

INEXPLICABLES

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Episode 2 – Investigations

Content Warnings:

- Strong language
 - Alcoholism & alcohol
 - Arguments
 - Depression & self-hatred
 - Hospitals
 - Violence & injury
 - Sexual references
 - Discussions of: grief & loss (inc SFX), sex work, childhood trauma, abusive relationships, invasion of privacy
 - Mentions of: loss of consciousness, food, police, panic, vomit, vampires, threats
 - SFX: shouting, ringing
-

ICS MAIN OFFICE - MORNING

[OFFICE SOUNDS, INCLUDING MACHINE BEEPING]

SHUHELA

Ah, stupid... argh!

Frank?

FRANK

(Distracted) Hmmm?

SHUHELA

It's doing that thing again!

FRANK

When did you last change the toner?

SHUHELA

It's not the toner!

FRANK

Sounds like the toner.

SHUHELA

It's not. The toner!

FRANK

Are you sure? Because last time it were—

SHUHELA

Oh Frank, will you just get up and give me a hand?

Please?

FRANK

(Grumbling) I'm telling you, though, it's the toner...

[FRANK TINKERS WITH THE MACHINERY, METALLIC SHIFTING, BEEPS THEN
CONTENTED PRINTING NOISES]

FRANK

Oh look.

SHUHELA

(Frustrated) Oh for god's sake! Gah!

[SOLID KICK FOLLOWED BY DISAPPROVING BEEP]

FRANK

Shuhela?

SHUHELA

What!? It just hates me, that's what it is!

And is it really too much to ask for Cressida to shell out for a decent printer so
we don't have to play this stupid game every time we need to—

...

What's that look for?

...

What?

FRANK

Something on your mind?

SHUHELA

(Huffs) No.

[FOOTSTEPS AS FRANK RETURNS TO DESK]

FRANK

Alright.

SHUHELA

It's just...

[FRANK sighs]

...I think I should call her.

FRANK

No.

SHUHELA

Oh, just to make sure she's alright, you know?

FRANK

We've been over this. It's none of our business.

SHUHELA

I just— Yesterday must've been so hard for that poor girl, and I feel like we probably could have handled it better.

FRANK

How? She drank too much and made an arse of herself. That's all.

SHUHELA

Yes, because she's grieving!

I'd just feel better knowing she's all right, that's all. I think of her all alone in her mum's house, and going through all her old stuff. It's a very difficult thing, losing a parent.

FRANK

She's not "all alone".

SHUHELA

Oh I guess. Although... was it just me or did her brother seem a little... ooh, I don't know...

FRANK

Shit?

SHUHELA

...unsupportive.

FRANK

Look, it doesn't matter. They'll have signed all the paperwork with Cressida last night and gotten right back on the return train to London. What we need to worry about is what happens to **us** now.

SHUHELA

What? You don't think they'd just... sell up, do you?

FRANK

Wake up, Shuhela. They aren't interested in any of this. We're lucky the repo guys aren't here already.

[KNOCKING ON DOOR]

Hmm. Scratch that.

[FOOTSTEPS, FOLLOWED BY DOOR OPENING]

HAROLD

Ah, here they are, Little and Large!

SHUHELA

Oh [NERVOUS LAUGH] hello Harold love! Didn't expect to see you here. How's your sister doing? Is she all right? You know, after yesterday?

[FOOTSTEPS MOVING AROUND]

HAROLD

Meredith? God knows. Probably sleeping it off somewhere.

SHUHELA

Oh.

Right.

HAROLD

Enjoyed her little show then, did we?

SHUHELA

I was just saying to Frank, I'm so sorry. We could've done more to help, but we didn't want to overstep—

HAROLD

Don't worry. I've already forgotten about it.

SHUHELA

Oh. Okay... well, if you're sure there's nothing we can do, love.

HAROLD

So this is it, eh? Home base. Ground zero. This is where the magic happens.

[FOOTSTEPS]

I'll tell you what, it's not easy to find, is it? But I suppose that's the point?

SHUHELA

Er...

HAROLD

Brilliant signage too. Shabby, very... inconspicuous.

SHUHELA

Oh. Thanks?

HAROLD

If I was going to run a business that I didn't want to attract too much attention, this is exactly how I'd do it. Damp-stains and all.

[PAPERS RUSTLE AS HAROLD PLAYS WITH A STAPLER]

FRANK

(Brusque) What do you want?

SHUHELA

Frank! Don't be rude!

HAROLD

(Chuckling) No, no, no, no, no, it's fine. No small talk then, I'll get right down to brass tacks.

[MUFFLED PHONE RINGING, HAROLD STAPLES HIS FINGER IN SURPRISE]

Oh fu— OW!

SHUHELA

You alright love?

HAROLD

(Struggling) Yes! I'm fine.

SHUHELA

Oh dear, I bet that really smarts. No worries, I've got some plasters in the kitchen. Done that to myself before—

HAROLD

(Sharply) It's fine!

[CLOTHING RUSTLES]

Thank you.

[PULLS OUT PHONE, RINGING CUTS OFF]

I'm here because I want to see absolutely everything with my mum's signature on. Records. Contracts. Whatever you've got, I want to see it. Today. Now.

SHUHELA

Oh! We didn't realise you'd be... interested?

HAROLD

Ohhhh yes. I am positively fascinated with what's going on here.

SHUHELA

(Pleased) You hear that, Frank? He's fascinated.

FRANK

Mmm.

[FRANK'S MOBILE PHONE RINGS]

SHUHELA

I'd be happy to show you around, my love! I know it might not look like much, but it has its charms. As far as I'm concerned it's all yours anyway, So—

[RINGING STOPS AS FRANK ANSWERS]

FRANK

Frank Boland.

HAROLD

My sentiments exactly. I want to see everything. All of it, right from year dot.

FRANK

What can I do for you, Gary?

SHUHELA

Oh wow! Okay, well, why don't I give you the grand tour?

HAROLD

No, no, no, no, no, thank you.

[FOOTSTEPS]

What I would really like is paperwork. Legally signed documents, deeds, that sort of thing.

SHUHELA

Okay, well, that's all in Iris's office just over there. So why don't we rustle up the keys, let you in, and see what we can find?

HAROLD

Yes, why don't we?

FRANK

...right. I suppose it could be one of ours. I'll be right over.

[PHONE CLOSES]

SHUHELA

(To Frank) You off then, love?

[FOOTSTEPS, THEN RUSTLING AS COAT IS GRABBED]

FRANK

Yeah. Gary says they've got a dodgy crime scene. Forensics are already on the ground and they have a victim at the Royal.

SHUHELA

Ah, right. You head off then, and I'll see what we can do for Harold.

HAROLD

Sorry, w-what am I missing here? Forensics? I thought you were a social care business, not CSI Gravesby!

FRANK

I'm sure Shuhela can answer any questions you've got so, uh—

SHUHELA

(Brightly) Harold, love! Frank really does need to get on, but I'm here to do whatever I can do to help you—

HAROLD

I'm going with Frank.

