD: Ms Valentine. Would you like to stay on this case, or shall I hand it over to another team?

CAM: Come on, Jack. It'll be quicker with two of us anyway. I'll get the evidence kit and you grab a couple of bottles of blood.

LANGFORD: Wait, Cameron. Take this card to the lab while you're at it.

[RUSTLING OF CARD BACK INTO ENVELOPE]

Maybe they can get something from it.

JACK: You know exactly what they'll find.

LANGFORD: Then you'll be one step closer to proving your theory.

CAM: Come on, Jack.

JACK: I'm right about this. I know I am.

LANGFORD: Then go back to the towpath and prove it. Good luck, and watch your backs.

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

SCENE 4: THE TOWPATH

[RUSTLING OF TREES, WHOOSHING OF
VAMPIRES, FOOTSTEPS ON DIRT]

CAM: It rained.

JACK: He won't have let a little shower get in his way.

CAM: If this even is him.

JACK: Which it is.

CAM: Are you really so determined to be right that you'd rather have a notorious serial killer on the loose than a crappy copycat?

JACK: Are you so determined for me to be wrong that you'd rather ignore the possibility altogether? I'm not trying to be difficult, Cam. It's just that I have this feeling in the pit of my stomach that tells me he's back. It never felt right to me, the way things ended last time, but I was new and I wasn't confident enough to push my point. That's not me anymore.

CAM: Do you think that you used to be meek and obedient? Because you never were, Jack. It's one of the things I like most about you. But if I'm willing to admit that you might be right, you have to admit that you might be wrong. It doesn't help either of us to go into this thinking that we already have the answers.

We have to be open to everything, or we're going to miss something important. All right?

JACK: All right, fine. Maybe you have a point.

CAM: Good. (PAUSE) I'm not seeing anything here. Are you?

JACK: The tyre tracks are still there in the mud. That would be the obvious place for him to leave the card, but they look just like they did when we found the body.

CAM: He could have planted the card before the tyre tracks were left. Maybe we need to dig.

JACK: No, that doesn't fit. He doesn't leave the card until after the body has been removed.

CAM: No, that's what the Dealer did, Jack. We don't know that this is him. Open minds, remember?

JACK: Yeah, yeah.

[PAUSE]

CAM: I don't see anything.

JACK: That doesn't mean it wasn't here. This is a public place. People come along this way all the time. Anyone could have-- Wait a minute. Oh, god. I'm an idiot. Cam, the tyre tracks.

CAM: What about them?

JACK: This isn't the crime scene. This is the body dump site. We're not going to find the card here. We'll find it in the place where Casian Spade was killed.

CAM: If this is actually the Dealer.

JACK: Can you just go along with me for now and debate later?

CAM: Fine.

JACK: Then help me think. His housemate said he went out walking the dog along the river yesterday morning. I bet the dog could take us to the crime scene.

CAM: You don't need a dog. You have me.

JACK: Excuse me?

CAM: Best nose in the county. We'll just track back along the river to North Oxford, past Spade's house, and keep going until I smell something. You ready to run?

JACK: All right. Let's go.

[SUPERSPEED RUNNING NOISES, HEAVY BREATHING BUT NO ONE STRUGGLING]

[FADE OUT AND IN]

JACK: Anything yet?

CAM: Not yet. Be patient.

[FADE OUT AND IN]

JACK: Anything now?

CAM: Still not yet. I'll tell you, Jack.

[FADE OUT AND IN]

[RUNNING SLOWS]

JACK: There's something now, right?

CAM: I think so. Not sure. Faint blood... But then it rained, and there are all kinds of animals out here so I can't even be sure--

JACK: What's that, pinned to the fencepost?

CAM: Oh.

JACK: I told you! I told you it was him. Look at this: he even waterproofed it in a plastic bag for us.

[NOISE OF PLASTIC TEARING]

CAM: Which card? Is it a nine?

JACK: Nine of Diamonds, complete with bloody thumbprint.
Look.

[PLASTIC RUSTLES]

CAM: Let's get it back to the lab. We need to know whose print
that is, fast.

JACK: They won't be able to trace it.

CAM: You don't know that.

JACK: They never managed last time.

CAM: That was decades ago, Jack. Things are different now.
Technology is more advanced. There are biometric
databases all over the place. We might get lucky.

JACK: Not lucky enough, though. Come on, Cam. We both know
that whoever left this thumbprint is already dead.

CAM: Only if you assume this is the Dealer. You're being close-
minded again.

JACK: So are you. This is him, Cam. How much more proof do
you need?

CAM: (EXHALES) It's possible that you're right, but--

JACK: Aha!

CAM: But! We need to get this card tested...

[PLASTIC RUSTLES]

...and we need to review the old case file to work out where we went wrong on the original investigation, if in fact we went wrong at all, which I'm not sure I believe anyway.

