

INEXPLICABLES

By Tom Critch and Alexander J Newall

Episode 1 – Old Wounds, New Tricks

Content Warnings:

- Alcohol & alcoholism
 - Arguments (inc family conflict)
 - Parental death
 - Childhood trauma
 - Emotional breakdown
 - Strong language & sexual references
 - Vicarious embarrassment
 - Discussions of: grief and loss, funerals
 - Mentions of: food, eviction, threats/violence, vomit, drug use, fainting, physical violence, blades
 - SFX: shouting, crying, repetitive buzzing & knocking, eating/drinking
-

MEREDITH'S BEDROOM - DAY

[MOBILE PHONE RINGS]

[MEREDITH GROANS, STRUGGLING WITH BEDDING]

MEREDITH

Urgh. Fuck's sake... [PHONE CUTS OFF]

What?

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Hello?

Sorry, Meredith, is that you?

MEREDITH

What?

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

It's Harold.

MEREDITH

Who?

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

It's Harold!

MEREDITH

Oh Christ, no need to yell. Jesus...

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Sorry!

[MEREDITH GROANS]

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

(Quieter) Sorry. Did I wake you? It's nearly midday...

MEREDITH

Harold. Right. Hey. What is it?

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Oh, well. Um. Okay. I-I don't... I don't really know how to say this. It's pretty, uh... I mean, are you in a safe space, right now? Private?

[DOORBELL RINGS]

I mean, it's sounds like you're at home, so...

MEREDITH

I am. I don't work weekends.

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

It's Friday, Meredith.

MEREDITH

Is it? Shit.

[DOORBELL RINGS]

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Okay, look. Meredith, it's really important that you listen to me right now, okay? I-I-I-if you're drunk or high or whatever, I need—

MEREDITH

Oh Christ! Harold, just spit it out or piss off, I'm not in the mood.

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Meredith, I'm just trying to talk to you about something important.

[DOORBELL RINGS MULTIPLE TIMES]

What is that?

MEREDITH

Ah for god's sake!

One sec.

[STUMBLING SOUNDS, DOOR SHUTS, MUFFLING THE INCESSANT DOORBELL]

MEREDITH

Harold, listen, thanks for the call and all that, but I'm clearly way too busy to talk.

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

You just said you were at home?

MEREDITH

Yeah, busy at home.

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Right. Well, this won't take long. I just... I need to tell you—

[DOORBELL STOPS, PAUSE, THUMPING STARTS]

MEREDITH

Christ!

LANDLORD (OUTSIDE)

Miss Stonewell? Could you open the door please? We've had noise complaints.
Again.

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Who is that? Are you with someone?

[KNOCKING PERSISTS]

MEREDITH

It's the TV.

Listen, Harold, now's really not a good time—

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

No, wait, no! Don't hang up!

MEREDITH

Urgh. What is it Harold?

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

So. Okay. Right. Um. Well, I don't *really* know how to say this, but it's very important that you hear it from me first—

LANDLORD (OUTSIDE)

I know you're in there Miss Stonewell.

[LANDLORD CONTINUES TO KNOCK]

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Despite everything that's happened, we're still family and we should—

LANDLORD (OUTSIDE)

I can do this all day Miss Stonewell!

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

(Shouting) Oh for god's sake Meredith, can you turn the TV off?! This is important!

LANDLORD (OUTSIDE)

Miss Stonewell!

MEREDITH

Fuck! Fine!

[MEREDITH GRIMACES]

[KNOCKING CONTINUES]

[FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS TO CITY SOUNDS]

LANDLORD

Miss Stonewell.

MEREDITH

What?!

LANDLORD

We have had several noise complaints from residents last night, and as you know—

MEREDITH

Yes! Noise! Fine!

LANDLORD

As you know, you have already had your final warning in this matter—

MEREDITH

Sure, fine, I won't do it again. Urgh.

LANDLORD

—and since it violates Clause 12 of your tenancy agreement—

MEREDITH

Fine! I get it! Just add it to my next rent bill, you fucking vampire!

LANDLORD

—and since there are already fees owing to the sum of 2780 pounds no pence—

[MEREDITH SIGHS]

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Meredith?

MEREDITH

Just, just give me a minute, Harold!

LANDLORD

—we are left with no choice but to evict you forthwith. You have 48 hours to comply.

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Meredith? Is everything okay?

LANDLORD

Do you understand me, Miss Stonewell?

[DOOR SLAMS SHUT]

LANDLORD (OUTSIDE)

Forty eight hours, Miss Stonewell! After that—

MEREDITH

I heard you! Now piss off before I take your agreement and shove it up you're
a—

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Meredith! Please!

MEREDITH

What!? Harold, for fuck's sake, what is it? Spit it out!

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Mum's dead! Alright!

She's dead.

MEREDITH

W-What?

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Mum died. Heart attack.

MEREDITH

[Softly] Oh. Right.

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Yeah.

MEREDITH

...

So... do you need me to do anything or...

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

(Angry) Do I need you to do anything? No, I don't need you to **do** anything. I've just told you that Mum's dead!

MEREDITH

Alright, alright, Jesus, I was j-just offering...

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

I just thought you might want to know we're orphans now! Thought you might actually care!

MEREDITH

I do care!

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

I don't know what I expected.

MEREDITH

What's that supposed to mean?

