SCENE 1: BOYD'S OFFICE

CAM: Morning, Deputy. Where's Jack? She promised us doughnuts.

BOYD: Good morning, Cameron. I haven't seen her.

CAM: Well, dinner with Hunter went better than expected, then. (PAUSE) Good for them.

BOYD: Dinner? A *romantic* dinner? Is that where they went last night?

CAM: Yep.

BOYD: Well, I'll have to assign one of them to another team.

CAM: Really? Immediately?

BOYD: Of course. If Jaqueline and Hunter are embroiled some sort of liaison then I can't possibly have them working together.

CAM: Come on, Deputy. Have you never been in love? Give them a bit of grace.

[PAUSE]

BOYD: I'll think about it.

CAM: There you go.

BOYD: But if she doesn't report for work within the next hour, then either way, there's going to be trouble.

CAM: Or you could just... let it go. Come on, sir. You don't have to punish them for having a good time.

[DOOR OPENS]

BOYD: Captain. Good morning.

LANGFORD: Good morning, Deputy. Where are Ms Valentine and Mr Alderley?

BOYD: It's Hunter's day off, and Jack's--

CAM: On her way in, I'm sure, Captain.

LANGFORD: I appreciate your loyalty, Mr Sawyer, but we both know she is simply late. *Very* late.

CAM: Well... Yes.

LANGFORD: Oh dear. Her third reprimand of the week. When she finally does turn up, you can tell her that her suspension starts tomorrow. I'll be in my office awaiting her eventual arrival.

[FOOTSTEPS AWAY DOWN CORRIDOR]

BOYD: As I said, Cameron. Trouble.

SCENE 2: THE FARMHOUSE CELLAR

[WATER DRIPPING; EVERYTHING ECHOES]

JACK: Hello? (PAUSE) Jesus, it's dark in here. Hello? Is anybody there? Hello? (PAUSE) Ugh, my head.

[SOUND OF BREATHING]

Hello? Hunter? Is that you?

PANDORA: (GROANING AWAKE) Hello, Jack.

JACK: Pandora?

PANDORA: Yup.

JACK: Um, you're supposed to be dead. Am I hallucinating?

PANDORA: You wish.

JACK: Then what gives?

PANDORA: It was part of a very clever plan to mislead the Seekers that worked perfectly in every respect, except I didn't know that I was going to end up in here with you.

JACK: I can barely move. What have you done to me?

PANDORA: Me? I haven't done anything. Him though? Who knows? But whatever it was, I'm pretty sure he did it to me too.

JACK: I don't understand. You killed Spade, and Hishikawa, and--

PANDORA: I didn't do it on my own, though, did I?

[PAUSE]

JACK: Hunter?

PANDORA: Right, "Hunter".

JACK: But if you're in here with me, then who was on the bonfire?

[TITLE SEQUENCE]

SCENE 3: BOYD'S OFFICE

[FOOTSTEPS ACROSS CARPETED CORRIDOR, KNOCK AT OPEN DOOR]

CAM: Um, Deputy?

BOYD: Yes, Cameron?

CAM: I've got Ed on the phone. We have a problem.

BOYD: Put him on speaker.

[CLICK OF PHONE BUTTON AND THEN NOISE OF CAM PUTTING PHONE ON TABLE]

BOYD: Ed. What have you got?

ED: (D) I need you all down at the lab.

[CRASHING AND SHOUTING ON OTHER END OF PHONE]

Quickly, please!

BOYD: What's going on?

ED: (D) Professor Wilks just woke up on our autopsy table, and he is not happy about it.

BOYD: What? Professor *Wilks*?

[HUGE CRASH ON OTHER END OF PHONE]

ED: (D) Just hurry!

[LINE GOES DEAD]

SCENE 4: THE LAB

[CRASHING AND BANGING FROM INSIDE LAB AS BOYD AND CAM APPROACH RUNNING DOWN TILED CORRIDOR]

PROFESSOR WILKS: (OFF) Demon! Get away from me with your syringes!

ED: (OFF) Professor Wilks, I promise, I'm just trying--

PROFESSOR WILKS: (OFF) Away, I said!

[CRASH]

[LAB DOORS SWING OPEN]

CAM: Ed, what's going on?

PROFESSOR WILKS: Back, I say! All of you!

BOYD: I gather that the bonfire victim was not Pandora Carlton, then?

ED: Apparently not. And evidently Professor Wilks never arrived in Buenos Aires. The drugs in his blood must have put him in a kind of stasis for a while.

CAM: Well, it looks like he's up now.

ED: Just barely.

[SOUND OF IV STAND SWIPING BACK AND FORTH THROUGH AIR]

PROFESSOR WILKS: Back!

[CRASHES]

ED: (SHOUTING OVER NOISE) I need to sedate him, or he's going to do himself an injury, but he saw the syringe and just freaked out.

[SWIPES]

CAM: Hey, watch it with the IV stand, Professor! You remember me, don't you? Cam Sawyer? Me and Jack came to interview you about Pandora Carlton a couple of days ago. Remember?

[NOISE STILLS]

PROFESSOR WILKS: From the Seekers?

CAM: That's right, Professor. You need to rest so you can heal. We're here to help.

[SWIPES AND CRASHES START AGAIN]

PROFESSOR WILKS: Demons! Stay back, all of you!

BOYD: We're going to have to rush him. On three?

CAM: Ready.

BOYD: Three!

[CRASH AS CAM AND BOYD TACKLE WILKS TO THE GROUND]

CAM: Ed, the syringe!