SHUHELA

Oh. Uh.

FRANK

No. You're not.

SHUHELA

Frank...

HAROLD

You heard Shuhela. Like it or not, this place is my concern now, and this sounds to me that whatever you're rushing off to do is pretty damn concerning. I'm coming along.

SHUHELA

I'm sure that'll be alright, wouldn't it Frank? You can show him the ropes. Since he's so *fascinated* with the work.

FRANK

...

Sure.

HAROLD

Fabulous. Come on then, my dear Watson.

(To Shuhela) And make sure that paperwork is ready for me when I get back.

[FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS]

SHUHELA

Frank. Be nice.

[FRANK EXITS GRUMBLING]

FRANK

(Sotto voce) Prick...

[FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CLOSSES]

OPEN HOSPITAL WARD - MORNING

[HOSPITAL SOUNDS INCLUDING MONITOR BEEPING]

WARD NURSE

Miss Stonewell you need to calm down, you're upsetting the other patients.

MEREDITH

You can't keep me here, I'm not a prisoner.

ELDERLY PATIENT (BACKGROUND)

Me neither!

WARD NURSE

Of course you're not, but you need to—

MEREDITH

Stop violating my rights. I want to go home!

ELDERLY PATIENT (BACKGROUND)

You tell 'em!

WARD NURSE

Miss Stonewell, we can't let you leave unaccompanied!

MEREDITH

Well, you're not following me home, because that would make you a stalker.

(Louder) Hey, I've got a stalker over here!

ELDERLY PATIENT (BACKGROUND)

Boooooooo!

WARD NURSE

(muttering) For god's sake...

[MEREDITH STRUGGLES WITH THE BED]

MEREDITH

Christ, who the hell tucked me in, The Hulk? And where are my shoes? You can't take my shoes, that's theft!

WARD NURSE

All your things are right on the chair.

MEREDITH

They'd better be. If I find out someone's been going through my stuff—

WARD NURSE

We can't release you unaccompanied after being checked in for a sudden loss of consciousness. The gentleman who dropped you off had to leave, so unless you can tell us someone we can contact—

MEREDITH

Gentleman? What gentleman?

WARD NURSE

The tall, dark, uh... A... uh... Mr...

ELDERLY PATIENT (BACKGROUND)

Fabulous arse!

[PAPERS RUSLING]

MEREDITH

Godbolt...

WARD NURSE

That's the one. If you have his number, we can call him and see if he's able to collect you.

MEREDITH

Don't bother, I've got a mobile haven't I?

WARD NURSE

Well, I'll just go and grab some consent forms. You're going to need to sign them before you go, alright?

[FOOTSTEPS]

MEREDITH

Whatever.

Right. Fuck this noise.

[GRABS STUFF]

Hey, give em' hell, grandma.

ELDERLY PATIENT (BACKGROUND)

Will do!

[HASTY FOOTSTEPS]

CLOSED HOSPITAL WARD - MORNING

[DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

[SNORING IN BACKGROUND]

GARY

Morning, Frank.

Who's this?

HAROLD

Harold.

FRANK

He's, um—

HAROLD

From management.

GARY

Frank?

FRANK

He's with me.

GARY

(Sighs) Fine. Just make sure he keeps his mouth shut.

HAROLD

Excuse me?

FRANK

(Growled aside) Not. Now.

(To Gary) So who do we have here?

GARY

Thomas Bailey. Neighbour reported shouting at 6am this morning. Found the front door wide open with him face down on the kitchen floor. He's got a broken nose, but he claims it's from the fall.

FRANK

Robbery?

GARY

Doesn't look like it. But that's not the interesting bit.

FRANK

No?

GARY

No, the really interesting bit is what happened when we found his ID.

[PLASTIC RUSTLING]

GARY

Passport, driver's license...

HAROLD

That's got to be the worst fake ID ever!

FRANK

(Impatient) Harold!

HAROLD

He's about 30 years too old for a start!

FRANK

Enough, Harold.

GARY

See the mole on his top lip? Neck tattoo?

FRANK

Yeah, I see them.

GARY

So, we run his prints. Thomas Bailey, born the 27th of January '75. Last person to see him was a neighbour yesterday afternoon. She gave a description of a fit and healthy 45 year old.

HAROLD

I'm sorry, what?

GARY

So I'm right, aren't I? This is one of your lot, isn't it?

FRANK

Maybe.

HAROLD

Frank, can I have a word outside?

FRANK

Harold—

HAROLD

(Firmly) Now.

FRANK

(To Gary) Would you excuse us a second?

GARY

Oh, anything for management.

[FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

FRANK

What is it?

HAROLD

Oh come on, this is completely ludicrous! Is this the kind of setup you used to con my mother into believing this... this 'supernatural' rubbish?

FRANK

It's not a setup.

[MUFFLED PHONE RINGING FROM HAROLD]

HAROLD

For god's sake!

[CALL CANCELLED; FOOTSTEPS]

Now listen here. My mum might have been gullible enough to fall for this, but let me tell you, you're going to have a hard time if you try it on me. The apple has fallen pretty damn far from the tree, and I'll not be made a laughing stock while—

WARD NURSE (BACKGROUND)

She's getting away! Quickly, run!

HAROLD

What now?

[RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACH]

MEREDITH

Hey! Hey Harold!

HAROLD

Meredith?

MEREDITH

Quick! Accompany me!

HAROLD

What?

MEREDITH

Accompany meeeeeeeeeee!

[COLLISION]

[MEREDITH, SLIGHTLY OUT BREATH, CHUCKLES AND CALLS TO PURSUERS]

MEREDITH

Ha! Look! I'm accompanied now! Can't touch this!

FRANK

(Wearily) Christ.

IRIS' HOUSE, LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

[DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

[CLOCK TICKS IN BACKGROUND]

MEREDITH

Oh come on, you must see the funny side of it? There I am, sprinting through a hospital yelling like Braveheart, with my arse hanging out to match.

HAROLD

You're thirty years old!

MEREDITH

Thirty-two.

HAROLD

I don't care! The point is you're meant to have grown out of all this... this...

MEREDITH

Fun?

HAROLD

Stupidity!

[COLLAPSES INTO CHAIR]

HAROLD

It's bad enough that mum was taken for a ride by this lot, without you running around doing god knows what!

MEREDITH

Are you still going on about that magic trick? It wasn't even that good!

HAROLD

I visited ICS this morning and ended up sitting in on this obviously fake police briefing thing about a man who'd mysteriously aged. It was ridiculous, like a bloody panto!

MEREDITH

Everyone loves a good panto!

[MEREDITH TAPS ON WOOD]

HAROLD

It's a scam, Meredith. Their little organisation is running something dodgy and ripping us off!

MEREDITH

Oh, calm down! They don't seem that bad.

HAROLD

Easy for you to say. You're not the one trying to clean up this mess.