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Oh, whatever. Look, I'm meeting the executor in Gravesby tomorrow, to sort the funeral, the house, the business and everything.

MEREDITH

Gravesby?

HAROLD (TELEPHONE)

Train leaves Euston 10.30am tomorrow. You can come or not.

Do whatever you want.

[PHONE CUTS OFF]

MEREDITH

Harold, wait—

Fuuuuuck.

TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY, RAINING

ANNOUNCEMENT

Once again, this is an express service to York calling at Peterborough, Newark North Gate, Doncaster and York. Mind the doors please, mind the closing doors.

[TRAIN DOORS BEEPING, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, THEN DOORS SLAM SHUT]

MEREDITH

Fuck! Damn! Ow!

HAROLD

(Muttered) Christ, here we go...

[MEREDITH GROANS]

Meredith? Hey, I didn't think you'd, uh—

MEREDITH

Harold! Hey! Um, hold this for a sec.

[WEIGHTY BAG THUMPS]

HAROLD

I— Whoa, heavy. What's this?

MEREDITH

My stuff.

HAROLD

Really?

MEREDITH

I'm allowed a bag, Harold.

HAROLD

Yeah but, I mean, you're also carrying a chair..

[SOUNDS OF STUFF MOVING AROUND]

MEREDITH

Oh, quit whinging!

HAROLD

I'm not whinging.

MEREDITH

I'm not in the mood. This shit's heavy, and I had to run from the tube.

Who's this?

HAROLD

What? I mean, uh, I don't know...

MEREDITH

She's in my seat.

BUSINESSWOMAN

I'm sorry (chuckles) but I think you might be mistaken. You see my ticket—

MEREDITH

Yeah, jog on. I'm sitting here.

BUSINESSWOMAN

I really don't see why I should—

MEREDITH

Moooooove!

[SHUFFLING MOVEMENT]

BUSINESSWOMAN

(Walking away) Absolutely ridiculous...

HAROLD

I'm so sorry...

MEREDITH

Right. Cool.

[PHONE BEEPS]

So. Which d'you want – aisle or window?

HAROLD

Christ on a bike, I don't know. Either.

MEREDITH

Window's mine then.

[AWKWARD MOVEMENT]

HAROLD

Listen, Meredith, about yesterday...

MEREDITH

It's fine.

HAROLD

...

Okay.

[PHONE BEEPS]

MEREDITH

Does that not get old? Going off every five seconds?

HAROLD

(Distracted) Hmm? Oh yeah, s'pose... Annoying.

MEREDITH

Who is it?

HAROLD

Probably nobody.

VOICEMAIL

You have one new message. Received today at 10:37am.

BELFRAGE (TELEPHONE)

Mr Stonewell, this is John Belfrage from the FCA. Could you give me a—

[BEEP]

VOICEMAIL

Message deleted. You have no new mess—

[BAG UNZIPS, RUMMAGING BEGINS]

HAROLD

So... are you still at, uh, thingy? That design agency?

MEREDITH

Nah, I'm on sabbatical right now.

HAROLD

Oh. Right. So is that paid, or...

MEREDITH

Yeah, the last place was a proper mare. CEO was doing lines every time he went for a piss, which I don't normally mind, but... then he properly lost it at a client launch. Like, screaming and running around and everything... So I just thought, 'You know what? Fuck this noise. I can make more freelance anyway.'

HAROLD

(Unconvinced) Yeah. Gig economy and all that.

[RUMMAGING ENDS, BAG ZIPS UP, BOTTLE CLINKS]

MEREDITH

Hmm.

What about you? Are you still an accountant or whatever?

What?

HAROLD

Meredith. What is that?

MEREDITH

What's what?

HAROLD

Wine? Seriously? It's ten o'clock in the bloody morning...

MEREDITH

And?

HAROLD

And it's a bit early, don't you think?

[CHAIR SCRAPING SOUNDS]

MEREDITH

Nope.

[OPENS BOTTLE]

These days it's actually very, very late for me.

Besides, everyone drinks on trains.

[POURS WINE]

HAROLD

You don't think it's a little...

MEREDITH

A little, what?

HAROLD

Never mind.

MEREDITH

No, go on.

HAROLD

None of my business.

MEREDITH

No. It's not.

[CLOSES BOTTLE, SLURPS WINE]

HAROLD

It's just that—

[MEREDITH SIGHS HEAVILY]

—well, Cressida said she's got some paperwork we'll need to sign so just, y'know...

MEREDITH

It's one glass of wine. Jesus.

HAROLD

Just don't go crazy today, okay?

Promise me you won't.

MEREDITH

I'll be fine. Jesus, you're worse than Mum.

[HAROLD SNORTS SOFTLY, MEREDITH DRINKS]

What kind of name is 'Cressida' anyway?

HAROLD

Sorry?

MEREDITH

'Cressida'. Just sounds like a posh sandwich or something, y'know? 'Hello, yes, I'll have a beef with Cressida'.

HAROLD

She worked with Mum. CFO or something. They were business partners for years.

MEREDITH

Right.

[DRINKING SOUNDS, THEN MEREDITH POURS ANOTHER CUP]

So... she the one who told you what happened with Mum?

HAROLD

Yeah. They think she... died in her sleep.

[CLOSES BOTTLE]

MEREDITH

Alone?

HAROLD

What? I don't know. Probably. Why?

