

INEXPLICABLES

By Tom Critch and Alexander J Newall

Episode 5 – From Bad to Worse

Content Warnings:

- Strong language
 - Alcohol
 - Arguments (inc shouting)
 - Panic & anxiety
 - Emotional manipulation
 - Right-wing rhetoric & prejudice
 - Physical violence & mobs (inc SFX)
 - Police (inc forced entry SFX)
 - Supernatural transformation (inc SFX)
 - Discussions of: self-hatred & low self-esteem
 - SFX: ticking, ringing & beeping, smashing, growling
-

TOWN HALL - MORNING

[PRESS CONFERENCE WITH CROWD SOUNDS AND CAMERAS SNAPPING]

WILLIAM

What happened last night, a wholly unwarranted and vicious attack on a young girl, less than a mile away from these very steps, has shocked and appalled those of us who have seen the footage on social media. We wish Clementine and her family a speedy recovery, and hope that they can put this horrible affair behind them.

However, we cannot, as a community, allow this crime to be forgotten, as it has thrown a spotlight onto an ongoing issue that has remained unaddressed

for far too long. An issue that that I feel needs to be brought out into the open so that we can tackle it together. For many years now, the population of Gravesby has been suffering in silence; suffering from an influx of questionable people on our streets who have rewarded our tolerance with vandalism and burglary.

We are good people, but we are not fools, and I think it is time we say: enough.

[APPLAUSE]

TRANSITION TO: ICS OFFICE – SIMULTANEOUS

WILLIAM (TELEVISION)

We, your elected officials, will no longer tolerate anybody abusing the system, nor will we support any organisations that facilitate that abuse. Enough is enough! Thank you.

[MORE APPLAUSE]

[CRESSIDA SIGHS]

CRESSIDA

That's enough, Ivan.

[IVAN RUMBLES, TURNS OFF TV]

MEREDITH

Christ...

CRESSIDA

What the hell were you thinking!?

MEREDITH

Me? What did I do?

CRESSIDA

You let a vampire threaten a child whilst they were being filmed, and didn't even think to call any of us for damage control. We could have avoided this whole mess if you had just taken a moment to think.

MEREDITH

Hey, screw you Cressida!

[IVAN RUMBLES]

MEREDITH

(To Ivan) And you can back off and all!

(To Cressida) Suzy didn't even do anything. She was just trying to scare them away from me! They managed to trip themselves up all on their own.

CRESSIDA

Do you have any idea how serious this is? We are exposed.

[WINDOW BLINDS OPEN]

See them outside? What does *that* look like to you?

MEREDITH

Bunch of inbred dickheads.

CRESSIDA

That is the public, Meredith. And the press. They are angry, and they are waiting outside our front door.

MEREDITH

It's not my fault! That gobby bitch, what's-her-name, Tangerine, she was proper starting on me, if Suzy hadn't stepped in, I'm really—

CRESSIDA

But she did. And here we are.

MEREDITH

Fine, so we just get out there, give our side of the story—

CRESSIDA

We **can't** give our side of the story without exposing everyone. It's a miracle that the footage was poor enough to hide her fangs. Otherwise, I dread to think what would be happening now.

MEREDITH

This is bullshit! They attacked us!

CRESSIDA

Meredith, they don't care. All they know is what they're being fed by Allen and his lot. As far as they're concerned, they just watched a young girl threatened by a homeless woman whilst an ICS representative watched. You've handed William a bloody godsend...

MEREDITH

Frank, back me up here? Frank?

CRESSIDA

We need to issue a statement and get ahead of this, now. Where the hell is Shuhela? Frank?

FRANK

Dunno.

MEREDITH

I... haven't seen her since last night. When I, well...

CRESSIDA

What? For god's sake, what else could you have possibly managed to ruin in such a short time?

MEREDITH

Hey!

CRESSIDA

Meredith. Why don't you do us all a favour and just go home while **we** try to clean up your mess. Alright?

MEREDITH

I can help!