JACK: So we're busting out the Dead Box?

CAM: Yep. We're busting out the Dead Box.

JACK: (GROANS)

SCENE 5: CAM EXPLAINS FILING[PODCAST ON]

CAM: (CLOSE) Hey listeners! Cam here, letting you in on the inner workings of the Seekers, and today I'm talking about our limited filing system. We don't write much down. Reports take ages, and that takes us away from case work, plus the stuff we do is supposed to be secret, so having a load of files lying around doesn't really work for us. But there are times when we do need some records, like when we're suspicious about someone and want to keep a note of the weird stuff they're doing, or when we've closed a case and need to remember why we put away the person we did. Those details are stored on our two external hard drives, which we keep off the network so they're basically unhackable, like the Battlestar Galactica. We call the first drive the Creep Box, and that's the one for the weirdo suspects. The second one, for our closed cases, is called the Dead Box, for obvious reasons. It's where the worst of the worst end up, and where we put our bad memories. Unsurprisingly, opening it is not fun. Brace yourselves. Cam out.

[PODCAST OFF]

SCENE 6: JACK NARRATES[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING ON]

CAM: (OFF) Okay, Jack. Do you want to start with the Dealer's first victim from the nineties? That was the one you saw, right?

JACK: Yeah. Una Carreaux, her name was. I saw her getting snatched in an alley off the High Street, when I was newly-turned and everything was sort of spinning, so I wasn't completely sure. Though I was sure enough. We found her later in the college quad, and then a little while after her body was removed, we found the Jack of Hearts in the same place. Then the Two of Spades turned up in the alley where she got snatched, with two bloody thumbprints on its face.

[PAUSE]

CAM: (OFF) We can take a break.

JACK: Fuck off. Let's just get this done. It was the worst one anyway.

CAM: (OFF) If you're sure.

JACK: Just stop being so nice, will you? It makes me go weird. (BREATH) All right. It was my first week on the job. My first week as a vampire, even.

I was a mess, I was still trying to prove myself and my photographic memory, and I had to follow Boyd around everywhere like a puppy learning to heel. The Carreaux investigation was going nowhere; we'd tried to match the thumbprints in the police databases, but back then a lot of the searches were manual and there was no reason for most people to have their prints on file anyway, so we got nothing. And then we got an anonymous call. Because he was impatient, and he wanted us to find them. He wanted me, specifically, to find them, in the sitting room of the suite they shared at ChristChurch College. It was this snug little wood-panelled room, proper old-school college fancy. It looked like something out of one of those BBC period dramas. He'd pushed aside the sofa and the coffee table and all the books so there was just the patterned rug in the middle of the floor...

[NARRATION GRADUALLY MELDS INTO
FLASHBACK, SO SOUNDS FROM CRIME
SCENE - A COLLEGE SITTING ROOM - BEGIN
TO FILTER IN: TICKING CLOCK, PEOPLE
TALKING AS THEY PASS OUTSIDE WINDOWS]

...and then he'd laid out a ring of playing cards on it so large he must have used twenty decks to get it right, and then in the middle, their arms wrapped around each other, hair spread out like sunbeams, were the twins.

SCENE 7: FLASHBACK: THE COLLEGE SITTING
ROOM

BOYD: What have we got, Cameron?

CAM: Deputy. This is Susan and Anna Spar. Both twenty. Both in their final years studying English.

BOYD: Two at once, and this is the second murder scene this week.

CAM: He's accelerating from his usual pattern, sir. According to what we know from the Creep Box, he usually kills only once every year or so, leaving a random playing card at each scene.

JACK: They're not random. At least not this time. He's going through the suits.

BOYD: That's pure conjecture, Jacqueline.

JACK: No, it's symbology, Boyd. Carreaux, the first victim: Diamonds. And Spar, that's Spades, right? Like the logo for Spar supermarkets?

CAM: So we're going to have at least two more of these?

BOYD: It could simply be a coincidence. We don't investigate cases by blindly jumping to conclusions on the basis of--

JACK: It makes sense, though.

BOYD: We assume nothing. Gather the evidence, look at the facts, and make supported deductions. That's how this works. We don't speculate wildly. Now, come along, Jacqueline. Let's test that visual memory of yours.

JACK: (SIGH) Fine.

BOYD: Eyes closed. In fact, if you don't mind, turn and face the wall.

JACK: You don't trust me not to peek? Seriously.

BOYD: Just to be sure. Your recall of the last murder was certainly remarkable, Jacqueline, but I'm not convinced it wasn't a fluke.

JACK: Fine. Eyes closed, hands over eyes, even, and here, I'll shove my face right in the corner if it'll make you any happier. All right?

BOYD: Yes. Now, tell me what you saw.