MEREDITH

Just curious.

[MEREDITH DRINKS QUICKLY]

[PHONE BEEPS]

MEREDITH

You do know you can silence phones, right?

HAROLD

Yeah, yeah.

MEREDITH

When did you become so popular?

HAROLD

(Snorts) Oh yeah, that's me, Mr. Popular...

MEREDITH

Right. Move. I need a slash.

[AWKWARD MOVEMENT]

Back in a minute. Watch my stuff. And keep away from my bottle.

[SOFT FOOTSTEPS]

HAROLD

Jesus. This is going to be a disaster.

VOICEMAIL

You have one new message. Received today at— [BEEP]

Message deleted. You have no new messages.

IRIS' HOUSE - EVENING

[CLOCK TICKING]

CRESSIDA

So Harold, if you can sign here...

[SOUND OF SIGNATURE]

And sign and date here...

[PAPER RUSTLES, FOLLOWED BY SIGNATURE]

HAROLD

No problem.

CRESSIDA

Lovely. Now, Meredith, if you could just sign here below Harold? Last one, I promise.

MEREDITH

Good, cos my hand is fucking killing me. (chuckles) I've got, what's it called, repetitive strain. I've got teenage boy wrist.

HAROLD

Meredith...

MEREDITH

Hell, I've got full blown teenage Harold wrist...

HAROLD

Meredith, will you just sign the bloody paperwork!

MEREDITH

Alright, keep your hair on! (chuckles) What's left of it, anyway.

[SOUND OF SIGNATURE]

HAROLD

Well. Thank god for that.

[PAPERS RUSTLE]

CRESSIDA

Alright, I believe that's everything for now. Thanks again for your patience; I know this process can feel very involved.

HAROLD

No, not at all, we really appreciate it. I mean, you made it all really straightforward.

MEREDITH

Suck-up.

CRESSIDA

Now, I thought we could read the will after the wake, if that suits you both?

HAROLD

Yes, thank you Cressida. That would be great.

MEREDITH

(mocking) "Thank you Cressida. that would be great."

HAROLD

Would you just stop? Please!

MEREDITH

I'm going to speak at the funeral, you know.

CRESSIDA

How nice.

MEREDITH

Yeah, I'm thinking I'll go the whole hog and do it like a TED talk. Get a slideshow, maybe one of those, um, head-mic thingies...

CRESSIDA

I see.

HAROLD

Meredith, why don't you head upstairs and make a start on Mum's stuff? We'll need to decide what's going to charity and—

MEREDITH

What, go through Mum's wardrobe and that?

HAROLD

Sure.

MEREDITH

Yes, mate! I call dibs on anything good.

HAROLD

Fine.

[DOOR OPENS/CLOSES, FOOTSTEPS HEAD UPSTAIRS]

I am so sorry.

CRESSIDA

There is absolutely no need to apologise. Grief does funny things to people.

HAROLD

Yeah. That and two bottles of red in a single train journey.

CRESSIDA

I'm sure it will pass.

HAROLD

Mmmm.

CRESSIDA

Will you two be staying in Gravesby long?

HAROLD

Well, I'm taking some leave from the firm at the moment, so I'll be here for at least the next couple of weeks.

CRESSIDA

You work for Hockenhull's, don't you? I recall your Mum saying.

HAROLD

I've done some work for them, yes. Although I actually do a lot of direct work with clients. Hedge fund investor, so...

CRESSIDA

Oh, I see. Yes I know all about that, did my time in the trenches.

[POLITE LAUGHTER]

IRIS' BEDROOM - EVENING

[GENERAL SOUNDS OF ROOM BEING SEARCHED]

MEREDITH

Nope... nope... nope! What the fuck even is that?

MEREDITH

Urgh. Every fucking shade of beige known to man....

...

Oh, hello! What have we here? Tasteful... expensive...

[MEREDITH GASPS]

[SOFT, GENTLE TUNE PLAYS]

[MEREDITH STARTS CRYING]

MEREDITH

Fuck's sake!

[BOX CLOSES, MUSIC STOPS, GETS THROWN ASIDE]

IRIS' BACK GARDEN – EVENING

[SOUND OF LIGHTER TRYING TO IGNITE]

MEREDITH

(Sniffing) Come on, come on you bloody... light!

[FOOTSTEPS]

HAROLD

What are you doing? Meredith! Stop!

[STRUGGLING]

MEREDITH

Get... off! Get off me!

HAROLD

What the hell are you doing? I told you to sort mum's stuff, not burn it!

MEREDITH

Fuck you, she deserves it-

CRESSIDA

Meredith, dear, why don't we go back inside and have a nice cup of coffee?

MEREDITH

Piss off, both of you! Like you even fucking care about me or her. She's not even in the ground and you're already divvying everything up!

[Sniffing] Get fucked!

[MEREDITH STORMS OFF]

CRESSIDA

Should we go after her?

HAROLD

No... it's fine. She doesn't know what she's doing, she's just... drunk, and being back here is clearly hard for her. Obviously no excuse, but... anyway. I-I'm so sorry you had to see this.

CRESSIDA

Don't think anything of it, really. In fact, you'll have to forgive me, as I really must head off. I've got a meeting with the town planners and they are surprisingly impatient bunch.

HAROLD

Of course. I'll see you out.