CRESSIDA

Clearly, you can't. You've done nothing but cause trouble since you arrived, and frankly it would be better for everyone if you just left now.

MEREDITH

Hey, listen here you stuck up—

[IVAN RUMBLES MEANINGFULLY]

For fuck's sake! Fine!

CRESSIDA

While you're at it, send Harold over. We need a figurehead right now.

MEREDITH

Send Lurch over there. Or get him your damn self!

[DOOR OPENS]

BARBARA

Oh, er, hi, Meredith.

SHUHELA

Meredith?

MEREDITH

I'm going out.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR CLOSES]

SHUHELA

What on earth is going on? Who are all those people outside?

CRESSIDA

Shuhela, I need you to contact Ben at the Gazette straight away, if he's not already out there. I've written a short interim comment. You need to send that over, and then I need you to start drafting a proper statement for the website. Can you do that?

SHUHELA

A statement about what?

CRESSIDA

For god's sake...

FRANK

Suzy lost it in front of a teenager. Nothing too bad, hospital gave her the all clear, but it's all over social media and William Allen's sticking his oar in.

SHUHELA

Oh, Christ...

FRANK

Aye.

SHUHELA

So... where's Suzy now?

FRANK

Nobody knows.

SHUHELA

Right. Okay.

CRESSIDA

So you see why I need that statement **now**, Shuhela?

SHUHELA

I'm on it.

BARBARA

Is there anything I can do to help?

CRESSIDA

Who, exactly, are you?

SHUHELA

Oh! Sorry! Completely forgot, this is Barbara. Barbara, this is Cressida, Frank and Ivan. Barbara is... well she's... um. [PAIR OF GIGGLES]

FRANK

Right, yeah, whoever you are, you're not ICS staff, so you need you to leave the premises.

SHUHELA

Frank!

FRANK

No. We need to think about security. Especially now.

SHUHELA

Frank! She's a friend and she's offering to help! And if things are as bad as they look, we're going to need as much help as we can get.

BARBARA

Shuhela, it's fine. I'll, I'll make myself scarce.

SHUHELA

N-No, you don't have to.

BARBARA

It's okay. It's okay. Just... call me if you need me, alright? I-I'll be around until all this blows over.

Nice to meet you all...

[IVAN RUMBLES]

FRANK

Aye.

SHUHELA

Here. I'll walk you out.

(To Frank, harshly) What is wrong with you all?

[FOOTSTEPS]

FRANK

(Calling) Er, make sure she uses the back door.

[DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

CRESSIDA

Looks like it's just you and me for now, Frank.

[IVAN RUMBLES]

Inexplicables – E05 – From Bad to Worse

And you Ivan, obviously. I need people I can rely on.

(Sighs) I wish Iris were here.

FRANK

Mmmm.

THE TANNERS ARMS PUB - MORNING

[BACKGROUND MURMURS OF PEOPLE AND MUZAK]

GODBOLT

Hey.

MEREDITH

Piss off.

GODBOLT

I saw what's been happening with ICS. You and Suzy, wasn't it?

[CHAIR SCRAPES]

Yeah, I figured I'd find you here.

MEREDITH

What do you want?

GODBOLT

I just... thought you could do with a friend.

MEREDITH

Yeah? Let me know if you see one.

GODBOLT

Meredith.

MEREDITH

Enough alright. I'm done. Just leave before I make you leave.

GODBOLT

Alright...

MEREDITH

Great.

GODBOLT

But I have a question.

MEREDITH

Argh. Fuck's sake!

GODBOLT

Please. I-I-I know you don't owe me anything, but it's... it's important. Just one question and I'm gone for good. Scout's honour.

MEREDITH

Fine. What?

GODBOLT

Last night, at the hospital, you met Nick.

MEREDITH

Your cousin? Yeah. And what?

GODBOLT

What did you make of him?

MEREDITH

What?

GODBOLT

What did you think of Nick? Did you like him?

MEREDITH

Seriously? That's it?