PROFESSOR WILKS: No, no, you will not-- Ow! Demons! Demons. Demons (REPEATS AS HE TRAILS INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS)

[PAUSE]

BOYD: Well, then. I suppose we're not going to get any answers from him for a while?

ED: It'll be a couple of hours at least. Could you help me get him back up onto the table?

[NOISE OF STEPS AND RUSTLING]

(GRUNTS) There we go. I'll roll him over to sick bay, get him hooked up to some blood and hopefully the next time he wakes he'll be a little less... irrational.

CAM: That *is* Pandora's necklace he's wearing though, isn't it?

BOYD: It certainly looks like it, Cameron.

CAM: So she kidnapped the Professor and used him to fake her own death so she could escape?

BOYD: Which means she's still out there. I'll ask the captain to put out an alert to all the Seekers, and I'm sure she'll want to be there when Professor Wilks wakes up again. Until we've spoken to him, you and I will just have to sit tight.

[PAUSE]

CAM: I might have an idea of how we can pass the time.

SCENE 5: THE FARMHOUSE CELLAR

[DRIPPING ECHO IN CELLAR BACKGROUND]

JACK: You killed three people, Pandora.

PANDORA: I told you: they deserved it.

JACK: Why? Casian was your boyfriend.

PANDORA: A lousy one. And anyway, what else could I do? Hunter made me, Jack.

JACK: How? Did he threaten you?

PANDORA: No, I mean he *made* me. He turned me Silver.

JACK: What?

PANDORA: We met last year for the first time at this drinks thing for graduate students, and he just *got* me. The way he talks about who we are at our cores, driven by our need to survive, the way we fit into our environment as predators. (PAUSE) I can't explain it the way he does. You wouldn't understand.

JACK: So, he brainwashed you to make you a killer.

PANDORA: It wasn't like that. He loves me.

JACK: (SCOFFS) Yeah, sure he does. I drug my lovers and lock them in my cellar, too.

[CLANK AND SQUEAK OF HEAVY BOLT BEING THROWN, AND DOOR OPENING]

HUNTER: (NOW WITH ENGLISH ACCENT) Hello, my Jack of Hearts.

JACK: Hunter? What's happened to your accent?

HUNTER: As it turns out, neither the name nor the accent that goes with it are mine. Surprise. Now, I'm sorry to interrupt, (PUTTING ON CANADIAN ACCENT AGAIN) and I'd surely enjoy listening to you two talking a little while longer, (ENGLISH ACCENT) but taking the Silver apart is not a brief enterprise, so we should really get started.

[KNIFE BRANDISHING]

I guess I'm ready to show my hand.

[HUNTER WALKS DOWN INTO CELLAR]

JACK: God, are the puns really necessary? Aren't you going to make me suffer enough as it is?

HUNTER: No, Jack. Not you. (BEAT) Her.

[PAUSE]

PANDORA: But... You love me.

HUNTER: Of course I do, Pandora. You just go to sleep now.

[SYRINGE STICK]

PANDORA: Unh. More drugs?

HUNTER: That's right.

PANDORA: (SLEEPILY) I don't feel... well.

JACK: What did you do to her?

HUNTER: Just a sedative. The same thing that's in your veins right now, but at a higher dose. She'll be out for a couple of hours. (PAUSE) You must have questions for me.

JACK: Nope.

HUNTER: Come on, Jack. What was it the baron said? "You do hate an unanswered question". And what am I but that?

JACK: A liar? A fraud? A murderer?

HUNTER: (LAUGHING) Yes, I'm all of those and more. You were right about the Dealer. I know you'll find that satisfying. You didn't kill him, any more than I killed Pilate. They're stupid names, but both of them rightly belong to me, along with the Burning Man. But the one name that is not mine is Hunter LeMay Alderley. Hunter really is dead.

I killed him in the Yukon eighteen months ago and took his place, but I have never been him, not truly.

[PAUSE]

JACK: I don't believe you.

HUNTER: Come now, Jack. Weren't the crime scenes just a little perfect to have been recreated from the Dead Box, or Cam's iPad notes, or his stupid podcast? I knew how to remake them perfectly because I'm the one who made them the first time, and if Pandora hadn't fucked up the scene in her room--

JACK: But serial killers don't change their signatures.

HUNTER: Over hundreds of years? Everyone gets bored. Everyone evolves.

JACK: Then who are you, really?

HUNTER: Hmm. You can call me... Joshua.

SCENE 6: INTRODUCING BOYD

[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING ON]

BOYD: Hello, my name is Deputy Boyd and I am the deputy captain of the Seekers.

[PAUSE]

CAM: (OFF) Can you give me a little more?

BOYD: Such as?

CAM: (OFF) Your full name, a little bit about your history? Where and when you were born, when you turned Silver, that sort of thing.

BOYD: No.

CAM: (OFF) Um. Then what can you give me?

BOYD: You wanted to discuss an old case, correct?

CAM: (OFF) That's right.

BOYD: Then I can give you that.

CAM: (OFF) Okay, well, Jack and Hunter told me about their first cases, the ones where you recruited them. Maybe you could talk about yours, and how you were recruited?

BOYD: No, I don't think so.

CAM: (OFF) You've got to give me something here, Deputy. Come on.

BOYD: All right. Why don't I tell you about the case that made me the Deputy of the Seekers?

CAM: (OFF) Great, perfect. I'd love to hear that story. Let's do it.