CRESSIDA

No, no. I'll be fine, I know my way around Iris' house. If you need anything you can call me, okay?

HAROLD

I will. Thank you.

CRESSIDA

Alright. I'll see you on Friday.

[FOOTSTEPS HEAD INSIDE]

[PHONE RINGS]

HAROLD

Harold Stonewell.

BELFRAGE (TELEPHONE)

Hello? Mr Stonewell? This is John Belfrage with the FCA, how are you?

HAROLD

John! Hi, hello, yes, sorry.

BELFRAGE (TELEPHONE)

I must have just missed you on Tuesday. Switchboard said you'd gone home for the day?

HAROLD

Yeah, I had to leave. I've... had some very bad news. Family bereavement. I'm afraid I'm not in London at the moment.

BELFRAGE (TELEPHONE)

I'm sorry to hear that, Harold. I'll keep it brief. I'm trying to set up a time for you to come in for your interview.

HAROLD

Yeah, well, uh, as I said I'm not in London right now. Uh, my mother has passed away quite suddenly so I really need a bit of time to, to—

BELFRAGE (TELEPHONE)

If logistics are an issue we can arrange for a video call. I know Hockenhull's are as eager as we are to get the facts on the transactions you've been processing.

HAROLD

Sorry John. I'm really going to have to go!

BELFRAGE (TELEPHONE)

Well, when's best for me to—

[BEEP]

HAROLD

Shit. Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit!

HOTEL CAR PARK - DAY, RAINING

HAROLD

Thanks again for your help with all this.

CRESSIDA

It's the least I can do. Your mother and I, we... we were very close. I wouldn't have it any other way.

(Sniffs) You'll have to excuse me. I think I need some time alone.

HAROLD

Of course.

CRESSIDA

Come round once you've finished up at the wake and we'll see if we can't get the will read. I'll see you both later. Harold, Meredith.

[MEREDITH GRUNTS]

HAROLD

You'd better not be like this for the whole thing.

[MEREDITH GROANS]

What happened to that big speech of yours?

[MEREDITH GRUNTS]

Fine. Whatever. We'll just say our thanks and then bounce straight on to the will. We can be gone by tomorrow and you can get back to whatever.

[SPLASHY FOOTSTEPS]

SHUHELA

Hello my loves! You won't know us, but we worked with your Mum at ICS.

HAROLD

Oh, hi, right, ICS, yeah...

SHUHELA

I know you must be sick to the back teeth of hearing it, but we just wanted to come over, say hi, and pass our condolences, didn't we Frank? I'm Shuhela by the way.

FRANK

Sorry for your loss.

HAROLD

Thanks, we really appreciate it. I'm Harold, and this is my sister, Meredith.

MEREDITH

Hey.

SHUHELA

Awww. You look absolutely frozen, my love.

MEREDITH

I'm fine.

SHUHELA

Nonsense, here, stand under me brolly. There we go. Nice and cosy!

So, I hear you've had to come straight from London? How was your ride up?

HAROLD

Fine, yeah. It was fine.

SHUHELA

Cressida tells me you work in finance. That's exciting!

HAROLD

Well, I wouldn't go that far. It's overseas investments, hedge funds mainly. Bit boring really.

SHUHELA

Oh, doesn't sound boring, does it, Frank? Sounds very James Bond to me!

[SHUHELA GIGGLES]

And how about you Meredith? Are you another big hot-shot city-slicker like your brother?

MEREDITH

I'm just gonna... head inside...

[DOOR CREAKS OPEN/SHUT]

HAROLD

Meredith? Hang on, wait!

Sorry, I'd better—

SHUHELA

Oh, no, no. Of course! No, we'll follow you.

HAROLD

Just a bit much, I think. Meredith?

[DOOR CREAKS OPEN/SHUT]

FRANK

Not even the wake and she's already half cut.

SHUHELA

Give the poor lass a break Frank, she's just lost her Mum.

FRANK

Mmmmmm.

HOTEL, FUNERAL WAKE - AFTERNOON

[BAR SOUNDS & CROWD MURMURS]

MEREDITH

No, I said a large red this time. Large, yeah? That glass there? That's a large.

Yeah and a double So-Co as is and a— Frank you want anything?

FRANK

Water.

MEREDITH

And a water. Party over here with Frank, am I right?

SHUHELA

Maybe we should get you something to eat instead, eh? They've got some lovely bread at the buffet. Very fancy...

HAROLD

Just leave her to it. She'll do what she wants.

MEREDITH

(To Harold) Oh, come on, this is the one day you get to make a complete arse of yourself and no-one gives a fuck! Here, you can have the rest of mine.

[LIQUID SPILLS]

Oops!

[DRUNKEN GIGGLES]

FRANK

(To Harold, aside) I think she's had enough, lad. Why don't you take her back to the house and—

HAROLD

(To Shuhela, loudly) So, are things busy at the— Um, sorry, was it the ISC?

SHUHELA

(Uncomfortable) It's ICS...

MEREDITH

Come on Harold, cut loose for once! You've been a killjoy ever since you ratted at that Evanescence gig, d'you remember?

HAROLD

(Louder) Yes, yes, Mum was always talking about the ISC—

MEREDITH

He was making out with someone and then vommed everywhere, all over her—

HAROLD

(Louder, with fake sincerity) It's just so touching to see everybody here like this—

SHUHELA

Yes, of course...