GODBOLT

That's it.

MEREDITH

You just want to know what I think about your cousin?

GODBOLT

Yup.

MEREDITH

Why?

GODBOLT

Does it matter?

MEREDITH

Look, if you're going to try and set me up with him?

GODBOLT

I'm not. Please, just... tell me what you thought of him. Please.

MEREDITH

...

He was fine.

GODBOLT

That's it?

MEREDITH

What do you want from me, a fucking breakdown? He was... fine. Ordinary. Bit short, bit mumbly, could probably do with shave. Happy?

GODBOLT

No.

MEREDITH

What's this about, Godbolt? What are you trying to prove? That you're better than him? That I'm **lucky** to have you chasing me all the time? That you're some kind of catch or something?

GODBOLT

No.

[CHAIR SCRAPES]

MEREDITH

I bet you shit all over him but I'll tell you this: he might not have the swoopy hair or the six-pack or the, the big smile or anything like that, but right now he's a damn sight more attractive than you. And you know why?

GODBOLT

Why?

MEREDITH

Because he isn't you.

GODBOLT

(Sorrowful) Yes, he is.

MEREDITH

What?

[CHAIR SCRAPES]

NICK

He is me.

[MAGICAL TRANSFORMATION]

MEREDITH

Oh, Christ...

NICK

Godbolt isn't real. He's a fake. a glamour. He's everything I wish I was. Been able to do it since I was a kid and... I like you, I didn't want you to find out.

MEREDITH

I— I'm done.

NICK

I know I fucked up!

MEREDITH

Oh, don't touch me.

[SHOVE, GLASS RATTLES AND SPILLS DRINK]

BARTENDER (BACKGROUND)

Oi! None of that!

MEREDITH

Stay the fuck away from me.

[FOOTSTEPS]

NICK

Fuck.

IRIS' HOUSE – MORNING

[CLOCK TICKING; MILD SNORING]

[DOOR KNOCKING]

HAROLD

Urgh? Hmm, hmm? Who, Who is it?

POLICE OFFICER #1 (OUTSIDE)

Mr Stonewell? Mr Stonewell, this is the Gravesby Police. Open the door please.

HAROLD

Shit!

POLICE OFFICER #2 (OUTSIDE)

Mr Stonewell, we have a warrant for your arrest.

HAROLD

Shit, shit, shit. Fucking shitballs! Where's the god damn—

[FRANTIC RUSTLING]

BELFRAGE (OUTSIDE)

Harold? We know you're in there!

HAROLD

Shit-shit-shit-shit-shit!

POLICE OFFICER #2 (OUTSIDE)

He's off.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (OUTSIDE)

Take the back.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (OUTSIDE)

On it.

HAROLD

(Whimpering) Noooooooooo...

BELFRAGE (OUTSIDE)

Give it up, Harold. You knew this was coming. There's nowhere to go. Come out willingly or they'll drag you out in cuffs.

HAROLD

Ah... Just a minute! [PANICS]

BELFRAGE

Last chance, Harold!

HAROLD

God!

[CABINET DOOR CREAKS, DRINKS BOTTLES RATTLE]

TRANSITION TO: IRIS' HOUSE – DRINKS CUPBOARD

[DOOR CLOSES]

[THREE HEAVY KNOCKS, THEN SPLINTERING FROM OUTSIDE]

BELFRAGE (MUFFLED)

Harold?

POLICE OFFICER #1 (MUFFLED)

Found a bag.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (MUFFLED)

Back door was open. Must've just missed him.

BELFRAGE (MUFFLED)

Dammit!

POLICE OFFICER #1 (MUFFLED)

Right then. Mr Belfrage, uh, go with my colleague to call it in. I'll stay here in case he comes back.

[FOOTSTEPS]

HAROLD

(Whispered) Noooooo....

[BOTTLES RATTLE]

God.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH - DAY

[BEHIND THE CHURCH, SUZY IS WATCHING THE VIDEO FOOTAGE WITH REPEATED AUDIO FROM INEX4]

SUZY

Oh god...