BOYD: Very well. It was some time ago. There was a Silver targeting white women in their late teens with long brown hair and brown eyes, one of whom he would kill each year. As it turned out, he'd had an unsatisfying relationship with a woman fitting that description and he still held a grudge, despite the fact that the woman in question was deceased, and so each year on the anniversary of her death he would kill a human who looked like her and bury her body, so by the time it was found there were no scents remaining and little useful physical evidence. To complicate matters further, the squad to which I was posted at that time did not initially realise the killer was following a pattern, because we had not yet instituted our current record-keeping policy, and so five women died before we noticed the correlation. Accordingly, I introduced what you now call the Dead Box, and was promoted to deputy.

[PAUSE]

CAM: (OFF) That's it?

BOYD: You asked for the story. That's the story.

CAM: (OFF) Can you at least tell us what happened to the killer?

BOYD: Very well. By the time we made the connection to the other cases, he had moved to London to evade capture. Accordingly, he was in the jurisdiction of the Solis Invicti, who finally identified him, sentenced him, and contained him.

CAM: (OFF) So he's boxed up in London at Solis Invicti HQ?

BOYD: He was. I doubt he is anymore. He will have served his sentence by now. As I said, this was some time ago.

CAM: (OFF) That'll be why I've never heard about him then. Do you remember his name?

BOYD: It was Carruthers. Joshua Carruthers. Now, if we're finished here, we should get back to work. With any luck, Professor Wilks will be waking up again soon.

[CHAIR SCRAPES ON FLOOR]

CAM: (OFF) Um, yeah. Okay. Thanks, Deputy.

[FOOTSTEPS]

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES]

[CLICK OF RECORDER TURNING OFF]

CAM: (EXHALES LOUDLY) Well, that's going to need a lot of filler.

SCENE 7: THE FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

[STRUGGLING NOISE AS JACK TRIES TO TWIST OUT OF HUNTER'S ARMS; HE'S WALKING UPSTAIRS]

JACK: Let go of me!

HUNTER: Come now, Jack. Be realistic. It's not as though you're strong enough to walk on your own, is it? And trust me, you're going to need your strength.

[THUNK OF WOOD AS HUNTER PUTS JACK DOWN IN CHAIR; CLICK OF HANDCUFFS AS HE CUFFS HER TO CHAIR; CLOCK TICKING IN BACKGROUND THROUGHOUT SCENE]

JACK: (GRUNTS)

HUNTER: There. Now, are you going to behave yourself and sit nicely at the table for dinner or do I have to give you more drugs?

JACK: (SLURRING SLIGHTLY THROUGH THIS SCENE) Is this where you live?

HUNTER: It is now.

JACK: Whose blood is that on the floor?

HUNTER: I wouldn't worry about that.

[PAUSE]

JACK: It looks like Ed's lab in here.

HUNTER: Ed? (SCOFFS) He wouldn't even know what half of this is. I use this space to work with my chemicals. Everything is just chemicals, at the end of the day, whether you're manufacturing sleep, or compliance, or even a particular smell to cover your own scent.

JACK: Like you did at the crime scenes.

HUNTER: (LAUGHS) I barely even needed to, because I was already there as a Seeker. But for Pandora, yes, and for my original crime scenes, of course. It would rather have spoiled the game if Boyd had recognised a common scent at the kills of the Dealer, the Burning Man and Pilate, wouldn't it? I couldn't have him connecting the dots too soon, not before I'd had my fun. But thankfully, I am uncommonly creative, and it takes someone extraordinary to do what I have done, believe me. Once I know what I'm aiming for - the musk, the flavour, the spice - then I have the skill to layer those elements with any base personal scent to create whatever amalgam I like. When the distillation is accomplished with enough delicacy and grace, even Cam, with his superior nose, can't really detect the difference between a synthetic scent and one that intrinsically belongs to someone.

He'll tell you he can, that he can sift beneath the layers of soaps and perfumes to find the essence of a personal scent, but all he's doing is taking away the synthetic scents he recognises from the apparently organic ones he doesn't, and making a guess. And when the perfumer creating the scent is such an artist--

JACK: Sounds to me like you're a bit threatened by Cam.

HUNTER: Oh, Jack. I think I've already proven that I'm more than a match for him.

JACK: Then you don't understand him at all.

HUNTER: Really? Well what you don't understand is that with the way I've altered your scent, your friend Cam wouldn't even recognise you in the dark. When he finally realises you're missing, he isn't coming for you, Jack, because I've left no trail for him to follow. It's just you and me for the rest of time. So if I were you, I'd settle in and eat my confit de canard. After all, I did promise you French food.

[WINE POURING INTO GLASS]

And wine.

[SERVING NOISES: CUTLERY ON PLATES]

There we are.

JACK: What are you doing?

HUNTER: Serving you dinner.

JACK: No, I mean, why bring me here? Why kill those people? Why become a Seeker, of all things?

[HUNTER BEGINS EATING; CUTLERY ON PLATE]

HUNTER: (THROUGH MOUTHFULS) It was a convenient escape hatch at the time. After all, Boyd caught me red-handed in Canada, and there was only one innocent way to explain why I was standing over a half-dead Silver with a hammer: he was the bad guy, so I had to be the good guy, (PUTTING ON ACCENT) the Canadian outdoorsman. (ENGLISH ACCENT) I didn't have to accept Boyd's offer to join the Seekers, I suppose, but maybe I was curious.