MEREDITH

(Laughing) And he was so embarrassed he just pegged it, just scarpered and left her there dripping in his puke!

HAROLD

Would you please shut up?

SHUHELA

Come on, love, let's find a nice corner, just us girls, eh? That's it-

MEREDITH

(Laughing) Here face! Her face!

WILLIAM (BACKGROUND)

There's plenty of housing in the area, and the vast majority is perfectly affordable.

FRANK

Shuhela, watch out!

SHUHELA

Oh bollocks!

Right, yes, how about we just pop over here instead, have a look at these lovely cards people have written.

WILLIAM (BACKGROUND)

All this talk about rising homelessness doesn't actually factor in the steps that have already been taken by this administration.

HAROLD

Who's that?

FRANK

He's the Mayor of Gravesby.

HAROLD

Oh, Christ...

WILLIAM (BACKGROUND)

And ultimately we cannot be held responsible if people choose not to take advantage of the systems we implement.

MEREDITH

The mayor! Well, fuck me. Does he have one of those massive gold necklaces? I reckon that's gotta be compensating for something.

HAROLD

Will you just shut up?!

WILLIAM

Oh, hello! Is that Iris' children?

SHUHELA

Oh dear...

WILLIAM

William Allen, I'm so sorry for your loss.

HAROLD

Yeah, thanks.

WILLIAM

Your mother did so much for the people of Gravesby. Oh, you should be very proud.

HAROLD

That's very kind of you to say.

MEREDITH

Proud? (Scoffs) I'll-I'll tell you—

SHUHELA

Please don't.

FRANK

Easy, lass...

MEREDITH

It's pretty hard to be proud of someone who kicks you out at 17. Someone who tells you that, that you're a lost cause and then, and then right, she ignores your calls—

WILLIAM

(Uncomfortable) Oh well, I... I wouldn't know anything about that... um...

MEREDITH

S'no fucking wonder dad died so early. Poor bastard, saddled with that stone cold—

FRANK

(Sharply) That's enough, lass.

MEREDITH

(Aggressive) Hey, don't you touch me! Don't you dare touch me!

[GLASS RATTLES]

WILLIAM

Oh, er...

SHUHELA

(To William) It's the grief, you see...

WILLIAM

Oh, ah right, yes. Grief.

HAROLD

I am so sorry!

MEREDITH

(To Frank) —getting all up in my face like that, how dare you!

LILY

Mr Allen?

MEREDITH

Who the fuck is this?

LILY

Lily Jones. Mr Allen's personal assistant.

MEREDITH

Ooooooh lah-de-fucking-dah, his assistant...

LILY

I'm so sorry, but Mr. Allen has another appointment.

HAROLD

Yes, of course.

WILLIAM

Ah, yes, right! That time already, is it? Such a shame, so sorry, must dash, but again my sincere condolences.

MEREDITH

Fuck your condolences!

HAROLD

(To William) I'm so sorry.

LILY

The car's waiting downstairs sir.

MEREDITH

Toodle-pip and tata!

HAROLD

(Furious) We're leaving.

MEREDITH

No we're not!

HAROLD

Yes. We. Are. Cressida's downstairs.

MEREDITH

I'm not going anywhere 'til I've got my drinks.

SHUHELA

Why don't we get you something to eat first, yeah? We'll bring it out to you.

HAROLD

Meredith, we have to read the will.

MEREDITH

Fuck that! Not like she'll have left me anything.

FRANK

Come on now...

MEREDITH

Jesus, would you all just get off me? Stop acting like I'm a fucking child you need to babysit! All of you just get fucked!

[PULLS AWAY, KNOCKS OVER GLASSES, WHICH SMASH]

[CROWD GOES QUIET AS THEY NOTICE]

HAROLD

(To the room) I'm so sorry! Just a bit too much to drink, I think.

MEREDITH

(Sobbing) Fuck you!

HAROLD

We're all so glad you could come.

MEREDITH

(Sobbing and angry) No we're not!

HAROLD

And we wish you all the best.

MEREDITH

Fuck all of you!

[FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CREAKS OPEN/CLOSED, CROWD NOISES RESUME]

SHUHELA

Oh dear.

FRANK

Mmmmm.

CRESSIDA'S STUDY - EVENING

CRESSIDA

Thank you Ivan. Now, if you'd bring us some coffee, we'll see if we can press on. And do make it strong, thank you Ivan.

HAROLD

Yeah, thanks.

MEREDITH

Cheers Ivan!

[IVAN RUMBLES ASSENT]

[DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

Love that you've got a butler called Ivan, very Addams Family. Where did you find him? He's fucking mahoosive!

CRESSIDA

(Laughing politely) Ah, well, I sort of... inherited him. Ivan's been with the family for years.

MEREDITH

Hope we get a giant butler.

HAROLD

Thanks so much for seeing us.

CRESSIDA

Not at all.

HAROLD

I have to say, this place is....

MEREDITH

Swank as fuck.

HAROLD

Meredith!

CRESSIDA

Thank you, my dear. Yes, Ivan wasn't the only thing I inherited. I'm sure it's not a patch on what you see in London, but it has a certain 'old school' charm.

HAROLD

Yeah, I can see that. Crikey, that looks dangerous.

[PAPERS RUSTLING]

CRESSIDA

Hmmm? Oh yes. The old man was a bit of a weapons nut. Loved his blades.