[SUZY'S PHONE RINGS AND IS ANSWERED]

SUZY

H-hello?

NICK (PHONE)

Er. Hey, Suzy.

SUZY

Oh. Hi, Nick. Long time.

NICK (PHONE)

Yeah. Sorry about that.

SUZY

Uh, Look, Nick, I don't really, um— This isn't a good time for me.

NICK (PHONE)

I-I know. That's, that's why I called. Are you okay?

SUZY

Hah! Not really.

NICK (PHONE)

Listen if you need somewhere to lie low you know my sofa's always free.

SUZY

Oh I— N-No, Nick, I'm not getting anyone else mixed up in all this shit.

NICK (PHONE)

If you're sure.

SUZY

No... I'm fine. I'm round the back of the church. No-one ever comes here.

NICK (PHONE)

Right.

SUZY

So how's things?

NICK (PHONE)

I, uh... I think you've got enough on your plate right now without listening to my crap as well.

SUZY

Well, I could do with the distraction. How's things with Meredith? She seemed pretty pissed off last I heard.

NICK (PHONE)

She... found out.

SUZY

Oh.

NICK (PHONE)

Yeah.

SUZY

I, I warned you.

NICK (PHONE)

Ah, don't start alright, I know. But... without Godbolt, I've got nothing.

She'd have never looked at me without him.

SUZY

Did she say that?

NICK (PHONE)

She might as well have. He's the only thing that makes me worth something.

Someone.

SUZY

How long have I known you Nick?

NICK (PHONE)

I dunno...

SUZY

Five years, Nick. Five years and in that time have I ever said I wanted Godbolt around? Ever?

NICK (PHONE)

Oh, well...

SUZY

No, I haven't. You'd bring him out because you thought everyone would like him more. But we didn't. I didn't. I still don't.

Godbolt is a dick. **You're** a dick when you're him.

NICK (PHONE)

We both know he's the only thing that makes me...

SUZY

Insufferable?

NICK

Special.

SUZY

Special?

I would do anything to be ordinary again, you know that? Anything. At least you have a choice.

NICK (PHONE)

Suzy...

SUZY

You say you want to help out?

NICK (PHONE)

Of course!

SUZY

Then do me a favour and start being you again.

NICK (PHONE)

But...

SUZY

No, listen, alright, I don't need a flash bastard smarming up the place right now, what I need is my friend.

NICK (PHONE)

(Sighs) Okay.

SUZY

What was that?

NICK (PHONE)

Fine, yes, okay.

SUZY

(Chuckling) Good. Thank you.

NICK (PHONE)

So. How's... everything else? Y'know apart from the uh...

SUZY

Apart from my face being all over the internet and people thinking I'm some kind of vicious animal?

NICK (PHONE)

Uh... yeah, apart from all that.

SUZY

Ummm... I'm fine, I guess. Could be worse.

I've been trying to get hold of Robbie. I've not seen him since he blew up at Harold.

NICK (PHONE)

What?

SUZY

Oh nothing major, no-one was hurt or anything, but he missed the last session so figured I should just check up.

NICK (PHONE)

Maybe you should be focusing a on yourself a bit more right now?

SUZY

Yeah. Maybe.

NICK (PHONE)

Mmm.

SUZY

I haven't heard from any of the old lot in a while now.

NICK (PHONE)

Me neither. They probably just got fed up with it all, Gravesby and ICS and everything. God knows I am.

SUZY

Yeah, probably.

NICK (PHONE)

I don't know why you still bother. The place is a shithole, and I don't think any of them even know what they're doing. They're all just making it up as they go along.

SUZY

Aren't we all?

NICK (PHONE)

Alright, enough of that. You always get morbid when you start with all that philosophical stuff.

[PACING]

SUZY

Sorry. Maybe... maybe I should drop in there actually. They might, I dunno, have a safe room or something? Until this all blows over.

NICK (PHONE)

It's your call.