JACK: (HEAVY EXHALE) Everything's been pushed to the edges of the room. It looks like college issue stuff, including the rug. The bodies are posed, and he took his time about it. There's a symmetry in the way he's arranged them that can't be natural, with every strand of hair teased out like it is. The cards would have taken time too; they're all face up. It looks as though about twenty-- No, exactly twenty decks were used. Almost every card is present.

BOYD: Almost?

JACK: One of the Four of Clubs cards is missing.

BOYD: Is it really? Would you check, Cameron?

CAM: Um... Give me a second. (LOW AND FAST) One, two, three, four, five, six... hmm... nineteen. Eighteen, nineteen, twenty. Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. (NORMAL) We'll have to take them back to the lab to make sure there's an accurate count, but yes, it looks like there's twenty of every card except the Four of Clubs. There are only nineteen of them, which is strange. I wonder if--

BOYD: Conjecture, Cameron. Gather the evidence, and then let's make our exit before the human authorities arrive. Jacqueline, you assist. (OFF) Cheryl, do you have that sample kit? We need to secure the evidence quickly.

[FOOTSTEPS, VOICES IN BACKGROUND,
BUSTLE AT CRIME SCENE, CAMERA FLASH
CLICKS]

CAM: So, how are you enjoying your first week, Jack?

JACK: It's a lot. And these girls...

CAM: I know. They asked to share a room so they wouldn't have to be separated.

JACK: That's sad.

CAM: Yeah, it is. (PAUSE) And for what it's worth, I think you're
right. I think this guy is just getting started.

[FADE OUT]

SCENE 8: THE COLLEGE BAR[BACKGROUND BAR NOISES]

CAM: Jack! Hey, Jack.

JACK: Cam! My bestest friend in the world look at you with your beautiful face and your hair and your face. Come and sit down.

CAM: Um, do you really think this is a good time to be getting drunk?

JACK: Nope, but I can't think of a better one, can you? That Casian kid died, and Pandora's let everything out of the box - get it? - and then you and your fucking podcast, stirring up crappy old memories, and on top of all that, the Dealer's back.

CAM: The Dealer's dead, Jack.

JACK: Says you. Pass me that bottle of blood. I'm mixing up a little something.

[PODCAST ON]

CAM: Hey, listeners! Welcome to the Solomon College bar, one of the only places in Oxford where we can drink blood openly without risking the secrecy of the Silver.

There's booze here too, even though we're mostly immune to the effects of alcohol, but Jack's found a way around that by combining alcohol, human blood and Silver blood to create a drink she calls the Valentine's Massacre. Do not drink it around humans, people you like, people you don't like, or in fact at all. Jack is not a good role model. Do not copy her. Cam out.

[PODCAST OFF]

HUNTER: Hey guys!

CAM: (LONG-SUFFERING) Hey, Hunter.

HUNTER: What are we drinking?

JACK: Everything. Anything. Why, do you have any suggestions?

HUNTER: It looks as though you don't need any help from me. You're bleeding all over the table.

JACK: I needed some of my blood to mix Massacres.

HUNTER: I don't think you needed that much.

JACK: Stupid knife slipped. Nothing to do with me. It's obviously broken.

[GLASS SMASHING]

Oops.

BARMAN: (OFF) Will you get her out of here? She's a bloody embarrassment, and she's breaking all my glassware. Those pints aren't cheap, you know.

CAM: Sorry, sorry. Come on, Jack.

JACK: I can walk on my own.

[CRASH]

BARMAN: (OFF) Mind the furniture! Bloody hell.

CAM: Sorry!

HUNTER: I'll just carry her.

JACK: I do *not* need to be--

[CLOTHING RUSTLES]

Mmm. You smell nice. Is that cinnamon?

HUNTER: (LAUGHING) Maybe I should get you drunk more often.

[WALKING OUT OF BAR]

JACK: I am an independent woman, and I got myself drunk, thank you so very much.

HUNTER: That you did.

CAM: Thanks, Hunter. I can take her from here.

JACK: He smells nice, Cam.

CAM: That's nice, but we're going to say goodnight now. Say goodnight, Jack.

JACK: Goodnight, Jack. (LAUGHS MANIACALLY)

HUNTER: You're a loon. Goodnight, Jack, and goodnight, Cam.

CAM: Thanks, Hunter.

[WALK AWAY, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

JACK: My head hurts.

CAM: You hit it when you fell into the table. Also, you drank your bodyweight in gin.

JACK: Oh. That makes sense.

[WALK ALONG CORRIDOR]

[KEYS JINGLING; DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

CAM: Here we are then, in your rooms, safe and sound. Let's get you to bed.

[WALK ACROSS WOOD FLOOR; SHEETS
RUSTLING]

JACK: Duvet. I love my duvet. I love you, Cam. You're the best.

CAM: I know. Sleep well, and meet me at the lab in the morning. Nine o'clock. With any luck, Ed should have some results for us by then.