MEREDITH

Yeah, nothing makes a statement quite like a heffing great sword on the wall, does it?

CRESSIDA

(Amused) Quite.

Now, why don't you two take a seat and we can begin? Again, I'm so sorry I missed the wake, I've been dashing around so much today it couldn't be helped, I'm afraid.

HAROLD

Oh, it's quite alright.

MEREDITH

Yeah, you didn't miss much. Not exactly a knees up.

[DOOR OPENS/CLOSES, FOOTSTEPS, RATTLE OF CROCKERY]

[IVAN RUMBLES]

CRESSIDA

Ah, perfect timing. If you can just leave that on the desk, we'll be getting started.

MEREDITH

Nice spread!

CRESSIDA

Thank you. The china was actually a... gift from your mother.

[IVAN RUMBLES AND DEPARTS, DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

CRESSIDA

I honestly don't know what I would do without him. Do help yourselves.

[TEA NOISES]

And so, to business.

HAROLD

Right.

[BISCUIT CRUNCH AS MEREDITH ASSENTS]

CRESSIDA

Now obviously, there are three main aspects to Iris' estate. There are some nominal savings along with her house and her business to deal with.

Thankfully, there are provisions in place for all three of these which we'll get to, but... well, first, I think we may need to establish just how much you two actually know about your mother's work.

HAROLD

She was CEO for a social care association or something or other, wasn't she? I know that's where Dad's life insurance went.

MEREDITH

Yeah. Helping dropouts and all that.

(Muttered) Fucking hypocrite.

CRESSIDA

That is what she told you, yes. But that may not be the... entire truth.

HAROLD

Hang on, what are you implying?

MEREDITH

Why would anyone lie about working for a charity?

CRESSIDA

Your mother did not work for a charity. She was, to be more accurate, the Chief Executive Officer for ICS. Or, to give it its full moniker: Inexplicable Community Support, though most know it officially as Impoverished Community Support.

MEREDITH

And what the fuck does **that** mean when it's at home?

CRESSIDA

It means... (sighs)

HAROLD

What?

CRESSIDA

Well, it means vampires. It means lycans, eternal—

[HAROLD SCOFFS]

—invulnerables, succubi, incubi, the dead, the dispossessed, and anything and everything in between. Anyone that defies what we think we know about the world. What some call the supernatural.

Once your mother found out about— well, about their situation, and how little support was out there, she decided to do it herself. God, what was that little phrase she used to use? Summed it up rather nicely... oh yes! "We care for the factually transient".

MEREDITH

(Nonplussed) What?

[HAROLD LAUGHS NERVOUSLY]

HAROLD

Right, no, yeah that's... that's very good. Ha ha. Very funny.

MEREDITH

(Lost) Is it?

CRESSIDA

I am well aware how it sounds, but I am afraid it's quite true.

MEREDITH

Sorry, am I missing something?

CRESSIDA

The ICS is much like any other community support organisation, with one caveat: the people it supports are... different. We offer shelter, food, support groups, house calls, a shoulder to cry on; all of that and more. Once word got around, more and more Inexplicables came to Gravesby for our help. And so, Inexplicable Community Support has become a bit of a secret institution.

HAROLD

(chuckling) Sorry, let me guess, the "X-Men" was taken?

MEREDITH

Harold, what are you laughing at? Seriously, if there's a funny, funny joke here, someone's gonna have to explain it to me cos I am fucking lost.

CRESSIDA

I feared this might happen. Perhaps I should just show you?

HAROLD

(Still chuckling) By all means.

CRESSIDA

Yes. I think that might be easier. Very well.

Ivan?

[HAND BELL RINGS]

Ivan, could you come in here for a moment please?

[IVAN ENTERS, RUMBLING]

Ivan, I think a demonstration is in order. If you could hand me the schiavona?

[IVAN RUMBLES, DRAWS BLADE]

I think John the Baptist tonight Ivan, yes?

[IVAN RUMBLES]

HAROLD

Look, this is all very entertaining, but it's been a long day and I think we've all had enough—

[METALLIC SOUND]

Wait, what are you doing? No, no, no, no, stop!

[BLADE SWINGS, WET MEATY SOUND OF DECAPITATION AS HEAD FALLS TO GROUND, IVAN RUMBLES]

MEREDITH

Fuuuuck me!

HAROLD

Holy shit! Oh fuck my fucking fuck.

[CRESSIDA PICKS UP HEAD, FABRIC IS PATTED DOWN]

CRESSIDA

Here you are Ivan. Apologies for the dust.

[IVAN RUMBLES, FLESHY SOUNDS OF REATTACHMENT]

[MEREDITH LAUGHTS HEARTILY]

MEREDITH

Look at that! That's fucking immense! Well played, bravo! How the fuck did he do that? Is he like, um, one of those whadyamacallits, an automato-automoto (clicks) I can never fucking pronounce it. A robot thingy?

CRESSIDA

Not at all. He's flesh and blood, same as you and I. Well, to a degree. As I say, Ivan's been in the family for years. Generations in fact. And thanks to Iris he has a lovely little flat, a job, and as of last year, a fine little tailoring business on the side. Not bad for— how old are you this year, Ivan? One hundred and forty nine?

[IVAN RUMBLES]

CRESSIDA

One hundred and fifty! We'll have to do something special.