SUZY

I mean, it couldn't hurt to ask, right?

NICK (PHONE)

I guess not. Just look after yourself Suzy, alright?

SUZY

You too Nick.

TOWN HALL, WILLIAM ALLEN'S OFFICE - DAY

[BUSTLING OFFICE SOUNDS]

WILLIAM

Decent, but I need something with real chutzpah if I'm announcing a new policy. I don't want the usual dross, I need something that something... something that looks good on a front page, something that really grabs people and gets the juices flowing!

LILY

(Harried) Got it. I've managed to dredge up a few older arrest stats for you and I'm trying to cross-reference them a bit with benefits usage like you asked, but honestly, I'm struggling to find anything to work with here.

Maybe we could try something with—

WILLIAM

No, no, no!

(Sighs) You see? **This** is exactly what I don't want. This isn't a statistics thing, this is about how people feel. You've got to find the passion of it!

LILY

The passion?

WILLIAM

Yes, passion! The kind of passion that will get me elected again... because I obviously care *so very much* about all of it!

LILY

William, we're already treading a **very** fine line here. What happens if you actually implement all this and things don't improve? People will be furious. And then—

[WILLIAM GROANS]

WILLIAM

For god's sake Lily! I'm just asking you to put a bit of sauce on the damn thing. Instead of handing me more bloody spreadsheets!

[PAPERS RUSTLING]

LILY

Right.

WILLIAM

The voters need to know that their fears are being dealt with properly by our administration, and that ICS is simply encouraging—

[DOOR CREAKS OPEN/CLOSED]

Oh... god. Speak of the devil.

LILY

Uh... Oh.

CRESSIDA

I want a word. Now!

LILY

Cressida! I've been trying to get hold of you all morning.

CRESSIDA

(Chuckles dryly) I'm sure.

(To William) What the hell do you think you are doing, Bill?

WILLIAM

Good morning, Cressida. You're looking... I dunno, busy.

[CRESSIDA SNORTS]

And Ivan? It's always a pleasure to see you.

[IVAN SNORTS]

CRESSIDA

This has gone far enough, Bill. I don't care if you're still bent out of shape over St Mark's, you need to drop this anti-ICS nonsense right now.

WILLIAM

I am sorry if you feel unhappy with how my administration is handling this matter. Oh, and of course, you are welcome to voice your concerns at my next open office.

CRESSIDA

Ha ha. You can either talk to me in your office right now, or we have it all out right here.

WILLIAM

Oh, I see. Well, in that case, I suppose we should talk in my office.

CRESSIDA

Mmhmm.

WILLIAM

Lily, please screen my calls for the next 10 minutes.

LILY

Right.

CRESSIDA

If you think you're going to fob me off in 10 minutes.

WILLIAM

Ah, you know what, Lily? Make it five.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

LILY

So. How are you, Ivan?

[IVAN RUMBLES]

TRANSITION TO: TOWN HALL, WILLIAM'S PERSONAL OFFICE

[DOOR CLOSES]

CRESSIDA

What the hell do you think you're doing, Bill?

WILLIAM

No pleasantries today, then?

CRESSIDA

How do you expect me to keep things together with this kind of public pressure? I don't need you prancing around out there painting a bullseye on my back just because you were set on selling St Marks to your golf buddies!

WILLIAM

Oh, I'm sure you can handle it.

CRESSIDA

Have you even looked out of your front door? The press are practically drooling on your doorstep, and you're in here ringing the dinner bell.

WILLIAM

Aww, you've always had such a colourful way with words, Cressida.

CRESSIDA

You know as well as I do that if I go down, it doesn't end well for anybody. Least of all you.

WILLIAM

Threats, Cressida? Really?

CRESSIDA

I just think you might need reminding what's at stake here. For both of us.

WILLIAM

Oh please, be my guest.

CRESSIDA

How exactly do you intend to keep balancing your books without my contributions, hmm?

WILLIAM

(Laughing) Do you really think anyone cares about a few wonky accounts right now?