JACK: Ten.

CAM: Nine thirty.

JACK: Nine forty-five.

CAM: Jack.

JACK: Jesus fine whatever nine thirty.

CAM: Goodnight. I love you, you drunkard.

[FOOTSTEPS AWAY; DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES]

JACK: (YELLING) If you loved me then you'd let me sleep til ten!

SCENE 9: THE LAB

[DOOR SWINGS OPEN]

JACK: Cam? Are you in here? Ed? Hello?

CAM: (OFF) Jack?

[FOOTSTEPS ON TILE]

JACK: I know I'm a teensy bit late, but I forgot to set an alarm and, to be fair, you knew I was too pissed to manage that anyway, so really this is your-- Oh dear god, are you two canoodling behind the photocopier again?

ED: (OFF) It's a centrifuge.

CAM: (OFF) And yes!

JACK: Don't make me come back there with a bucket of water! Unless you've forgotten, we have a case to solve.

[FOOTSTEPS; RUSTLING OF CLOTHES]

ED: Ahem. Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello, Ed.

ED: Cam'll be right out. He's just, um...

JACK: I don't need details! Just tell me about the thumbprint on the Nine of Diamonds.

ED: The blood test results are nearly done.

[BEEP BOOP BEEP SCIENTIFIC MACHINERY
NOISES]

ED: Any second now...

[PRINTING NOISE]

Here we go. Right. Oh.

CAM: Oh?

JACK: Well, good morning, Cam. You took your time. Did you get lost? I thought we were all in a tearing hurry this morning and had to get up early to be at the lab at the crack of--

CAM: It's nearly noon.

JACK: Well, fine, but it's not my fault that--

ED: You should take a look at this. I screened the blood on the card, and it's come back with the same drugs that were in Pandora Carlton's system when we took her samples the other night.

- JACK: What do you mean, the same drugs? Half of them were Silver stuff, designed for vampires, not humans.
- ED: I mean whoever's blood this is, they ingested exactly the same drug cocktail that Ms Carlton did.
- JACK: But if the Dealer's following his pattern, then this should be the next victim's blood. You're telling me a *human* took all this stuff?
- ED: Yes, because despite all the drugs, this blood is human, not Silver. It's just like the blood that was left in Casian Spade.
- JACK: Wait, you're saying Spade's blood had the same mix of drugs? I didn't realise those tests had been processed.
- ED: Yeah, they went to the bottom of the queue when we were rushing Pandora's through, but I'm certain: it's the same.
- JACK: Then I was right. Someone did poison Spade's blood. That must be what happened to Pandora: she didn't take the drugs herself; she drank them in Spade's blood.
- CAM: Then why would she bite him, Jack? We've been through this.
- ED: I can't give you an answer to that. But there's this too.

[RUSTLING PAPER]

JACK: You actually got a hit on the fingerprint? When does that *ever* happen?

ED: It was in the immigration database: Hishikawa Kuro. He's here on a student visa. Studying English at ChristChurch College.

JACK: That sounds worryingly familiar.

CAM: And there's his name, Jack.

ED: We looked it up. It means something like Ninth Son of the Diamond River.

JACK: Nine of Diamonds. Shit. Let's go.

CAM: The Captain won't like it. The tests came back for the Jack of Hearts card, too, and it had Spade's fingerprint on it, in his own blood. Whoever's doing this is clearly targeting you--

JACK: You can persuade the captain, Cam. You know she's got a soft spot for you. Besides, it makes sense: we look the right age to pass for fellow students, just paying a friend a visit. We'll blend right in.

CAM: Maybe, if you change your jeans for a pair that aren't covered in gin and dried blood.

JACK: You were never a student yourself, were you, Cam?

CAM: No.

JACK: Then you have no idea. Come on, you can call the captain while I drive.

CAM: Do I have a choice?

[JACK WALKING AWAY]

JACK: (OFF) Nope!

ED: Good luck, Cam. (KISS) Sounds like you'll need it.

SCENE 10: THE COLLEGE SITTING ROOM

[KNOCKING ON DOOR]

JACK: Hello? Mr Hishikawa? Knock knock?

[DOOR SWINGS OPEN]

CAM: Well, that's not good.

[FOOTSTEPS]

JACK: Oh no. Why am I getting déjà vu?

CAM: The circle of cards on the floor. I can't be certain without checking the old crime scene photos, but it looks to me like about the same number of decks have been used.

JACK: It's worse than that, Cam: the cards are in about the same places too, suit by suit, number by number. And you know what else?

CAM: It's the same sofa. The same rug.

JACK: Yep.

CAM: You're right. I didn't recognise it because they've changed the number on the door, but it's the same room.

JACK: Son of a-- What are the chances?

CAM: I guess maybe the Dealer had a hand in the room assignments.

JACK: So you finally admit that it's him?