MEREDITH

I wouldn't worry. I'm sure you'll come out of it squeaky clean and smelling of roses, as usual.

[MEREDITH TAPS ON WOOD, IT SOUNDS HOLLOW]

HAROLD

Oh. What does that mean?

MEREDITH

I'm just saying. You always moan about cleaning **my** mess up, but you never stick around after everyone's gone. You make a big song and dance about how you need to 'take care of me', then you sod off again, and everyone still treats you like the golden boy.

HAROLD

Ridiculous...

MEREDITH

(Mocking) 'Oh Harold, it must be so hard for you. Oh Harold, you're so good with her, so generous'.

No-one notices whether you actually do anything or not.

HAROLD

Look, I'm not the one who kicked you out! And I'm not the one who **got** you kicked out, either. That was all you!

MEREDITH

Didn't hurt your prospects though, did it? Having Mum to yourself. I bet you used my room as an office.

HAROLD

Oh, get fucked.

MEREDITH

That's the plan.

[MEREDITH KNOCKS AGAIN - DEFINITELY HOLLOW; DOOR CREAKS OPEN, RATTLE OF BOTTLES]

HAROLD

How the hell did you know that was there?

[DRINK PREPARATION SOUNDS]

MEREDITH

Where d'you think I got started?

HAROLD

But mum doesn't— didn't drink?

MEREDITH

Sounds like **you** might be the gullible one.

HAROLD

It's huge...

MEREDITH

That's not what she said!

[FOOTSTEPS, GLASSES RATTLE, DRINKING NOISES]

HAROLD

Look, Meredith. I-I do feel bad...

MEREDITH

Oh, don't bother.

HAROLD

No, I could've done more. To stick up for you, I mean. But... well... you know mum! She was like a brick wall, impossible to argue with—

MEREDITH

Well, I managed.

HAROLD

Yeah, you did, and look, look where it got you.

...

Look, I'm just saying... There wasn't much I could do. I was fourteen for god's sake, I was just a kid!

MEREDITH

So was I.

[MORE DRINKING]

HAROLD

(softly) Meredith?

MEREDITH

Mmm, what?

HAROLD

I'm sorry that—

[DOORBELL RINGS]

CRESSIDA (OUTSIDE)

Hello!

HAROLD

Cressida! Brilliant.

[FOOTSTEPS]

MEREDITH

Urgh. I wonder what the encore is?

[DOOR OPENS; FOOTSTEPS]

HAROLD

Good evening Cressida. And, ah... Ivan.

MEREDITH

Hey Ivan!

[IVAN RUMBLES]

CRESSIDA

We brought cakes. And paperwork, but mainly cakes. Is now a good time?

HAROLD

Sure... Come on in.

CRESSIDA

Probably best to wait outside for this one, Ivan darling. Forgive me, but you do have a tendency to fill smaller spaces.

[IVAN RUMBLES ASSENT]

[DOOR CLOSES; FOOTSTEPS]

CRESSIDA

Hello Meredith my dear, how are you? I did try ringing the landline earlier but no-one answered.

MEREDITH

This place still has a landline? Wow.

HAROLD

We only just got back.

CRESSIDA

I see. Well, in that case I'll try to keep it brief.

[CAKE TIN OPENS]

Do help yourself, dear.

[CAKE SOUNDS]

I'm aware you have both been through the wringer the last few days, and no doubt you must be wondering what to make of all this.

HAROLD

I'm starting to get an idea.

CRESSIDA

I don't blame you for coming to... certain conclusions, but I just wanted to say I worked with Iris – with your mother – for more than 17 years, and although ICS is a hell of a cause, it's also bloody hard work. The initial capital that Iris put up – courtesy of your father's insurance – it couldn't last forever.

These days it's long hours, low pay, a collapsing office and all the paperwork, it's... well, I won't sugar coat it. It's colossal. And with that in mind, we'd understand if, well, if that doesn't appeal.

MEREDITH

(While eating) Yeah. Sounds pretty shit when you put it like that.

HAROLD

Hmm. What are you suggesting instead?

CRESSIDA

Not to put too fine a point on it... I was wondering if you might prefer it if I took that burden off your hands? I know your mother had this lovely idea that she'd pass the business on to you both, that it might help bring you back together, but let's be practical. You both live in London; you have your own careers and your own lives to lead. The last thing you need is all this hassle.

[MORE CAKE IS TAKEN]

MEREDITH

True. True. Massive career girls us.

HAROLD

I see.

Well. I think we would definitely be willing to discuss an arrangement.

MEREDITH

Yeah, fuck it, sounds good to me. How much are we looking at?

HAROLD

Well, first we'll need to get the company valued as an ongoing concern by an unbiased third party, but, I mean, this is our mum's life work we're talking about, so we'd be expecting a fairly substantial offer.

CRESSIDA

(Chuckles) Ah, n-no, sorry, uh no. I fear you may be misunderstanding me. I am not suggesting *purchasing* the business, just managing it for you.

MEREDITH

Oh. Well, that could work too right?

HAROLD

Now hang on! Meredith, do you even understand what she's saying? She would effectively own the company—

MEREDITH

I'm not an idiot, Harold!

HAROLD

—but with us on the hook if anything went wrong!

(To Cressida) You can't seriously believe that we would accept this?

CRESSIDA

I understand that this is all coming rather fast, and you both— well, you both have already been through so much.

[RISES, FOOTSTEPS]

HAROLD

No! Absolutely not! You can't just do some cheap magic tricks, pretend that amounts to a legitimate business and then just expect us to hand everything over to you! It's, it's, it's preposterous!

MEREDITH

(mocking) Preposterous? All right, calm down Dickens.

HAROLD

Meredith! She's literally trying to scam us!

[PAPERS RUSTLE]

CRESSIDA

Here, I prepared a proposal. Why don't the two of you give it a read and talk it over? You have my number when you come to a decision.

MEREDITH

Cool.

HAROLD

Oh, pffft, yeah. We'll definitely give it all a good hard think. In the meantime, why don't I show you out?

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS]

CRESSIDA

Of course. And if there's anything you need...

[FOOTSTEPS]

HAROLD

You're just a landline away, I'm sure.

MEREDITH

Thanks for the cakes!

CRESSIDA

You're welcome, my dear.

[DOOR CLOSES; FOOTSTEPS]

MEREDITH

What's the big deal? She's the only chance we've got of offloading this bollocks!

HAROLD

I'm not giving away my inheritance to a woman just because you like her damn baking!

MEREDITH

Oh fuck off, "your inheritance." We still keep the house. All you're missing out on is the business stuff, and you were just moaning that it's crooked anyway!

HAROLD

I— We **need** this.

MEREDITH

Oh fuck off, Mr. Wolf-of-Wall-Street hedge-fund dickhead. You're in with the big boys! You don't need shit.

[MEREDITH HEADS OFF; DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

HAROLD

Oh yeah, that's right! Bugger off and get pissed, and leave me to sort it out as always!