There are people attacking children on the streets! I could sell them on a taxpayer funded orgy right now if they thought it would keep their kids safe!

CRESSIDA

So. That's all it takes? You get a sniff of some positive polls and suddenly think you're untouchable? I will go all the way on this if I have to, Bill. I will tell everyone the kind of man you really are.

WILLIAM

(Smiling) Who do you think will listen? You're the Legal Officer for ICS. You're the crooked lawyer defending these terrible people!

CRESSIDA

Hmmmm.

WILLIAM

You're in worse trouble than me.

CRESSIDA

I'm ending this.

WILLIAM

Oh if you could have, you already would have.

[FOOTSTEPS]

Now, if that's everything, you'll have to forgive me. I'm very busy.

[DOOR OPENS]

TRANSITION BACK TO: TOWN HALL, MAIN OFFICE

WILLIAM

(To Lily) We're all done here. Do show Cressida and her assistant out.

LILY

Yes, sir.

WILLIAM

The front entrance this time, I think.

LILY

Right.

WILLIAM

I'm sure there's plenty of journalists who'd like a word with her as she leaves.

CRESSIDA

(Aside, to Lily) You need to stop this Lily, or I swear to god you'll never see another package from me again.

LILY

Goodbye, Cressida.

ICS, MAIN OFFICE - EVENING

[FAINT SOUNDS OF A RAUCOUS CROWD FROM OUTSIDE]

SHUHELA

(On phone) No, that's the only statement we're making at present. Our CEO's currently in conference with our Chief Legal Officer and—

FRANK

(On phone) No, we haven't taken the website down, it's been hacked.

[OFFICE PHONE STARTS RINGING]

SHUHELA

(On phone) —they're talking with Mayor Allen's office right now. We'll provide an update as soon as we can.

FRANK

(On phone) Right, I'll, I'll pass the message on as soon as they become available. Yeah. Yeah, fine.

[FRANK HANGS UP ANGRILY]

SHUHELA

(On phone) Listen, can I call you back? I've got another call coming through.

[HANGS UP JUST AS THE OTHER PHONE STOPS RINGING]

[FRUSTRATED SIGHS]

What a mess...

[FOOTSTEPS, RUSTLE OF BLINDS]

FRANK

Get away from the windows!

[THUD ON GLASS FROM OUTSIDE; SHUHELA GASPS]

SHUHELA

Eh, bloody hell! There's at least 50 of them out there, and it's not just the press anymore. What are we going to do?

FRANK

We just keep our heads down and get on with the job like always.

[FRANK'S MOBILE STARTS RINGING]

FRANK

(Answering aggressively) What?

[ANGRY MOB SOUNDS CAN BE HEARD ON THE LINE]

SUZY (PHONE)

Frank! Frank! I need you got to come out and get me, there's nowhere else for me to go. And I've just come from the back and there's a mob and—

FRANK

Suzy! Suzy, slow down, where are you?

SUZY (PHONE)

I'm across the road! I'm scared, Frank! I just saw them throw a rock.

FRANK

(On phone) Yeah. Right.

(To Shuhela) Look, it's Suzy. She's just outside.

SUZY (PHONE)

Are you okay? I-I'm worried they're going to see me, and what I'm gonna do.

SHUHELA

You need to get down there and get her in through the back door, Frank!

FRANK

Yeah, yeah, yeah

(On phone) Suzy, you need to stay right out of sight, alright? Try and come round the back, I'm on my way.

SUZY

Oh god! Oh, I can't do this... I shouldn't have left the church... I should have just stayed t—

FRANK

Yes. Yes, yes, Suzy, just stay hidden 'til I come and get you!

[PHONE CUTS OFF]

FRANK

Shuhela, um...

SHUHELA

Go, Frank. They're all hanging around the front. The door by the bins should be clear.

FRANK

Alright, are you sure, though?

SHUHELA

Frank, I'll be fine, just go!

FRANK

Right.