CAM: Seeing this? It's hard to argue otherwise. Why duplicate the scene so precisely unless this is a message? It's like he wants us to know this was him. I mean, it's identical, Jack. *Identical*.

JACK: Except for one key feature. Where's the body, Cam? Where's Kuro?

[FOOTSTEPS, CREAKING WOOD FLOORS,
OPENING DOORS, MOVING STUFF ABOUT IN
THEIR SEARCH]

JACK: Well, wherever he is, he's not here. Are you picking up any scents?

CAM: There's a Silver scent, but I can't tell you who it is. And I can smell blood, but I'm not seeing any.

JACK: Let me check the circle of cards. Maybe... Oh, shit.

CAM: What?

JACK: Shit. Shit. Shit. Cam, there's a card here with a bloody thumbprint on it.

CAM: No, there can't be. That makes no sense. It's too early. We haven't even found the body yet. He's not supposed to kill again until after we find the body.

JACK: It's been five days since we found Spade. Maybe Hishikawa's been dead all that time and the Dealer got tired waiting for us to find the scene. Maybe he removed the body himself. Or maybe someone else moved it. Either way, he's marked a card. So if he's stuck to his pattern, that means someone else is already--

CAM: What card is it?

JACK: Ten. Ten of Clubs. There's blood underneath the cards here too, and a hole in the floorboards, like someone got stabbed and the blade went right through to the floor.

CAM: That's not the Dealer's MO.

JACK: Maybe the blood's his, Cam. Maybe Hishikawa fought back.

[PAUSE]

CAM: I'm calling Boyd and Hunter. We need the evidence kit, we need to find that body, and we need to lock this place down before the students catch on.

JACK: That's not all, Cam: we need to get Pandora Carlton out of her box. Right now.

Whatever happened to Casian Spade, it's not what we thought, and she's got the answers to the questions we're asking. We need to talk to her as soon as possible, and you know what that means.

CAM: We're going to Summertown.

JACK: Yup.

CAM: Maybe I can persuade the baron to record something for the podcast while we're there.

JACK: I seriously doubt it.

CAM: You never know. Don't ask, don't get.

JACK: We never get a thing from him, Cam. Ugh. Just when I thought my day couldn't get any worse, along comes Killian *fucking* Drake to prove me wrong. The *utter* bastard.

SCENE 11: CAM EXPLAINS BARONS[PODCAST ON]

CAM: (CLOSE) Hey listeners! Cam here, coming in with a little Silver politics lesson. Here's how it works: we've got a leader who's in charge of everything in the U.K. - and a bunch of the rest of the world - called the Primus. He's in London, and we don't see a lot of him. The counties are controlled by local barons who report back to the Primus, and although the Seekers headquarters is here in Oxford, we report to the baron of whatever county we're working in for each case. Which brings me to Baron Killian Drake, who's in charge of Oxfordshire, so he's basically the most important baron in the country as far as we're concerned. He's a decent enough guy, but Jack's got it in for him because twenty years ago he locked up the woman who turned her Silver, and she's been missing ever since. It's a whole thing that I won't get into now, but basically they've got bunches of baggage, so if you're wondering what all the weird tension between them is about, that's it. You'll see what I mean. Okay, Cam out!

[PODCAST OFF]

SCENE 12: THE BARON'S MANSION

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

CAM: Okay, Jack. So we're going to be nice, right?

JACK: To Drake? Fuck no. To his guards... maybe.

CAM: (LOW) Oh dear.

[DOOR BELL; DOOR OPENS]

HUGO: State your business.

JACK: Is he in?

HUGO: Physically, yes. For you? I don't know.

JACK: Just call him, will you?

HUGO: Fine. It's your funeral.

[STATIC; INDECIPHERABLE RADIO CHATTER]

Seekers, sir.

[STATIC; INDECIPHERABLE RADIO CHATTER]

The guy who looks like a golden retriever and the aggressive one with the mouldy leather jacket.

[STATIC; INDECIPHERABLE RADIO CHATTER]

CAM: (LOW) Should I be insulted?

JACK: (LOW) It's pretty accurate, actually. About you, I mean. The rest is a bloody slander.

[STATIC; INDECIPHERABLE RADIO CHATTER]

HUGO: I don't know. Should I ask?

JACK: (SHOUTING) Official business, Drake. And it's urgent, so let us in.

[STATIC; INDECIPHERABLE RADIO CHATTER]

[DOOR SWINGS WIDE]

HUGO: He says you can go up. You know the way.

JACK: Thanks. And just FYI, your jacket is boring as shit.

CAM: Come on, Jack!

[FOOTSTEPS; CLIMBING STAIRS; ALONG CARPET; DOOR OPENS]

Good morning, Baron. Thank you for seeing us on such short notice.

DRAKE: Good morning, Mr Sawyer. And Jack Valentine. What a pleasant surprise.