[DISTANT DOOR SLAM]

[TEXT MESSAGE NOTIFICATION]

HAROLD

Oh for god's sake!

VOICEMAIL

You have one new message. Message received today at 3:46pm.

BELFRAGE (TELEPHONE)

Harold, it's John Belfrage. I've been trying to get hold of you all day. I've just spoken to Rajshree and this is no longer simply a departmental matter. Formal proceedings are on the cards. Your CFO has been made aware of the situation and we need to set up a meeting as soon as possible. So, you must call me when you get this. My number again is—

[MESSAGE CUTS OFF]

ICS, IRIS' OFFICE - MORNING

HAROLD

Oh, and any archived financial documentation. I want all of it, brought to this office, okay?

SHUHELA

I'll see what I can do love, but it might take a while to find all of it.

HAROLD

Now, what about payroll? Do you do that internally, or do you outsource?

SHUHELA

Oh, well, Cressida handles most of the financials. Payroll, tax, that sort of thing.

If you want to see inside the office safe she's got the keys.

HAROLD

Of course she does.

[DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

MEREDITH

What about the toilet?

SHUHELA

I'm sorry?

MEREDITH

Whose job is it to sort the loos cos those are fucking rank, seriously...

HAROLD

That's hardly a priority.

[FOOTSTEPS, COAT ZIPS UP]

FRANK

I'll have a look when I get back.

HAROLD

(Mocking) Oh, off on another exciting magically geriatric interrogation, are we?

FRANK

House calls. I'll be on my mobile.

MEREDITH

What, you mean like home visits?

SHUHELA

They're a big part of what Frank does, love.

MEREDITH

Can I come with?

HAROLD

No.

MEREDITH

Wasn't asking you.

(To Frank) Come on mate, I own half the place, I should see what you do, yeah?

FRANK

You're not qualified and we can't insure you.

SHUHELA

Oh, she could just sit in the car and you can explain. Help her get a feel for it?

FRANK

She'd just be bored.

MEREDITH

Can't be as boring as sitting here watching Harold snort paperwork all day.

HAROLD

I don't snort—

FRANK

Fine! But I'm leaving right now.

MEREDITH

Ready when you are, Frankie baby!

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

(Fading) So do you have Bluetooth or...

SHUHELA

She's certainly perked up a bit.

HAROLD

Yes. It won't last. It never does.

SHUHELA

Oh...

Can I get you anything else? Cup of tea?

HAROLD

Just the paperwork thank you.

[FOOTSTEPS]

HAROLD

A-Actually, hold on a moment. What's this?

[PAPERS RUSTLE]

SHUHELA

Oh. Church hall regeneration project. Your Mum was negotiating with the council to renovate it into a vamp refuge. Looks good, doesn't it? Love this artwork!

HAROLD

Vamps? Is that a gang thing?

SHUHELA

No, you know, vamps. Vampires.

HAROLD

(Sarcastic) Oh, of course! The vampires! How could I forget about the vampires?

Fine. Fine. Thank you Shuhela, that'll be all.

SHUHELA

All right love. Best of luck.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR CREAKS SHUT]

HAROLD

Vampires, honestly...

HANNAH'S FLAT - DAY, OUTSIDE

[STREET SOUNDS, AS FOOTSTEPS APPROACH]

MEREDITH

Right, so how do we do this? Can I be bad cop? Or, like, how does this work?

FRANK

O-Okay, so I'm good cop. And you're 'go back to the car because you aren't insured' cop.

MEREDITH

I like you, Frank. So I'm gonna be... frank with you.

[FRANK GROWLS]

MEREDITH

Would you rather I stay in your car, with its clean seats and cup holders and all that good stuff, totally unsupervised? Or would you rather have me here where you can see me, soaking this all up like a, like a big sponge that's ready to do loads of charity and shit.

FRANK

(Sighing) Fine. But there's ground rules. You break them, and you're back in the car.

MEREDITH

Deal.

FRANK

Right. Rule one, you do what I tell you to.

MEREDITH

Oooh, kinky.

FRANK

Rule two. You don't speak at all.

MEREDITH

Mmhmm.

FRANK

Rule three, no matter what happens, you do not touch her.

MEREDITH

Mmmm?

FRANK

No handshakes, no high fives, nothing. You don't go near her. Do you understand?

MEREDITH

(Mumbling) Loud and clear.

FRANK

(Wearily) Right, fine, you can speak when you're spoken to.

MEREDITH

So what's wrong with her?

FRANK

Nothing's wrong with her.

MEREDITH

I mean, you say that, but if no-one can touch her, there's got to be something. Is she like contagious—

FRANK

Look, it'd take too long to get into. All you need to know is Hannah used to work at a club called Sirens, and she got mixed up with the guy who ran it, Thomas. It took her a long time to get out and it wasn't a clean break.

Now... Thomas has wound up in hospital, 20 years older than he was yesterday, and we're here to see how we can help.

MEREDITH

So... you think this Hannah of yours sucked twenty years off a man's life?

FRANK

More or less.

MEREDITH

(A bit thrown) Okay. Glad we're all on the same page.

FRANK

Alrighty then.

[DOORBELL CHIMES]

[FOOTSTEPS]

HANNAH (INSIDE)

Uh, yeah? Who is it?

FRANK

Hannah, it's Frank. Can you let us in?

HANNAH (INSIDE)

N-Now's not a good time.

FRANK

It's just five minutes, I promise. Come on, then we're gone.

HANNAH (INSIDE)

I'm not due a house call 'til next week.

FRANK

It's important.

HANNAH (INSIDE)

No, look, um, I-I don't think, uh—

MEREDITH

Hannah?

HANNAH (INSIDE)

Wait, who's that?

FRANK

(aside) What are you doing?

MEREDITH

(Aside) It's okay, I've got this.

(To Hannah) Er, my name's...Tracy. I'm the new girl at Sirens.

HANNAH (INSIDE)

And?

MEREDITH

And I need your help. It's not great over there, and... well... Frank says you might know what I'm going through. Might have some advice?

FRANK

(Aside)

I told you—

[CHAIN RATTLES AND DOOR OPENS]

HANNAH

Tracy was it?

MEREDITH

Yup, that's me, Tracy.

HANNAH

Fine. Come in. Um, five minutes.

MEREDITH

Thanks!

(To Frank) After you.

[FRANK GROWLS SOFTLY AS THEY HEAD INSIDE; DOOR CLOSSES]

HANNAH'S FLAT – DAY, INSIDE, MULTIPLE ROOMS

FRANK

How've you been, Hannah?

HANNAH

Fine. Busy. Got some, uh, work coming in.

FRANK

That's good to hear.

HANNAH

(To Meredith) S-So, you're working at Sirens?

MEREDITH

Mmmm? Oh right, yeah. Just started.

HANNAH

So, uh, what's the problem? You said you needed help?

MEREDITH

Right! Yeah, yeah...

...

Toilet!

HANNAH

What?