[PUTS DOWN CUTLERY]

I have this theory, you see. I think if you chase killers for long enough then it puts something in your head. You have nowhere to hide from it, from the memories that come back at you in the most unexpected moments. It takes little pieces of who you are and replaces them with something else. (BEAT) Tell me I'm wrong.

[PAUSE]

Well, maybe that works the other way too. After killing people like I do, I wondered what it would be like from the other side. Your side. I thought you might be wondering too.

JACK: I don't wonder about things like that.

HUNTER: See, why would you lie to me, Jack? I told you: I don't need you to pretend to be someone you're not. I know you think about it. I know you replay how you killed that human back in ninety-nine, the one you thought was me. I know you drink your messy cocktails hoping that they'll wash away the memory, but you can't stop wondering what would happen if you killed someone not because you had to, but just... because. That's the thing about killing the Silver, you know. It takes long enough that you have time enough to think on it. Savour it. You should try it. (BEAT) No, let me rephrase that: you're *going* to try it.

JACK: What are you talking about?

HUNTER: You're going to kill Pandora. You're going to take her apart, piece by piece. It shouldn't be too hard; she's new.

JACK: (BREATHLESS) No.

HUNTER: You know, Joshua had a girlfriend once.

JACK: Excuse me?

HUNTER: You look a lot like her, except she was human, which was a bit of a problem since Joshua was Silver, and people were even less tolerant of those kinds of relationships back then than they are now.

JACK: Okay...

HUNTER: But that wasn't the only problem Joshua had. You see, his girlfriend was a liar. She pretended to like the same things Joshua did, when in fact she was just as judgemental as everyone else. So when he showed her his full self, immortal and superhuman, she didn't see the beauty in it. Worse, she called it sacrilegious, in defiance of God, so he had to kill her, to show her how wrong she was.

JACK: The first person you killed was your girlfriend? Oh, god.

HUNTER: (ANGRY) It had nothing to do with God. It never had anything to do with him, whatever she thought. And the others after her... that moment where the life went out of them never quite felt the same. Until you. You're my grand design, Jack. The culmination of decades of work. And do you know what the best part is? (PAUSE) Ask me.

JACK: What?

HUNTER: You're Silver, so you won't die like she did. If I have to kill you over and over again to show you how wrong you are, then I will.

JACK: (LOW) Hunter--

HUNTER: (ANGRY) My name is not Hunter!

JACK: (LOW) Joshua. You don't have to do this.

HUNTER: It's you or her, my Jack of Hearts. Either you take Pandora to pieces, or I'll take you apart, over and over again, until you do.

[SCRAPE OF CHAIR PUSHING BACK FROM THE TABLE]

I'll give you an hour to decide.

[CLOCK TICKING IN BACKGROUND]

SCENE 8: SICK BAY

[FOOTSTEPS DOWN STONE CORRIDOR]

BOYD: Where are Jaqueline and Hunter? They should be here, responding to the captain's alert.

CAM: I'll call Jack.

[TAPPING ON PHONE; OUT OF SERVICE NOISE]

Her phone's off, or out of reception.

BOYD: Try Hunter.

[TAPPING ON PHONE; OUT OF SERVICE NOISE]

CAM: Same thing.

BOYD: (GRUMPY NOISE) They picked the worst possible time for this romance nonsense.

[DOORS OPEN; WALK INTO LINO FLOOR SICK BAY]

BOYD: Is he awake?

NURSE: Yes, Deputy Boyd. Just. The captain's with him now.

BOYD: Good.

[BOYD AND CAM WALK ACROSS FLOOR; OPEN DOOR]

LANGFORD: (OFF) --and if there's anything you can remember, Professor--

PROFESSOR WILKS: Agh! Nurse! NURSE!

NURSE: I'm right here, Professor.

PROFESSOR WILKS: It's them! They're the ones!

LANGFORD: No, Professor. That's just Deputy Boyd and Mr Sawyer, two of my Seekers.

PROFESSOR WILKS: Where are the rest of them though, eh?

[RUSTLING AND CREAKING AS WILKS STRUGGLES IN BED]

LANGFORD: Professor, please. There's no reason to be distressed.

PROFESSOR WILKS: There bloody well is! It was that boy of yours that did this to me! What do you call him? The American one.

LANGFORD: We don't have an American Seeker, Professor.

CAM: He means Canadian, Captain. (PAUSE) He's talking about Hunter.

PROFESSOR WILKS: That's right! Hunter May Alders or somesuch nonsense New World name. Savage demon! Stuck me with some kind of needle and when I woke up I was on fire!

LANGFORD: You must be mistaken, Professor. Hunter is a Seeker. He's been with us for over a year, and he's more than proven--

PROFESSOR WILKS: Him and that student, Penelope.

CAM: Do you mean Pandora, sir?

PROFESSOR WILKS: Yes, the one you and that girl were asking all those blasted questions about. They were in cahoots, I tell you! So how do I know the rest of you aren't in on it too, hmm?

[QUICK FOOTSTEPS]

Demons everywhere, if you ask me. Demons!

NURSE: It's all right, Professor. It's just me with your meds. Here you go.

[RATTLE OF PILLS]

PROFESSOR WILKS: (LOW) They're demons, nurse. The whole bally lot of them.

NURSE: I know, Professor. Now swallow them down. (PAUSE) That's good. Why don't you just close your eyes for a second.

[PAUSE]

[IMPRESSIVE SNORES]

It's something in the drugs they gave him, Captain Langford. It's messed up his head.

LANGFORD: How badly? Can we trust what he's telling us?