[MEREDITH APPLAUDS]

MEREDITH

That's epic. That's *Britain's Got Talent* epic. Fair play!

CRESSIDA

Harold, are you alright? You appear... less impressed.

HAROLD

I've seen stage shows, you know. Ones where people get cut in half, get stabbed, drowned. It's all fake. Tricks and... Frankly, it's in poor taste, given the context.

CRESSIDA

Harold, we're not trying to trick you. There really is an Inexplicable community being cared for here in Gravesby.

MEREDITH

Oh lighten up, Harold. You've got to admit it was a pretty decent trick.

CRESSIDA

You both need to understand. It's not—

HAROLD

(Growing angry) Oh, I understand. I understand that my mother had a three bedroom house and a successful business, and that **some** people might go to some pretty extreme lengths to deny my family members what's rightfully theirs!

MEREDITH

Wait, what?

CRESSIDA

Uh, no. No, no, no, no, no.

Of course you're both getting the house, and you're getting the business. Point of fact, the business is your primary inheritance. That's what Iris wanted. You and Meredith, a 50/50 stake in ICS, with all of the benefits and obligations therein. Now, I understand that this is a lot, especially given the context. I don't expect you to take all this in straight away, you'll need some time to process it, but I don't think—

HAROLD

I'm going to speak to a solicitor. Today. Someone I know. Someone I trust. And I'm going to get some protections in place, because you! I don't want you anywhere near this.

Come on Meredith, we're leaving.

[THOUGHTFUL BISCUIT CRUNCHING]

Meredith!

MEREDITH

(Biscuit muffled) What?

HAROLD

We're leaving.

MEREDITH

(Biscuit muffled) Uh, no. **You're** leaving. I'm staying. There's biscuits.

HAROLD

(Angrily) I— You— Fine!

[HAROLD STORMS OUT]

CRESSIDA

Poor lamb. It's a lot to take in.

MEREDITH

Nah, he's always like this. Pompous ass.

CRESSIDA

It's a lot to take in. H-He'll need time. You both will.

MEREDITH

Well thanks for the biscuits and all. I'll just take, um, these for the road...

[GRABS BISCUITS]

Oh, and that one... um, but I'm actually gonna head out. Um. Just didn't want to give him the satisfaction, y'know?

CRESSIDA

Very well.

[FOOTSTEPS]

Meredith?

MEREDITH

Mmm?

CRESSIDA

If you ever need to talk, you know where to find me.

MEREDITH

Oh right, yeah, thanks. Appreciate it. Big love and all that. Catch you later big man!

[IVAN RUMBLES AS DOOR OPENS/CLOSES]

[IVAN RUMBLES MEANINGFULLY]

CRESSIDA

No, no, don't worry. We can work with this.

THE TANNERS ARMS - NIGHT

[PUB SOUNDS, A SMALL CROWD MURMURS, SOFT MUSIC PLAYS, GLASSES CLINK, THERE'S PROBABLY A PICKLED EGG IN A JAR BEHIND THE BAR]

MEREDITH

Fuck me, how depressing is this...

BARMAN

Yup?

MEREDITH

Vodka Red Bull, double, no ice. And a double So-Co as is.

...

What?

BARMAN

Y-You, what? Uh...

MEREDITH

Right, uh... What **do** you have?

BARMAN

Ale.

MEREDITH

Fine. Ale. Two pints.

VOICEMAIL

You have two new messages. First message received today at 10:47am.

BOSS (TELEPHONE)

There's tons of crap left on that shitheap you call a desk. And if you do not pick it up by tomorrow we'll just chuck it—

[BEEP]

MEREDITH

Suits me.

VOICEMAIL

Deleted. Second message received today at 10:47am:

LANDLORD (TELEPHONE)

Miss Stonewell, if you think for one moment you are receiving your damage deposit back after what you did to that bathroom—

MEREDITH

And fuck you.

[BEEP]

VOICEMAIL

Deleted.

[LIQUID SOUNDS, GLASS SLIDES ON BAR COUNTER]

BARMAN

Here you are. Five seventy.

MEREDITH

Ah. I'm... guessing you don't do contactless?

BARMAN

No.

MEREDITH

Shit. So, funny story, my mum actually just died so—

BARMAN

[Firmly] Five. Seventy.

GODBOLT

It's fine. I-I've got it.

And I'll have the same. Keep the change.

MEREDITH

"Keep the change?" Alright, calm down.

[GLASSES CLINK]

GODBOLT

So...

MEREDITH

Don't.

GODBOLT

S'cuse me?

MEREDITH

No jokes, no lines. Not in the mood. Thanks for the drinks. Now, why not be a real class act and let me drink 'em in peace.

[MEREDITH TAKES A SIP AND MOVES AWAY FROM THE BAR]

[CHAIR SCRAPES]

[GODBOLT FOLLOWS]

GODBOLT

Anyone sitting here?

MEREDITH

You deaf?

GODBOLT

(Joking) Sorry, what?

[PULLS OUT CHAIR]

MEREDITH

Right. You have ten seconds to convince me not to glass you. Twice.

GODBOLT

Ten seconds? That should be enough.

[GODBOLT DOWNS PINT RAPIDLY]

I'm getting another. You can't glass me if I'm all the way over at the bar.

[FOOTSTEPS]

(To barman) Same again.