SHUHELA

She needs you.

FRANK

Yes, yes, yes, yes.

Right, you just stay away from the windows.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

[SHUHELA IS BREATHING HEAVILY TO KEEP CALM]

SHUHELA

(Quietly) You're fine... You're fine... It's okay... They're not going to come in here and kill you... It's fine...

[THUD FROM OUTSIDE, GLASS CRACKS SLIGHTLY; SHUHELA YELPS]

Oh god, oh god, oh god...

[SHUHELA'S MOBILE RINGS]

Huh?

[ANSWERS PHONE]

SHUHELA

H-hello?

BARBARA (PHONE)

Shuhela, it's Barbara. A-Are you okay?

SHUHELA

Barbara? Well... not really, but—

BARBARA (PHONE)

I heard the news. I'm on my way. Are you in the office right now?

[ANOTHER THUD FROM OUTSIDE; SHUHELA YELPS AGAIN]

SHUHELA

Yes! Yes, I'm inside, I'm inside but Frank will be here in a moment.

BARBARA (PHONE)

I'm coming to get you.

SHUHELA

No, Barbara, if they see you...

BARBARA (PHONE)

I just shaved, there's nothing to see. No-one will know. I'll, I'll be there in five.

SHUHELA

No! Barbara! Stay away!

[TONE OF THE CROWD OUTSIDE SHIFTS FROM JUST EGGING EACH OTHER ON
TO MORE MENACING TONES]

SHUHELA

Oh god, Suzy!

[CLATTERING GLASS AS WINDOW SHATTERS; SHUHELA GASPS AND VAMPIRIC
HISSING IS HEARD]

ICS CAR PARK - EVENING

[MOB SOUNDS]

SHARON

Her! It's her from the video!

FRANK

Out of my way! Move! Move it!

Ew.

Suzy! Come on, we've got to get you inside.

CHARLIE

Careful, she bites!

SUZY

Back off!

FRANK

Suzy, come on.

SUZY

Frank?

FRANK

Get away from here right now! All of you! Right! This is private property!

JOURNALIST #1

Are you an ICS representative?

FRANK

You, piss off!

JOURNALIST #2

Can you tell us what's wrong with her?

FRANK

There's nowt wrong with her! Just get out of here before I call the police! Go on!

SHARON

Yeah, good luck with that!

JOURNALIST #3

Why did she attack an innocent girl?

JOURNALIST #1

Tell us, has this happened before?

FRANK

Screw this.

Come on Suzy!

SHARON

Oi! Answer the question!

FRANK

Hey! Get off! Get off me!

CHARLIE

What is she?

FRANK

Just fuck off!

JOURNALIST #1

Are there more like **her**?

FRANK

Right! Sorry. All, all of you need to listen! You're scared, you're angry, I get it, but this isn't helping anyone! You all need to go home and let us deal with—

[A ROCK HITS FRANK; HE CRIES OUT]

SHARON

You old bastard!

CHARLIE

Go on, get—!

SUZY

Frank!

FRANK

Get off me!

Get off! Get off! Right, stop y— Look, you don't need to do this!

SUZY

No! Leave him alone!

[CAR DOOR OPENS]

BARBARA

Oi! Get off him!

SHUHELA (DISTANT)

No! Barbara, go home!

FRANK

Argh! Shuhela! Get away from the windows!

SHUHELA (DISTANT)

Leave them alone! Argh!

[MORE GLASS SHATTERING AND A CRY FROM SHUHELA]

BARBARA

Shuhela!

[GROWLING STARTS ALONG WITH VISCERAL TRANSFORMATION]

CHARLIE

What the hell is that?!

[SHOUTS AS A SNARLING WOLF LEAPS INTO THE FRAY]

IRIS' HOUSE, DRINKS CUPBOARD - EVENING

[HAROLD WHIMPERS IN THE CRAMPED DRINKS CUPBOARD, SLIGHT RATTLE OF BOTTLES AS HE TRIES TO REMAIN UNDETECTED]

[RADIO CLICKS AND BEEPS DURING THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGE]

CONTROL (RADIO)(MUFFLED)

Fifteen, this is Control. Over.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (MUFFLED)

Copy Control. Go ahead. Over.