JACK: It's neither of those things, Drake, and we both know it, so cut the act. We're here about Pandora Carlton.

DRAKE: Is that breakfast on your trousers, Jack, or last night's beverage?

JACK: Beverages, actually, plural. Some of us occasionally leave our ivory towers and go out to have fun. You should try it some time.

DRAKE: Is that an offer?

JACK: Don't push me, Drake. I'm not in the mood.

DRAKE: I think you'll find that you're the one who's pushing me. Which of us do you think is capable of pushing back harder?

[TENSE PAUSE]

CAM: Um. If it's not too much trouble, Baron, we need to speak with Pandora Carlton.

JACK: What Cam means is that we're speaking to her, however much trouble it is, whether you like it or not.

CAM: Please, is what Jack means to say. (LOW) Would it kill you to be just a little bit polite? Or at least not openly hostile?

JACK: (LOW) Yes. I think it actually would.

DRAKE: I have plenty of empty boxes, Jack. If you want to end up in one yourself, then keep pushing.

JACK: Threats now, is it? Well, I'd like to see you-- Ow!
(MUFFLED PROTESTS)

CAM: (LOW) I will buy you a whole kilo of Dairy Milk if you simmer down right now and just let me do the talking. Deal?

JACK: (PAUSE) Mm-hmm.

CAM: I'm going to let you go now.

JACK: (SPLUTTERING)

DRAKE: (AMUSED) And why exactly do you need to speak with Ms Carlton?

CAM: Well, we found a playing card by the river where her boyfriend was killed, which pointed us to a crime scene covered in playing cards, laid out in a circle in the same room where the Spar twins were killed in ninety-nine. There was another marked card at that scene.

DRAKE: We're talking about the Dealer? Are you saying someone is repeating his crimes?

JACK: (SULKILY) It's not a copycat.

CAM: I tend to agree, sir. We now believe that we may have had the wrong suspect, which means he didn't die back in ninety-nine, which means he's never been caught. We don't know why he stopped killing, but it looks like his hiatus is over.

DRAKE: So you have a serial killer on the loose. Again.

CAM: Yes, sir.

DRAKE: Correct me if I'm wrong, but I seem to recall that this serial killer had something of a fixation on Jack.

JACK: On my name. It's nothing to do with me personally.

DRAKE: Of course not. I can't imagine why anyone would take against you *personally*.

JACK: You know what, Drake? You are a--

CAM: That's right, sir. He sent her a card back then, and he's sent her another now. The Jack of Hearts.

DRAKE: Ah. I see. And what does Ms Carlton have to do with this?

CAM: Our current theory is that she didn't kill her boyfriend after all. Our guess is that the Dealer killed him and framed her, or at the very least he did something to make her kill him. We'd like to talk to her to see if we can work out which.

JACK: So, are you going to unbox her, or what?

[INTERCOM STATIC]

DRAKE: Hugo?

HUGO: (D) Yes, sir?

DRAKE: Could you remove Pandora Carlton from her box, please, and give her a bottle or two of blood? We need to conduct another interview.

HUGO: (D) Yes, sir.

DRAKE: Thank you.

[INTERCOM STATIC]

Now, if I remember correctly, he killed seven students initially. So Ms Carlton's victim is number eight, and if we count the gentleman who's currently missing, that would make nine?

CAM: Yes, but if we count the marked card he left at the latest crime scene, it would be ten. We just haven't found two of the bodies yet.

DRAKE: Which would mean... You're next, Jack.

JACK: Excuse me?

CAM: Oh dear. I hadn't thought of that.

DRAKE: He's counting. Assuming that this is, in fact, the Dealer, and that he has already killed numbers nine and ten, then the next person he'll be looking for is a Jack. Our Jack.

JACK: That's ridiculous.

[DOOR OPENS]

HUGO: Ms Carlton's out of her box, sir. We're feeding her now.

DRAKE: Excellent.

HUGO: Where do you want me to put her when we're done?

DRAKE: Mr Sawyer, perhaps if you would go and assist? We can interview her up here.

CAM: Yes, sir.

JACK: I can do it.

DRAKE: No, Jack. I think you and I need to have a private word.

JACK: No, we don't. We don't need to have anything at all, much less in private.

CAM: (OFF) Okay, bye!

[DOOR CLOSES]

JACK: (SHOUTING) Traitor!

DRAKE: Jack.

JACK: Drake.

DRAKE: *Baron* Drake.

JACK: Whatever.

DRAKE: You're angry with me.

JACK: (SARCASTICALLY) I can't imagine where you got that idea. I mean, you take a poor, terrified kid, newly turned, who's been hallucinating and is traumatised beyond belief, then you drain all her blood and lock her up in a coffin in your basement, leaving her paralysed and in unimaginable pain when what she actually needs is a little fucking compassion. What could I possibly object to about that?