MEREDITH

Yeah, er, sorry, can I use your toilet? I'm just dying for a slash, so...

HANNAH

Uh... sure. It's just through there, on the left.

[FOOTSTEPS]

MEREDITH

Thanks!

[DOOR CLOSES]

HANNAH

Frank?

FRANK

Sorry. I didn't want to bring her.

HANNAH

Why are you really here, Frank?

[FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CLOSES]

FRANK

Thomas.

HANNAH

What about him?

FRANK

They found him half-dead this morning.

HANNAH

So he's alive?

FRANK

Just about, yeah. He's lying in Gravesby Royal right now. Seems *somebody* might've drained him.

HANNAH

Ohhh, I get it. Yeah, he finally gets what he deserves, so you just assume it was me, yeah?

FRANK

I didn't say that—

HANNAH

Do you honestly think I want anything to do with him after *everything* I had to go through to get away in the first place?

FRANK

I'm just asking if you know anything. The coppers are already involved, and you know what they're like. So, help me to help you.

HALLWAY

[CHAIN CLUNKS TWICE; DOOR CLOSES]

MEREDITH

So FYI the toilet was broken when I went in—

HANNAH (MUFFLED)

You can't just come barging in here without even calling ahead and then start accusing me—

FRANK (MUFFLED)

I'm not accusing you of anything, I'm just trying to stop this thing from escalating.

HANNAH (MUFFLED)

Why can't you all just leave me the hell alone? I lock myself away in here and you're all still up in my grill!

MEREDITH

Nooooope. Not getting caught up in that thank you very much.

[LONG EXHALE]

So instead, let's see what we have behind door number two...

[FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS/CLOSES; PIANO MUSIC IS PLAYING]

CAM ROOM

MEREDITH

Fuck me... It's like the Pink Panther exploded! [CHUCKLES]

[FOOTSTEPS]

MEREDITH

What even is that?

[BUZZING, FOLLOWED BY COMPUTER PING]

MEREDITH

Hello?

[MOUSE CLICK]

Oh! Hey, we're streaming! Cool. What are we streaming?

[COMPUTER PING]

Ohhhh! Right.

(Snorts) Yeah, good luck getting me to do that, I'm just passing through. Takes a lot of prep and expertise, that does.

[MULTIPLE MESSAGE PINGS]

MEREDITH

Alright, chill out... (reading) Megadick420. I guarantee I know more about that kind of thing than you do. And I've probably had more girlfriends.

[MULTIPLE MESSAGE PINGS]

(chuckling) Okay, okay one at time...

FRONT ROOM

FRANK

Look, I can't make you tell me.

HANNAH

No. You can't.

FRANK

But we both know that if you were involved, it was self-defence.

HANNAH

[Frustrated] Argh, just leave me alone!

[MEREDITH CAN BE HEARD FAINTLY]

FRANK

I know you just want to hide away. I get it, I do, but we're going to need to get ahead of this thing. Otherwise there's going to be an inquiry, and that means a lot more people are going to start poking around **here**. I'm here to help you and—

HANNAH

Wait, Wait. What's that?

MEREDITH (MUFFLED)

—really nice arse because of all the squats, if you must know. She was always off at the gym though, so I spent a lot of time pretending to be into rowing and stuff like that for her—

HANNAH

Oh god...

FRANK

What?

CAM ROOM

[MESSAGES PING FREQUENTLY]

MEREDITH

(laughing) —so, anyway, eventually I was like, 'Look, it's the gym or me', and she was like, 'Well I want to be a marathon runner so it's gonna be the gym.' And I admit I might've gotten a bit pissed at that, and, and I was still holding one of these little monsters so I ended up sort of waggling it at her and—

[DOOR OPENS]

HANNAH

Oh! What the everloving fuck are you doing!? Put that down!

MEREDITH

Oh! Uh, shit, uh, sorry, I... got a bit carried away...

FRANK

Meredith!

HANNAH

Get out!

MEREDITH

Some of your punters are pretty sweet actually.

FRANK

I'm so sorry, right, I know—

HANNAH

NOW! BOTH OF YOU!

[FOOTSTEPS AS THEY'RE ESCORTED OUT]

MEREDITH

I'm really sorry! But seriously where did you get all that stuff? It's proper high quality.

[DOOR SLAMS; MESSAGES CONTINUE TO PING]

[HANNAH RETURNS TO ROOM]

HANNAH

(Brightly) Hey everyone! Sorry about that. Neighbours can be a nightmare, am I right?

ICS, IRIS' OFFICE - DAY

[PAPER RUSTLE AND CALCULATOR CLICKS]

HAROLD

So if we convert that to annual we get... Jesus...

[DOOR CREAKS OPEN, FOOTSTEPS]

CRESSIDA

Hello Harold.

HAROLD

Cressida. Thanks for coming. No Ivan today?

CRESSIDA

It's his day at the tailor shop.

HAROLD

I see. How nice. Shut the door, would you?

[DOOR CLOSES; FOOTSTEPS]

CRESSIDA

I must say, I was surprised to get your call.

HAROLD

Yes, well, on reflection I thought it might be a good idea to sit down and have a proper talk. Just you and me. No interruptions. One business professional to another.

[CHAIR CREAKS]

CRESSIDA

Alright. Though it's funny seeing you sitting in your mother's chair like that. It suits you.

HAROLD

Yes, well. I have been crunching some numbers and these accounts are all over the shop. Like here, in Q2 and Q3 of last year, you paid out nearly triple your incomings, and it's not reconciled in your year-end. Where's it all going?

CRESSIDA

Oh, you know. Accommodation, utilities, food, fuel, rent, it all adds up. Believe me, no-one knows how much capital this business is haemorrhaging more than I do.

HAROLD

And yet somehow this place stays afloat.

CRESSIDA

Oh, we've been very fortunate.

HAROLD

I'll say. You've been getting some pretty significant cash injections over the last few years. Massive amounts being pumped in 12 months at a time, 16 months at a time...

CRESSIDA

We have some very generous patrons who offer their support when they can, and—

HAROLD

And humble too apparently. Given how they all choose to do so anonymously through transient third-parties.

CRESSIDA

...

Harold. It's clear to me now that it was inappropriate of me to suggest a transfer of ownership. You're obviously capable of handling the business side of things. Perhaps we should instead look at alternatives that don't involve the kind of—

HAROLD

(Chuckling) Oh, I have to admit, I'm pretty impressed. Really, I am.

There's no way this place is still operational without something very clever happening in the background.

CRESSIDA

That's very kind of you to say—

HAROLD

And I want in.

CRESSIDA

In on what, my dear?

HAROLD

In on whatever you've got going on here. I'll admit you lost me at first with all the amateur dramatics, but obviously other people must be going for it because the money's rolling in.

CRESSIDA

I'm not entirely sure what you think is happening here, but—

HAROLD

Don't get me wrong. Whatever you're doing here is clearly working, and I don't want to mess with that. I just think it's appropriate that I take a... 'commission'.