NURSE: He's hallucinating from time to time, and he's certainly paranoid, but the doctor doesn't think his memory's been affected at all. He might be more lucid when he next wakes up, but that'll be another couple of hours. In the meantime, I'm afraid I think you should take him at his word.

LANGFORD: Thank you. We'll leave you to it, then. Come along, gentlemen.

[FOOTSTEPS LEAVING SICK BAY]

BOYD: Hunter, Captain? I just can't see it.

LANGFORD: We need to consider all options, Deputy.

[STEPS IN STONE CORRIDOR, SOME DISAPPEARING AROUND CORNER]

Where do you think you're going, Mr Sawyer?

CAM: To see if the IT department can track Jack and Hunter's phones. If Professor Wilks is right, then we need to find them right now.

LANGFORD: What? Why?

CAM: They left together, Captain.

[PAUSE]

LANGFORD: Deputy, see to it. I'll pull in the other teams and arrange a search party.

[HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AS LANGFORD LEAVES THEM]

[CAM & BOYD CONTINUE HURRYING ALONG STONE CORRIDOR THEN OUT INTO QUAD AND ACROSS FLAGS OVER THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE]

BOYD: Cameron, surely you don't believe--

CAM: All I know right now is that Jack is missing and I have to find her. Do we have Hunter's address?

BOYD: It'll be on file somewhere.

CAM: Then please could you track it down, Deputy? Meet me in the IT room?

BOYD: Yes, Cameron. (AHEM) You go on. I'll meet you there.

[BOYD HURRIES OFF]

[DOOR OPENS; CAM FOOTSTEPS HURRYING ALONG CARPETED CORRIDOR; CAM BURSTS THROUGH INTERNAL DOOR]

CAM: Frank, Jack's missing. We think Hunter might have taken her.

FRANK THE HACKER: What? Are you okay, Cam?

CAM: No, look, it's a long story but there's a possibility that Hunter is a serial killer and he might have Jack and I need you to trace both of their phones right now. Please.

[CHAIR MOVES AS FRANK SITS; TAPPING ON KEYBOARD]

FRANK THE HACKER: Okay, I'm doing it. I'm doing it. It'll take a minute.

[TAPPING]

Okay...

[TAPPING]

Hunter's phone is off or out of range. Jack's is...

[TAPPING]

Off or out of range.

CAM: Shit.

[DOOR SLAMS OPEN]

BOYD: I've got the address.

CAM: Their phones are off, Deputy.

BOYD: What, both of them?

FRANK THE HACKER: Both of them. If I had to guess, I'd say someone's taken them apart deliberately so they can't transmit location data.

BOYD: But Hunter wouldn't know about that.

CAM: And I doubt he'd be able to take a phone apart even if he tried.

BOYD: Which is another reason why he doesn't fit the profile of our killer. Whoever did this was able to hire Ms Parchek to surveil three separate individuals using three separate untraceable email addresses with untraceable PayPal accounts. That requires serious expertise.

CAM: Exactly. Hunter couldn't do that. He's a dinosaur.

FRANK THE HACKER: What? No he isn't. The guy writes code in his spare time. Total geek.

[PAUSE]

CAM: What are you talking about? He can't even find a photo on his phone.

FRANK THE HACKER: Are we talking about the same guy? Hunter LeMay Alderley. Tall. Rangy. Outdoorsy. Good hair.

CAM: Oh, god. He was acting technophobic to cover his tracks. He's been lying to us this whole time. Where's that address?

BOYD: Here.

[RUSTLE AS PIECE OF PAPER PASSED OVER]

CAM: Run this address, would you, Frank?

[TYPING]

FRANK THE HACKER: Okay, okay, here we go... It's a piece of open farmland in South Oxfordshire.

CAM: No buildings?

FRANK THE HACKER: No, nothing. From Google it looks like...

[CLICKING AND ROLLING MOUSE]

Pasture. Just empty grass. The occasional sheep. Why, what's supposed to be there?

BOYD: It's Hunter's residential address, from his file. Which means it's fake, so we have no idea where he lives, and his phone's been disabled, so we can't track him that way either.

CAM: And he's got Jack.

SCENE 9: THE FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

[CLOCK TICKING THROUGHOUT SCENE, LOUDER TO START THEN FADE]

HUNTER: Pandora should be waking up soon. Have you made your decision?

[RATTLING OF HANDCUFFS]

JACK: No.

HUNTER: Then I suppose we're starting with you. Whose death would you like first?

JACK: What?

[RATTLING CUFFS]

HUNTER: Who's going to kill you this time? The Burning Man, with fire, or Pilate, with his hammer, or the Dealer with his teeth in your neck? Victim's choice. We'll get through them all eventually, I promise, but you'll need time to heal in between. So, for your first choice, my lady?

JACK: Are you really this insane? Or are you just enjoying the act?

HUNTER: Maybe a little of both. So, what'll it be?

[RATTLING CUFFS]

JACK: How about a chair to the face? (GRUNTS) Whoa!

[THUNK AS JACK HITS THE DECK; CHAIR CLATTERS TO FLOOR]

HUNTER: Oh, Jack. I did warn you that you're not strong enough to walk. If you're going to fight me every step of the way then I guess you're going to need a little more sedative before we get started.

JACK: Of course I'm going to fight you, you lunatic! You're trying to-- Unh.

[RATTLING AS HUNTER UNCUFFS JACK; RUSTLING AS HE PICKS HER UP; FOOTSTEPS AS HE CARRIES HER OVER TO ANOTHER TABLE; BUCKLES AS HE STARTS STRAPPING HER DOWN]

Wha' you doin'?