MEREDITH

What the fuck was that?

GODBOLT

Handsome bastarditis. Symptoms include confidence and... perfect hair.

MEREDITH

(Snorts despite herself) Right, yeah.

GODBOLT

It's probably fatal.

MEREDITH

...

You know, I literally buried my mum today.

[LIQUID SOUNDS]

GODBOLT

Yeah, I heard. Wanna talk about it with a caring stranger?

MEREDITH

No.

GODBOLT

Fair enough.

[GLASS CLINKS, MONEY IS EXCHANGED]

Cheers.

[FOOTSTEPS RETURN TO TABLE]

GODBOLT

So, my name's—

MEREDITH

Don't care.

GODBOLT

—Godbolt.

MEREDITH

Fuck off!

GODBOLT

What?

MEREDITH

What do you mean “what?” Godwhat? Godbolt? Your fucking name is Godbolt?

GODBOLT

Yep.

MEREDITH

What a ridiculous made-up name. Godbolt. Jesus.

GODBOLT

Don't know what to tell you.

MEREDITH

Why not just call yourself King Arthur and be done with it?

GODBOLT

You are a very offensive woman, you know that?

MEREDITH

I'll have you know that I am a fucking delight.

GODBOLT

Look, I'll prove it to you.

[TOSSES CARDS FROM WALLET ON TABLE]

See? Driver's license, National Insurance...

MEREDITH

“Abraham Godbolt”. Oof. You must have had the shit kicked out of you at school.

GODBOLT

I really did.

So, now that we've cleared that up: Abraham Godbolt. Nice to meet you.

MEREDITH

Meredith.

GODBOLT

Meredith...?

MEREDITH

Meredith... none-of-your-fucking-business.

GODBOLT

(Laughing) Fair enough. Just Meredith then. Like... Cher or something. I can get behind that.

May I interest you in another drink, Meredith?

MEREDITH

(Snorts) Hope you brought your overdraft. You're going to need it.

[GLASSES CLINK]

ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

[STREET SOUNDS, DOOR OPENS/CLOSES, DRUNKEN STUMBLING]

MEREDITH

Listen, no, no listen right. He's got two kids at home, yeah? Plus a wife, a dog, and like... like a lizard I think?

GODBOLT

A lizard?

MEREDITH

What? No, yeah, yeah, shut up. The point is, he's still chasing all the interns and they're definitely not into it. Somebody had to say something—

GODBOLT

And you did. At the launch?

MEREDITH

(Chuckling) Yeah. 15,000 people watching online. It was... epic.

GODBOLT

(Smiling) Sounds it.

MEREDITH

It was.

GODBOLT

So, then he sacked you?

MEREDITH

He didn't sack me! I sacked myself! Fucking prick. Besides, he was spaffing money up the wall. All the, um... the uh...

GODBOLT

Profits?

MEREDITH

No. what? Shut up. Um, investors!

GODBOLT

Right.

MEREDITH

They got to see where he was shoving their cash. Spoilers, it was up someone's arse. Or, like, like, on it... whatever

[GODBOLT LAUGHS HEARTILY]

Anyway, fuck him. Where we going next? I want cocktails. Where does cocktails?

GODBOLT

Hang on, you've got a...

MEREDITH

Got a what?

GODBOLT

You've got... an... eyelash. I'm just... There. See?

MEREDITH

Cocky little bastard, aren't you?

GODBOLT

Do you like cocky little bastards?

[FOOTSTEPS APPROACH]

SUZY

Godbolt? Is that you?

MEREDITH

What? Who are you?

SUZY

You don't want to be with him.

MEREDITH

Excuse me?

GODBOLT

Hey, piss off!

[SUZY HISSES]

Get out of here!

MEREDITH

Fuuuuuuck! Look at her teeth!

[SUZY HISSES AGAIN AS SHE RETREATS]

Fuuuuck!

GODBOLT

That's right! Fuck! off!

(To Meredith, reassuringly) Hey, a-are you alright?

[MEREDITH LAUGHS IN DISBELIEF]

MEREDITH

What the hell was that?

GODBOLT

Nothing, just some random.

MEREDITH

Nothing?! She literally just ran up the fucking wall like a, like a, like— Did you not see that?

GODBOLT

Just, just breathe, Meredith.

MEREDITH

Mouth like a fucking piranha.

GODBOLT

Let's calm down yeah? We can go somewhere else, sit down, and get another drink.

MEREDITH

I don't need a drink! I need— Ah, fuck— Give me, ahh— Oh shit!

[MEREDITH COLLAPSES]

GODBOLT

Meredith? Meredith?

Can you hear me? Oh shit! Shit, shit, shit!

[PULLS OUT PHONE]

GODBOLT

Hello? Yeah, uh... no, I need an ambulance.

[CLOSING THEME]

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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

Karim Kronfli — John Belfrage

Savy Des-Etages — Lily Jones

Vera Chok — Suzy Broadbent

Alexander Doddy — William Allen

Alexander J Newall — Ivan / Meredith's Boss

Alasdair Stuart — Landlord

Imogen Harris — Announcement / Voicemail

Mike LeBeau — Barman

Maddy Searle — Businesswoman

Editing: Maddy Searle

Mastering: Jeffrey Nils Gardner

Music: Samuel DF Jones

Artwork: Anika Khan