CRESSIDA

A 'commission'.

HAROLD

It's only fair.

CRESSIDA

So, just to be absolutely clear. You believe Iris and I spent the last 17 years of our lives, day in, day out, building a fraudulent business in order to... what? Launder money?

HAROLD

Of course not.

CRESSIDA

I'm very glad to hear that, because it certainly sounded like what you were saying was—

HAROLD

I think you were taking my mother for a ride in the last few years, and she was foolish enough not to ask any questions.

Well, now it's all coming to light. So, either you cut me in, or I take all this straight to the FCA. And the media. And we'll see what happens to your precious business.

CRESSIDA

Do you really expect me to believe that **you** would willingly notify the—

[HAROLD'S PHONE STARTS RINGING]

HAROLD

Oh, speak of the devil! That's my guy now. John Belfrage. Lovely man. Very dedicated. You should look him up.

[PHONE CUTS OFF]

CRESSIDA

(Standing) I think it would be best if I left now.

HAROLD

I agree. I'll leave you to think it over.

You have my number when you come to a decision.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

[HAROLD'S PHONE RINGS AGAIN]

[PHONE IS CUT OFF AGAIN]

HAROLD

(Shaky) Okay... It'll be okay... Just breathe...

FRANK'S CAR - DAY, RAINING

MEREDITH

Look, it's really not that big a deal. I didn't want to get in your way, and it's not like I actually did anything... y'know...

FRANK

You tricked your way into a vulnerable woman's home and then you interfered with her work.

MEREDITH

Okay sure, when you put it like that it **sounds** bad, but I mean, if she's all magic and that she's hardly defenceless.

FRANK

This isn't a joke, Meredith.

MEREDITH

I know.

FRANK

Do you? Look, it's obvious, you have your own issues, but—

MEREDITH

Hey!

FRANK

But you leave that crap at home. We have a responsibility to give these people our best. If you can't get on board with that then maybe you and your brother should just stay out of it.

MEREDITH

Oi! Firstly, where do you get off trying to call me out on my personal life? That's none of your goddamn business.

And secondly, I didn't choose this alright? I just got it dumped in my lap and everyone just expects me to deal with it. Like I don't have other shit to be

getting on with without all this, this bollocks. So maybe just wind your neck in yeah?

At least before I came here my problems made sense. Now it's all headless dudes and insect women and whatever Hannah's thing is.

FRANK

Succubus.

MEREDITH

Whatever.

FRANK

And I'm guessing the headless dude was Ivan?

MEREDITH

Yep.

FRANK

Cressida did the old Henry the Eighth bit then?

MEREDITH

John the Baptist.

FRANK

Sure.

(Querying) And the insect woman?

MEREDITH

I saw someone run up a wall. She had massive great teeth, too. I thought maybe I hallucinated it or something cos I was pretty pissed at the time, but the guy I was with saw her too, so...

FRANK

Sounds like a vamp to me. D'you remember anything else about her? She might need a check in.

MEREDITH

Not really.

FRANK

Right.

...

(Gently) Look. I know it's a lot. For you **and** your brother.

MEREDITH

Ha! Keep this up and his head'll explode or something.

FRANK

(Chuckle) Good to know.

[MEREDITH SNORTS]

MEREDITH

Be straight with me Frank. Is all this real? Like, really real?

FRANK

Yeah.

MEREDITH

And there are like, loads more people like them?

FRANK

Yes.

MEREDITH

Then why isn't it all over the news?

FRANK

Can you imagine the government trying to explain it? It's an open secret. Officially, we're "Impoverished Community Support". Unofficially, the people who need us already know who we are and everyone else? Need-to-know.

MEREDITH

Right.

FRANK

If this went public, it'd be a disaster.

MEREDITH

Makes sense.

FRANK

Which means keep it to yourself, alright?

MEREDITH

(Annoyed) Yeah, I got that, thanks!

FRANK

So... do you want to tell me what you've been on all day, or...?

MEREDITH

Leave it Frank.

FRANK

Alright.

MEREDITH

I'm not "on" anything alright! I haven't even had a drink yet!

FRANK

You haven't stopped shaking all day.

MEREDITH

It's cold!

FRANK

Sure.

...

Listen, you're right. It's none of my business but if you decide you need help sobering up, I can point you in the right direction, alright?

MEREDITH

(Angry) You patronising prick!

FRANK

What?

MEREDITH

I thought for a minute there you might actually be decent, but course not, y-you're as bad as Harold.

FRANK

Oh now hang on!

MEREDITH

No! Fuck you! Like, pull over here. I'm getting out.

FRANK

I'm not going to dump you out here in the middle of the road!

MEREDITH

Shut up, pull over and then fuck off back to ICS. I'm going into that pub, right now.

FRANK

Oh fine.

[FRANK STOPS IN MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, MEREDITH GETS OUT WITH SPLASHING FOOTSTEPS]

[DOOR SLAMS]

MEREDITH

Go on then!

[CAR STARTS UP AND PULLS OFF AS DRIVERS START HONKING]

DRIVER (FAINT)

Get out the road!

MEREDITH

You get out the road! Fucking prick!

[FOOTSTEPS SPLASH]

GODBOLT

Oi! Trouble!

MEREDITH

What?!

Oh. It's you.

GODBOLT

In the flesh.

MEREDITH

And here I was thinking my day couldn't get any worse.

GODBOLT

I checked in at the hospital, but the nurse said you'd already left. They really love you there by the way.

MEREDITH

Yeah, well fuck them.

GODBOLT

So what are you doing back here? In the rain?

MEREDITH

I need a drink. A big one.

GODBOLT

Ah. Shall we nip inside then?

MEREDITH

Yes. Fine. One drink.

GODBOLT

One drink.

MEREDITH

And then...

GODBOLT

And then?

MEREDITH

(Whispered, husky) Another drink.

GODBOLT

(Chuckling) Right.

ICS - IRIS' OFFICE - EVENING

[EXTENDED SOUNDS OF PAPERWORK]

HAROLD

(Yawning) Okay, so.. IR35 statements for sixth of Ju— no, July...

Oh, screw it. I'm done.

[HAROLD STRETCHES, STANDS, SWITCHES OFF THE LIGHT]

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

MAIN OFFICE

[FAINT RUMBLING IS HEARD IN THE STAIRWELL]

HAROLD

Shuhela?

THOMAS (MUFFLED)

Look at me. Look at me!

HAROLD

Hello?

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR CREAKS OPEN]

THOMAS

Better she killed me than this!

CRESSIDA

I agree it's unfortunate, Thomas, but you knew the risks when you opened the club.

THOMAS

I should kill her.

CRESSIDA

No, dear. You should take the money and consider yourself very, very lucky to have got off lightly. Take a holiday. Enjoy retirement.

[PLASTIC RUSTLING]

THOMAS

What, this is all?

CRESSIDA

Forgive me, but we aren't running a charity here.