HUNTER: Don't worry, you've got so much sedative in your blood that you really won't feel this as much as you should.

[SHARPENING KNIFE]

If you won't choose, then I'll choose for you. Your first should be the same as my first, don't you think? And it feels right, somehow, for it to be Joshua with a knife to your heart.

[HORRIBLE NOISE AS HE STABS HER THROUGH THE HEART]

JACK: Hunh!

HUNTER: Don't worry, Jack. (KISS) I'll be right here when you wake up. And then we'll choose again.

SCENE 10: THE COLLEGE QUAD

[RUSHING FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE ON FLAGS]

BOYD: Cameron! Cameron, where do you think you're going?

CAM: To find Jack.

LANGFORD: And how exactly are you proposing to do that, Mr Sawyer?

CAM: Captain, I can't just sit around and wait--

LANGFORD: And you can't just go running off around the city hoping to pick up a scent trail, either, can you? Neither of those options is going to do us, or Jack, any good. But what might help is if we sit down together, talk through what we know of Mr Alderley, and come up with a plan.

[FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING]

DRAKE: I might be able to help with that.

LANGFORD: Baron Drake. Ms Parchek. I'm sorry, but this isn't the best time for--

DRAKE: I know. Jack's missing. That's why I'm here. During the period in which Ms Parchek was in my custody, I had her computing equipment searched for potentially incriminating files, and in particular for any spyware that she might be running that was surveilling my properties.

LANGFORD: Baron Drake, I'm sorry, but we--

DRAKE: (TALKING DELIBERATELY AND EMPHATICALLY OVER THE CAPTAIN) In the process, (NORMAL) we discovered that Ms Parchek had planted numerous tracking devices on other individuals.

CAM: You *bugged* Jack?

MINA: Look, it's not how it sounds. I know Jack and I had a thing, but I'm not some weird stalker or anything, it's just that when you're in my line of work sometimes it's helpful to know where the Seekers are. That's all.

LANGFORD: For entirely innocent reasons, I'm sure, Ms Parchek.

CAM: But you've got a bug on Jack?

MINA: Yes. When she was... Well, she wasn't wearing her leather jacket at the time so I took the opportunity to unstitch a bit of the lining and sew it in--

CAM: Mina, just shut up and tell me: is the bug transmitting a location right now?

DRAKE: Yes, Mr Sawyer, it is.

CAM: Then what are we waiting for? Let's go.

SCENE 11: OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE

[OUTSIDE AT NIGHT IN NOVEMBER; GRASS AND TREES AROUND FARMHOUSE]

BOYD: (LOW) That's his truck out front, isn't it, Ellie?

ELLIE: I think so, sir.

BOYD: Cameron. Are you getting any scents?

CAM: No, Deputy. None I recognise. But I'm picking up on two Silver heartbeats, one very faint.

BOYD: Agreed. I guess the stronger is our target, so we all focus there first to eliminate the threat before we move on to the rescue operation.

CAM: But Jack--

BOYD: No arguments, Cameron. Not tonight.

DRAKE: I'll see that she's safe, Mr Sawyer. I promise.

BOYD: Baron Drake, I really would rather that you stayed out here with the Captain where it's safe.

DRAKE: Not a chance, Deputy Boyd. But don't let me interrupt.

BOYD: Ellie, it looks like there's cellar access off to the north side of the farmhouse. I want you and Quentin there.

ELLIE: Yes, sir.

BOYD: Team two, I want you on the side door to the east.

MAN & WOMAN: Yes, sir.

BOYD: Cameron, you and I are taking the front door. Ready?

CAM: Ready.

BOYD: Then go go go!

[WHOOSH OF SUPERSPEED]

SCENE 12: THE FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

[CLOCK TICKING]

HUNTER: Oh, good. You're awake.

JACK: (GROANING)

HUNTER: The drugs'll get you that way sometimes, when you wake up after. It hurts less during, but your body can't quite put itself together quickly enough to stop the pain on the way back up.

JACK: (WHISPERING) There's a hole in my chest.

HUNTER: There's a hole in your *heart*, Jack. Sounds almost romantic, doesn't it? So, how was your first death?

JACK: (CROAKING) You think (GASP) You really think, after twenty years as a Seeker (GASP) that I haven't been put down before?

HUNTER: Oh, no. No. Accidents happen. But it's different this way, isn't it? When you see it coming, and know it's coming again soon enough. Speaking of which, have you chosen your next death? Burning? Biting? Bludgeoning? There's a whole world to choose from.

JACK: (CROAKING) Fuck off.

HUNTER: Or you could choose to make a death for Pandora instead. How about it, huh?

[NOISE OF BRANCH ON WINDOW PANE]

What was that?

[PAUSE]

And just like that, we're out of time. Goodbye for now, my Jack of Hearts. But don't worry; I'll see you again soon.

[WHOOSH]

[DOOR CRASHES IN; LOUD FOOTSTEPS EVERYWHERE]

CAM: He's getting away!

DRAKE: Go after him!

CAM: But Jack--

DRAKE: I've got her, Mr Sawyer. Just go!

[SOUND OF CAM RUNNING OUT OF HOUSE AND AWAY]

[SOUND OF DRAKE SCOOPING JACK INTO HIS ARMS]

I've got you, Valentine.

JACK: Drake?

DRAKE: It's all right. You're safe. I've got you.