DRAKE: The evidence that you and your colleagues presented pointed to her being the author of Mr Spade's demise. You put her in that box just as surely as I did, and you know it.

JACK: (GRUMBLES)

DRAKE: So why don't we talk about why you're really angry with me?

JACK: Well, I'm not wild about your office's tacky eighties design aesthetic.

DRAKE: I mean Winta.

JACK: (PAUSE) You don't get to say her name.

DRAKE: And you don't get to ignore my authority just because you have some misguided idea that she didn't belong in a cage.

JACK: She didn't, and Pandora doesn't either.

DRAKE: Ah. So that *is* the problem, then. I wondered why you were suddenly so riled up.

JACK: Excuse you?

DRAKE: Pandora reminds you of Winta.

JACK: Pfff. They're nothing alike.

DRAKE: But you think their circumstances are, don't you?

JACK: In that they were both falsely imprisoned by you? Sure.

DRAKE: You might like to think a little harder on that comparison. When I caged Winta, I told you she was dangerous. You didn't listen, you tried to rescue her, then she bit you, turned you into the Silver you are today and ran for it without ever looking back. She played you, Jack, and then she left. Winta was never a victim, whatever you might like to believe. So let me ask you: how sure are you that Ms Carlton isn't hiding teeth just as sharp?

JACK: You're an unrepentant bastard, Killian Drake.

DRAKE: That's as may be, but I'm also the Baron of Oxford, and this city is my responsibility. I will protect it, even if it hurts your feelings.

JACK: This isn't about my *feelings*.

DRAKE: Isn't it? It's been nearly twenty years, Jack. You need to let this go. Winta's gone.

JACK: Thanks to you.

DRAKE: (SADLY) And that's the thing that really hurts, isn't it? That she didn't love you enough to come back for you.

JACK: (THREATENINGLY) Careful, Drake.

DRAKE: Or what? (LAUGHING) You're barely twenty years turned, Jack. Have you forgotten who you're talking to?

JACK: You don't scare me.

DRAKE: I should. You have no sense of self-preservation. Speaking of which, if the Dealer truly has returned, then you're in danger. I'd like to move you somewhere safer than Solomon College.

JACK: Like?

DRAKE: Here.

JACK: Your house? (LAUGHS) You have got to be joking. If the Dealer doesn't kill me out there, then you and I will murder each other in here. All things considered, I think I'd rather take my chances with the serial killer.

DRAKE: Jack...

JACK: Besides which, I don't fit the profile. I'm not a student, I'm not human and, most importantly, I'm not weak and feeble enough to get snatched by a serial killer.

DRAKE: That's a lot of confidence coming from someone who was, I gather, too drunk to walk herself back to her rooms last night.

JACK: Are you spying on me?

DRAKE: We live in a small world, Jack. People talk, and someone amongst our number has singled you out. I know it's against your nature, but if you could try to have some regard for your safety, just until this case is closed, then I would sleep easier.

JACK: Come off it, we all know you're dying to be rid of me. I'm surprised you're not volunteering to give the Dealer a hand.

DRAKE: Pun intended?

JACK: Puns are for the intellectually-challenged. (BEAT) I bet you love them.

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

CAM: Here we are, sir.

DRAKE: Ms Carlton. Has Mr Sawyer explained why the Seekers would like to speak with you?

PANDORA: (WHISPERING) Yes.

JACK: Give her a minute will you? She's only just got out of the fucking box. (SOFTLY, TO PANDORA) Here, sit down and rest a minute.

[RUSTLE/SQUEAK AS SHE SITS IN LEATHER CHAIR]

PANDORA: Jack.

JACK: (SOFTLY) Yes. Hey. It's me.

PANDORA: (CRYING) Please don't let them put me back in there.

JACK: I'm not going to. I promise. Just relax, okay?

PANDORA: (CRYING HYSTERICALLY) I don't think I could stand it again. The screaming, the way your veins squeeze together into this empty, awful, stabbing ache--

JACK: Pandora. Pandora, look at me. You're out. You're safe. You're not going back in there. It's over. It's done. Right, Drake?

DRAKE: Hmm. Whilst you continue your investigation, I'm prepared to give you some latitude. Within reason.

JACK: (SOFTLY, TO PANDORA) See? It's over. There's nothing for you to worry about.

PANDORA: (CRYING) Casian...

JACK: I know. I'm sorry. Actually, if you're feeling up to it, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. So, um, how are things going with the sharks?

PANDORA: No sharks today. I'm sorry about that. I'm still a bit woozy, and I'm not sure exactly what I said, but...

JACK: Don't apologise. It's fine. Just... Do you remember what happened at all?

PANDORA: Not really. I was visiting Casian - I know the Silver aren't really supposed to have relationships with humans, but I was only turned a little while ago and we were together before then and, well, (CRYING) I think he was probably the love of my life.