THOMAS

You listen to me, you fucking bitch—

CRESSIDA

Ivan?

THOMAS

—I'll slit you from—

[GRUNT OF ASSENT, FOLLOWED BY MEATY THUMP]

[THOMAS KEELS OVER WHEEZING AND COUGHING]

CRESSIDA

This is the part where you say thank you, take the money and keep your mouth shut. Understood?

[IVAN RUMBLES]

THOMAS

Yes! Yes, alright.

CRESSIDA

And?

[IVAN RUMBLES, APPLYING PRESSURE]

THOMAS

Argh! Thank you!

CRESSIDA

Wonderful. Now, why don't we walk you to your car? We wouldn't want you slipping in the car park. Not at your age.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

HAROLD

What the hell was that about?

A CHEAP B&B - MORNING

[MEREDITH WAKES UP, SHEETS RUSTLING AND COUGHING]

MEREDITH

Nnnnnnn... Oh god...

[DOOR KNOCKING]

GODBOLT (OUTSIDE)

Room service!

MEREDITH

Ohhhh... Fuck off!

[DOOR OPENS/CLOSES, AS GODBOLT ENTERS WITH RATTLING TRAY]

MEREDITH

Not so loud...

GODBOLT

Breakfast in bed!

[MEREDITH GROANS]

Toast, bacon, nice runny eggs and a big, fat, greasy—

MEREDITH

Oh, think I'm gonna be sick.

GODBOLT

—aspirin.

MEREDITH

You cock.

[CHUCKLES]

Urgh, seriously, don't touch me. I genuinely might vom all over you.

GODBOLT

Mmmm. You are so damn sexy, you know that?

MEREDITH

About that. Did we, uh...?

[MEREDITH MAKES A POP-POP NOISE]

GODBOLT

(Chuckling) No, you were out of it by about 8pm and I didn't know where you were staying, so...

MEREDITH

Yeah, fair play. Cheers.

[MEREDITH'S PHONE BUZZES; SHE GROANS]

GODBOLT

(Chuckling) Ooh, who's Harold? Husband?

MEREDITH

Fuck no. Urgh, now I really do need to barf...

GODBOLT

(Reading) "Still alive? Need you at ICS ASAP. Harold."

Charming.

[TOAST CRUNCHES AS GODBOLT EATS; MEREDITH EXTRACTS HERSELF FROM
BED AND STARTS DRESSING]

So. I didn't know you were with the ICS.

MEREDITH

I'm not.

GODBOLT

Right. So that guy you were in the car with?

MEREDITH

What, you jealous?

GODBOLT

(Chuckling) Hardly.

MEREDITH

That's Frank. He's... a friend.

GODBOLT

Cool. Good.

Just FYI, you don't want to get mixed up with that lot if you can help it. They can be a bit... much. Y'know?

MEREDITH

(Distracted) Uh-huh. Listen, Godbolt, I just need to pop out for a bit. There's someone I need to talk to.

GODBOLT

What about breakfast?

MEREDITH

What about it? Looks like you already scoffed it.

GODBOLT

I can always grab some more.

MEREDITH

No, honestly, don't bother. I've got to go.

GODBOLT

Yeah, alright. You go say hi to "someone" for me.

MEREDITH

It's not like that—

GODBOLT

Hey, it's fine! No harm, no foul, we're basically strangers.

MEREDITH

I just really need to go talk to someone. It's important. But I'll call you later, alright?

GODBOLT

Sure you will.

MEREDITH

Alright, have it your way then.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

GODBOLT

(Voice changes a bit, sounds weaker) Damn it.

HANNAH'S FLAT - MORNING, OUTSIDE

[DOORBELL RINGS]

MEREDITH

(Calling) Hannah? Hannah, it's Meredith. I'm just here to talk.

...

Hannah, I know you're in there!

[FOOTSTEPS]

HANNAH (INSIDE)

Piss off, Tracy.

MEREDITH

Tracy? Who the fuck is— Oh right! yeah.

So listen, about that—

HANNAH (INSIDE)

(Weary) Just leave me the fuck alone.

MEREDITH

Just listen, alright? I know I'm the last person you probably want to talk to right now, but I'm not here about Thomas, alright? Fuck him.

And if you're the one that messed him up, more power to you. I just came to say... well... I brought coffee!

...

Alright. Fair enough.

I'll, um, put it through the letterbox then. You can have it later.

[FLIPS LETTERBOX OPEN, STARTS TO POUR LIQUID THROUGH SLOT]

[DOOR OPENS]

HANNAH

What is your problem?

MEREDITH

You want a full list, or...

HANNAH

What do you want?

MEREDITH

I mean, ideally, a million quid and a yacht full of supermodels, but right now I'd settle for—

[HANNAH STARTS TO CLOSE DOOR]

I'm here to say sorry, alright! I was well out of line yesterday. I only lied cos Frank said he needed to check in on you, and, and I know I shouldn't have been messing around with your stuff and screwing around with your show and that. It was none of my business. I was just messing around.

HANNAH

Right.

MEREDITH

Fuck it, I don't know. I'm just sorry, alright. And if that isn't enough then, then fine, whatever. Screw you.

HANNAH

You know, you are awful at apologies.

MEREDITH

I don't get much practice.

HANNAH

Yeah. Well. Thanks for that.

MEREDITH

Sure.

HANNAH

You know, for what it's worth, they actually liked you. They want to know when you're coming back.

MEREDITH

(surprised) Huh. I didn't even show any skin.

HANNAH

Eh. Mostly they're just lonely.

...

So... coffee?

MEREDITH

Oh god, I thought you'd never ask!

[FOOTSTEPS AS THEY ENTER; DOOR CLOSES]

HANNAH'S FLAT - INTERIOR

HANNAH

Radiator's on if you need to warm yourself up.

MEREDITH

I'm fine.

HANNAH

You're shaking.

MEREDITH

Hmm? Oh, no, it's, it's a nerve thing. Tremors or whatever. They sent me for a buttload of tests when I was a kid. It's just some muscle spasm thingy. I'm like a twitchy weird ferret, basically.

HANNAH

You shouldn't talk about yourself like that. It doesn't help.

MEREDITH

Better than being all mopey about it.

...

I mean, not that you... Fuck.

HANNAH

It's fine. So, milk, sugar?

MEREDITH

Um, bunch of both. Thanks.

So, like, you can't ever touch anyone. Ever?

[COFFEE SOUNDS]

HANNAH

You learn work arounds. I wear a lot of gloves, that kind of thing.

MEREDITH

Hmm. Makes sense.

...

But like... how do you, like, y'know, screw?

HANNAH

I don't.

MEREDITH

Oh. Right.

HANNAH

It could be worse. I'd rather deal with this than be like a vamp or something, y'know?

MEREDITH

Oh, yeah, sure. I know all about that.

...

So like. Are you okay?

HANNAH

Just a messed up couple of days, y'know? Can't believe I threw Frank out. He's been the only person to stand by me through all this.