JACK: (CRYING)

DRAKE: I've got you.

SCENE 13: BY THE CARS

[OUTSIDE FARMHOUSE AGAIN; QUICK FOOTSTEPS; NOISE OF SMALL CROWD]

CAM: Captain. Is Jack safe?

LANGFORD: Yes, Mr Sawyer. She's fine. Where's Hunter?

BOYD: We lost him, sir.

LANGFORD: What? How the hell did you lose him, Deputy? He was right there when you moved in.

BOYD: I don't know, sir. He's been doing this a long time. He's quick and he's smart and he knows how to mask his scent, even from Cameron. We're going to circle the area looking for physical trail marks.

LANGFORD: Hurry, then, Deputy.

[BOYD RUSHES OFF ACROSS GRASS]

CAM: Wait, Jack's coming out. (BEAT) Why is Baron Drake carrying her? I thought you said she was fine.

LANGFORD: And she is, Mr Sawyer. Or at least, she will be. She's alive, but she's lost a lot of blood. She needs to heal.

DRAKE: (OFF) And she's been drugged.

LANGFORD: Baron?

[FOOTSTEPS ACROSS GRASS AS HE APPROACHES]

DRAKE: I can smell it on her. I don't know what he's given her, but it's inhibiting her healing. She needs to go back to the college so she can get some medical attention.

JACK: (FAINTLY) Wait. Pandora's in the cellar.

CAM: We know. I'm sorry, Jack, but she didn't make it.

JACK: Cam? What do you mean?

CAM: He must have injected her with something, because the needle was still in her arm. She's gone. She's been gone for hours.

[WHISTLE IN BACKGROUND]

BOYD: (OFF) Cameron! We need your nose again!

CAM: I've got to go, but--

DRAKE: I've got her, Mr Sawyer.

CAM: All right. I'll be back as soon as I can.

[CAM'S FOOTSTEPS GO AWAY]

DRAKE: She can't wait around here, Langford. I've got my car; I'll drive her back myself.

LANGFORD: Thank you, Baron. We'll follow shortly. I hope.

[DRAKE FOOTSTEPS]

DRAKE: Okay, Jack. I've got you.

[DRAKE OPENS CAR DOOR; SETTLES JACK IN; BUCKLES SEATBELT]

JACK: (LOW) It doesn't make sense.

DRAKE: What was that?

JACK: Pandora being dead. He wanted me to-- He told me I had to choose, and that he'd keep killing me over and over until I--

[PAUSE]

DRAKE: Until you what?

JACK: (LOW) I thought she was still alive down there.

DRAKE: He probably wanted you to think that. Maybe he needed you to think that. To control what you would do?

JACK: (LAUGHING BITTERLY) What else could I have done? He didn't give me a chance to run, or fight, or-- (WINCING IN PAIN)

DRAKE: Don't try to move. You're not healed yet. Here, drink this.

[BOTTLE CAP POPS OFF; SOUND OF JACK DRINKING]

Okay. There you go. We need to get you back to the college so the doctor can take a look at you. All right? (BEAT) Jack?

[PAUSE]

JACK: He just wanted to see what I'd do.

DRAKE: Which was?

[PAUSE]

JACK: Nothing. Absolutely fuck all.

[PAUSE]

DRAKE: Let's get you home.

[CAR DOOR SHUTS; ANOTHER DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS; ENGINE STARTS AND CAR DRIVES OFF]

SCENE 14: OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE

[OUTSIDE FARMHOUSE AGAIN; WHOOSHING RUNNING; PUSHING THROUGH BRANCHES]

BOYD: (WHISPERING) Do you see him, Cameron?

CAM: (WHISPERING) No, but I can scent... I don't know. There's almost something. (DECISIVELY) I'm running it to ground.

BOYD: (OFF) Not on your own, you're not. (FURTHER OFF) Cameron!

[PUSHING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH; FOOTSTEPS ON LEAF LITTER]

[PAUSE]

[FOOTSTEPS QUICKER; TREE BRANCHES SNAPPING LOUDER AS CAM RUSHES TOWARDS TARGET]

CAM: I know you're out here, Hunter! You can't run forever!

[MORE FOOTSTEPS; SCUFFLE; GRUNTING]

CAM: I can *see*--

[AWFUL NOISE AS CAM GETS STABBED]

Unh.

[CAM FALLS TO FLOOR WITH A LEAFY THUD]

[FOOTSTEPS RUN AWAY, THEN SEGUE INTO SUPERSPEED WHOOSH]

[FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING SOFTLY AND TENTATIVELY]

BOYD: (WHISPERING) Cameron? (NORMAL) Cameron!

ELLIE: Sir? What's-- Oh, no.

BOYD: Ellie, take Quentin and see if you can pick up the trail.

ELLIE: (DUBIOUSLY) Sir, without Cam...

BOYD: Just do it! Team Two, get the med kit and call sick bay. We're bringing another one home.

SCENE 15: SICK BAY

[GENTLE SNORING COMES TO A STOP]

CAM: Hi.

JACK: (SLEEPILY) Cam.

[RUSTLE OF BEDSHEETS]

Hi. The nurse said you got hurt too.

CAM: Yeah, but I've had worse. I'm fine. Just a little light stabbing. You, on the other hand, have been out of it on those drugs for days. The baron sent you flowers.

JACK: Of course he did. Ugh.

CAM: He saved your life, and you're still not dropping your vendetta against him?

JACK: He didn't save my life, Cam. He just happened to be there while it was wobbling a bit. (PAUSE) Have you just been sitting there waiting for me to wake up?