CAM: We're so sorry, Pandora. And I'm sorry to be asking you questions right now, but Jack and I are just trying to find out what happened.

PANDORA: It's okay. I understand.

CAM: What's the last thing you remember?

PANDORA: We went to bed. To sleep, for the night. The next thing I know, I'm hiding in a storm drain or something and there are sharks everywhere.

CAM: There's nothing in between?

PANDORA: Not that I can remember, no. I guess maybe that's a blessing, given what they say (CRYING) happened to Casian.

JACK: And what about before that? What happened before you went to bed?

PANDORA: It was a totally normal night. We ate dinner, we studied, that's it.

JACK: And nothing strange has been happening in your lives recently? No threats, no strangers, no drugs?

PANDORA: No. God, no. None of that. We're not into any of that sort of thing. We're quiet people. We like reading, and our work, and watching films. Other than the whole vampire thing, I'm a very boring person.

CAM: And how did that happen, Ms Carlton, if you don't mind me asking?

PANDORA: The turning Silver thing?

CAM: Yes.

PANDORA: No idea. I was in a car crash a month ago - a hit and run while I was cycling up Broad Street - and when I woke up in the hospital I wasn't the same. There was a doctor who noticed the bite on my neck and worked out what happened. She looked after me, but I don't know who's responsible for turning me into what I am.

CAM: Weird.

PANDORA: Yeah. But then, everything is these days. I've sort of got used to it. At least, I thought I had, until... (CRYING)

JACK: We'll look into it, Pandora, and we'll get to the bottom of it. I promise. In the meantime, if you remember anything, or if you need anything from us, please call.

PANDORA: (SNIFF) I will. Thank you.

JACK: She can stay here, right, Drake? After all, you did say you had a spare room.

DRAKE: I had a rather different guest in mind. Isn't she a student at Solomon College? Doesn't she have a room there?

JACK: I thought the college wasn't safe enough. Wasn't that what you were just telling me? (LOW) Besides, her place is probably kind of messy after the guys searched it...

DRAKE: (SIGH) Very well.

[INTERCOM BUZZ]

[DOOR OPENS]

HUGO: You rang, sir?

DRAKE: Ms Carlton will be staying in one of the guest rooms, Hugo. If you're ready, Ms Carlton, then Hugo can show you the way, and our medical staff will see to you shortly. All right?

PANDORA: (SNIFF) 'kay.

DRAKE: Thank you, Hugo.

HUGO: Sir.

[NOISE OF PANDORA GETTING UP;
FOOTSTEPS AS THEY LEAVE; DOOR CLOSES]

JACK: Well, that was useless. Poor kid.

CAM: Not exactly useless. At least now we know for certain that Pandora didn't ingest the drugs intentionally, and we're pretty sure she didn't attack Mr Spade intentionally either.

JACK: Which takes us no further forward at all.

CAM: Hmm.

[PAUSE]

DRAKE: Well, as pleasant as it has been to see you both and hear about the dangerous situations you're hurling yourselves headlong into, I do have other business to attend to, so if there was nothing else--

CAM: Actually, Baron, while we're here, I think the captain might have mentioned to you that I'm recording a podcast for our archives. You know, a little memento of our work. And since you've been the Baron of Oxford for so long, presiding over so many interesting cases, I'd love to include an interview with you about a few of your favourites. So if you could just--

DRAKE: No, Mr Sawyer. I could not.

JACK: Told you.

CAM: It won't take long, sir. Just a little retrospective, a few thoughts--

DRAKE: I'd love to assist, Mr Sawyer, truly, but I feel that it wouldn't be politically expedient, given my quasi-judicial role. You understand, I'm sure.

CAM: Oh. Yes. I suppose--

JACK: What a load of crap. You just don't want to do the interview.

DRAKE: All right. I don't.

JACK: Then why not just say that instead of stringing a bunch of meaningless words together and pretending it's an excuse?

DRAKE: Because I like and respect Mr Sawyer, and I didn't want to hurt his feelings by declining. My apologies, Cameron.

JACK: (MUTTERING) Oh, so you care about *his* feelings--

CAM: Really, Baron, please don't apologise. It's all right. (LOW) Jack, I am begging you, please stop arguing.

DRAKE: She can't. She enjoys it too much, especially when she's arguing with me. Isn't that right, Jack?

JACK: You are the most insufferable, irritating, *incorrect*--

DRAKE: See?

JACK: (HUFFS) Cam, we are leaving.

[STOMPY FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS]

DRAKE: I hope you find your missing bodies. Keep me updated, daily at least, if you don't mind.

CAM: Yes, sir.

DRAKE: And Jack? With a serial killer after you, you could perhaps be a little more careful.

JACK: Whatever.

[DOOR CLOSES]

DRAKE: Please.