CONTROL (RADIO)(MUFFLED)

We've got a disturbance over at the ICS building. Requesting assistance. Over.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (MUFFLED)

Copy Control. I'm done here. Fifteen responding. Over.

[HAROLD'S PHONE STARTS TO BUZZ]

HAROLD

(Whispered) Oh god...

[PHONE IS SILENCED]

CONTROL (RADIO)(MUFFLED)

Fifteen, this is Control. Requesting ETA. Over.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (MUFFLED)

This is Fifteen. On my way, five minutes out. Over.

[FOOTSTEPS; DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

Inexplicables – E05 – From Bad to Worse

[CUPBOARD DOOR CREAKS OPEN]

[HAROLD EMERGES PAINFULLY IN A CLINKING OF BOTTLES]

HAROLD

Ahhh, damn it... [CHECKS PHONE]

VOICEMAIL

You have seventeen voice messages. First voice message received, 12:32pm.

HAROLD

What the hell is going on?

ICS, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

[DOOR OPENS/CLOSES; FOOTSTEPS SOUND JUST LIKE THEY'RE WALKING ON
BROKEN GLASS]

MEREDITH

(Shocked) Fuck... me...

(Calling) Shuhela? Frank?

[MUFFLED SOUNDS OF FRIGHT]

Hello? Who's that? Who's there?

[MEREDITH GRABS A CHAIR]

Alright, if someone is playing silly buggers you're about to get a face full of chair. I'm serious!

[FOOTSTEPS ALONG WITH INTENSE BREATHING]

Right...

[DEEP BREATH AS OPENS A CUPBOARD DOOR]

CHARLIE

(weeping) No, no!

SHARON

(Panicked) Leave us alone!

MEREDITH

Who the fuck are you?

CHARLIE

It's not...

MEREDITH

Oi, dipshits, I asked you a question.

[PANICKED WHIMPERING]

For fuck's sake, I'm not gonna hurt you.

CHARLIE

Oh god...

MEREDITH

Calm the fuck down.

[GROWLING AND HUFFING IS NOW HEARD]

CHARLIE

No, no, no...

SHARON

Close the door!

MEREDITH

Shit! Move over!

[DOOR SLAMS SHUT BEFORE THE WOLF CRASHES INTO IT, SNARLING]

MEREDITH

Brilliant.

[CLOSING THEME]

Inexplicables is a podcast distributed by Rusty Quill Ltd and licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International Licence.

Written by: Tom Critch & Alexander J Newall

Script Editing: Helen Gould

Producer: Hannah Preisinger

Director: Maddy Searle

Production Manager: April Sumner

Executive Producer: Alexander J Newall

Cast

Beth Eyre — Meredith Stonewell

Harry Farmer — Harold Stonewell

Safiyya Ingar — Shuhela

Ian Hayles — Frank

Fay Roberts — Cressida

Mark Nicolson — Abraham Godbolt / Nick

Karim Kronfli — John Belfrage

Savy Des-Etages — Lily Jones

Vera Chok — Suzy Broadbent

Alexander Doddy – William Allen

Alexander J Newall — Ivan

Nikola O’Keefe — Barbara

Imogen Harris – Voicemail

Hannah Raymond-Cox — Charlie

Inexplicables – E05 – From Bad to Worse

Lydia Nicholas – Sharon

Mike LeBeau – Barman

Quinn Rodriguez – Police Officer #1

Francesca Reid – Police Officer #2, Journalist #3

Alasdair Stuart - Control

Marguerite Kenner – Journalist #1

Tim Meredith – Journalist #2

Maddy Searle – Teenager #2

Editing: Maddy Searle

Mastering: Jeffrey Nils Gardner

Music: Samuel DF Jones

Artwork: Anika Khan