CAM: No, I went to... And I had to go and... (PAUSE) But mostly, yes. Yeah, I've been here.

JACK: You didn't need to hang around.

CAM: I know, and I knew you wouldn't want me to, but... Well... I needed to. Jack, I am so sorry that I set you up with a serial killer. I had no idea.

JACK: None of us, knew, Cam. It's not your fault. What I want to know is: how did he even get into the Seekers? Do we not do background checks? Seriously, I am going to have words with IT.

CAM: Turns out he was some kind of computer whizz. He probably made it all up.

JACK: God, I can't believe I fell for it.

CAM: We all did. Jack, I'm so sorry. When we couldn't find you... (GOING A BIT WEEPY)

JACK: C'mere, you big softie.

[RUSTLING AS THEY HUG]

You don't need to worry. Look: all limbs present and accounted for. I'm fine.

CAM: Are you, though, Jack? It was Hunter. He was our friend. He was nearly your... more-than-friend. And the things he did--

JACK: Let's not talk about it, okay? It's over, I'm healed, and it's fine.

CAM: But when we found you--

JACK: Please, Cam. It's done. Okay? It's done. So let's change the subject.

[PAUSE]

CAM: Repressing things is bad for you, Jack. It makes you ravel up all tight and tense. I mean, look at the Deputy. You don't want to end up like that, do you?

JACK: I won't have to, because we're going to track down Hunter, or Joshua, or whatever the hell he's calling himself now, and we're going to make him pay for what he did to both of us.

CAM: We'll get him, Jack. I promise.

JACK: Yeah, we will. But I'm telling you now, Cam, we're not just going to put him in a box, make him wait out his sentence, then let him out to kill again.

CAM: Uh-oh. Are you about to say something I shouldn't hear? Because if you're talking about going rogue--

JACK: He's never going to change, so there's only one way to stop him. If it's the very last thing I will do, I swear that I will take that man apart. Piece by--

(SIMULTANEOUSLY)--bloody piece.

CAM: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) Lalalalala I'm not listening. Come on. Give me *some* plausible deniability.

JACK: You don't have to help if you don't want to.

CAM: Maybe you're right. Maybe we should change the subject. Oh, the doctor said that if you woke up before eight, you could go home today. And look at that, it's seven forty-five. I'll go get her, shall I?

[CHAIR PUSHING BACK]

JACK: Eh, I'm not in a rush to get out of here. It's not like I have a home to go back to. Though actually, I could do with a drink.

CAM: Not until the doctor's cleared you.

[FOOTSTEPS]

(CALLING) Doctor! She's awake!

DOCTOR: (OFF) Oh.

[FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING]

Ms Valentine. Good. How are you feeling?

JACK: Like someone drugged me, stabbed me through the heart, and let me bleed out on a dirty table.

DOCTOR: Yes, well, psychological injuries can last longer than the physical ones, so if you're worried at all you can always stay--

JACK: I'm fine, doctor. Really. I feel fine. I'm just messing around.

DOCTOR: All right then. If you're sure. Let me just check these numbers...

[CLICKING; BUTTONS ON MACHINE; FLIPPING THROUGH CHART PAGES]

Well, this all looks fine to me, Ms Valentine, so I'm going to discharge you from sick bay and clear you for duty. Take care of yourself, love. You've been through a hell of a thing.

JACK: I will, doctor. Thank you.

DOCTOR: But remember: we're always here if you need us.

JACK: I'll bear it in mind. Thanks.

[FOOTSTEPS AS DOCTOR LEAVES]

All right. Drink?

CAM: You could just go home, Jack.

JACK: To my corpsey mattress?

CAM: To your brand new mattress.

[PAUSE]

JACK: You got me a new mattress?

CAM: No. I got you a whole new bed. And carpet. And bedside table. Look, basically, I hope you weren't particularly attached to anything in your room because it was all awful and it's gone. I got you some new clothes too, because god knows you needed them.

JACK: You really are the best, Cam.

CAM: Aren't I, though? So, shall we take you home?

JACK: You can take me to the bar.

[RUSTLING AS JACK GETS TO HER FEET]

CAM: (LAUGHING) I should have guessed you'd say that.

[KNOCK AT DOOR]

JACK: Captain. Hi.

LANGFORD: Ms Valentine.

CAM: I'll wait for you outside, Jack.

[FOOTSTEPS AS CAM LEAVES]

See you tomorrow, Captain.

LANGFORD: Good night, Mr Sawyer.

[FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT]

Glad to see you looking well again, Jack.

JACK: Thank you, sir. Looking forward to getting back to work tomorrow.

LANGFORD: Oh, I don't think so. You're suspended.

JACK: What? Why?

LANGFORD: You are now (BEAT) forty-nine hours late for work. That's strike three.

JACK: *What?* You're suspending me for being kidnapped? Seriously?

LANGFORD: Yes. So we'll see you a week on Monday, and not before.

[PAUSE]

JACK: Are you docking my pay?

LANGFORD: No. No. In fact, I thought we might see about a raise on your return. Alright?

JACK: Yes, sir.

LANGFORD: Right then. Off you go.

JACK: Yes, sir.

[FOOTSTEPS AS JACK WALKS AWAY OVER NEXT BIT OF DIALOGUE]

LANGFORD: Straight home, Ms Valentine.

JACK: Yes, sir.

LANGFORD: (SIGH) Just don't drink too much.

JACK: (OFF) No promises, sir!