MEREDITH

He is a bit of a grumpy bastard though, isn't he?

HANNAH

Ah, that's just his way. He really does care. I mean, I'm the one who keeps messing everything up. Everything I touch just... falls apart. I'm poison.

MEREDITH

No you're not. You're just getting by, making it work. You've got somewhere to stay, you got a job, you're your own boss.

HANNAH

I guess.

MEREDITH

You kidding me? It's better than me. I've woken up in a different bed every day this week. Trust me, you're not a bad person. You're just... you're playing on hard mode, y'know?

HANNAH

(Quietly) It was me. I mean, I did it.

MEREDITH

What happened?

HANNAH

(Sighs) Another girl, um, Grace, came to see me. She wanted out, but since I left, Thomas has... Well, guess he didn't want the other girls getting any ideas. I kept thinking, y'know, if I hadn't gone, maybe... I don't know.

MEREDITH

Go on.

HANNAH

She was scared, so I told her I'd speak to him. And he just totally lost it. He said I'd been 'stealing his girls'. And I tried to leave and then he— Well, we fell on the floor. And I, I just tried to push him away but one of my gloves had come off and—

...

[Shaky] I thought I'd killed him. I mean, I called the ambulance, but... I had to go. Then you and Frank showed up, and he said there might have to be an inquiry, and it just never ends.

[Tearful] Like, it never fucking ends.

[SNIFFLING]

MEREDITH

That's absolutely shit. Seriously. The absolute worst. But... at least he can't hurt anyone anymore.

HANNAH

Yeah.

[DOORBELL RINGS]

MEREDITH

You expecting anyone?

HANNAH

No...

MEREDITH

Right. Okay. Stay quiet.

FRANK (OUTSIDE)

Hannah?

Hannah, it's Frank.

MEREDITH

(To Hannah) Your call. I won't say anything.

HANNAH

Let him in.

[FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS]

FRANK

Meredith? What are you doing—?

MEREDITH

Drinking coffee. What's it look like?

HANNAH

Come in, Frank.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR CLOSES]

FRANK

Er... right. Hannah, I've been trying to call you. Meredith can you give us a moment?

HANNAH

No. She can stay.

FRANK

It's about Grace.

HANNAH

Oh god. What's happened?

FRANK

No, no. She's confessed.

HANNAH / MEREDITH

What?

FRANK

Yeah. Said her and Thomas had an argument, and he went for her, so she, well... 'subdued' him.

MEREDITH

Did they arrest her?

FRANK

For what? Ageing him in self-defence? Not exactly something you can use in court. Besides, Thomas has dropped the charges. So... Case closed I guess.

HANNAH

Wow. O-Okay.

MEREDITH

Good riddance.

FRANK

I just feel bad for Grace though.

MEREDITH

Why? She took out someone who deserved it. That sounds like a win to me.
And who knows, maybe someone better can run the club. Like... the women.

FRANK

Still, hurting someone like that, even in self-defence... it's hard to leave behind.
It stays with you. Trust me.

HANNAH

(Quietly) Yeah.

MEREDITH

Fuck me, you really are a miserable bastard, Frank, you know that?

FRANK

We should go. Give you some privacy.

(To Meredith) Harold's been trying to get hold of us.

MEREDITH

Urgh.

FRANK

He wants everyone back at ICS for some big announcement.

MEREDITH

Oh, joy.

Well, Hazza, look after yourself. We'll have to do brunch some time.

HANNAH

Brunch, uh, sure.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS/CLOSES FOLLOWED BY STREET SOUNDS]

MEREDITH

So, Frankie-baby... can I, um, scab a lift?

FRANK

Ah, just get in the car.

[FOOTSTEPS, THEN CAR NOISES]

FRANK

Listen Meredith, about yesterday...

MEREDITH

Forget it. We're good. Just buy me a decent coffee or something. The stuff I bought was proper rank.

ICS, MAIN OFFICE - MIDDAY

[DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CLOSES]

MEREDITH

It's just so dramatic. Summoning us like we're his fucking entourage.

FRANK

Mmm.

SHUHELA

(On phone) No problem Ben, thanks again. Give my best to the missus.

[REPLACES TELEPHONE RECEIVER]

SHUHELA

Perfect timing. That was Ben from the *Gazette*. He's buried the story about Thomas. Oh, he's a good egg, that boy.

FRANK

And Thomas dropped the charges, so it should all blow over in a couple of days.

MEREDITH

And as you can see from Frank's face, we're all just super-jazzed about it.

Anyway, where is he then? Our lord and saviour?

SHUHELA

(Chuckling) In your mum's office.

(Whispering) I actually think he's been practising a little speech.

MEREDITH

Aw Christ, I hope not. He tried to give a speech at his graduation. Started talking about hopes and dreams, and then fell off the stage.

[DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CLOSES]

CRESSIDA

Good afternoon all.

FRANK

Cressida.

MEREDITH

Ivan! Looking good, my man.

[IVAN RUMBLES APPRECIATIVELY]

SHUHELA

He called everyone, then.

CRESSIDA

Indeed. Does anyone actually know why we're here?

SHUHELA

No idea. It's all very mysterious, isn't it?

[DOOR CREAKS OPEN, FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CREAKS CLOSED]

HAROLD

Hello everyone. Thank you all for coming at such short notice. I know we're all very busy, so I'll try and keep it brief.

MEREDITH

Good!

HAROLD

I just wanted to take a moment to say a few words to everyone here, to all the people that mattered to my mother so very, very much.

MEREDITH

Urgh.

HAROLD

My mother built this business from scratch. She poured everything she had into it. Her time, her money, her passion... and with that attentiveness, it grew into a flourishing and enriching endeavour.

SHUHELA

Oh, well, what a lovely—

HAROLD

I came to Gravesby wanting to understand what this business was, and by extension understand who she was. Not just as a mother to me and my sister, you see, but matriarch to an entire community—

MEREDITH

Just get on with it, would you? Jesus!

HAROLD

(Clearing throat) Right, yes. So, um, anyhoo. I'm proud to announce that from tomorrow, Meredith and I will be taking over the day-to-day operations of ICS. Thank you very much.

MEREDITH

Sorry, what?

SHUHELA

Oh, that's wonderful news! You hear that Frank? They're staying!

FRANK

(Deadpan) Wonderful.

CRESSIDA

Yes... congratulations.

[IVAN RUMBLES]

MEREDITH

(Aside) You've actually fucking cracked, haven't you?

HAROLD

(Aside) Maybe. But I'm in the right place for it, aren't I?

[CLOSING THEME]

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Harry Farmer — Harold Stonewell

Safiyya Ingar — Shuhela

Ian Hayles — Frank

Fay Roberts — Cressida

Mark Thompson — Abraham Godbolt

Inexplicables – E02 – Investigations

Karim Kronfli — John Belfrage

Alexander J Newall — Ivan

Efi Gauthier — Hannah

Matthew Morrison — Gary

James Ross — Thomas

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