

dead on sea by Clare Plested

6 x 30

*Comedy whodunnit about a bungling mother who believes she is being guided to solve crimes by her recently deceased detective dad.**

On the evening of her father's funeral TRUDI SNOWBALL and best friend RUTH 'ROOF' RILEY stand on the beach, clutching pints of Prosecco; faces covered in ash following a botched attempt to release Trudi's dad's ashes into the sea. A robin lands beside them.

Dad?!

Roof is confused. Trudi explains that robins are a sign your dead relatives are around. Roof Googles it. Oh yeah, it's true.

The robin flies away. Trudi follows it, running along the beach to catch it up.

'Don't go dad, don't leave me. What am I going to do without you? Tell me?'

She trips over a dead body.

First Case - Who Murdered Notoriously Annoying Local Parent 'WhatsApp Allan'?

Trudi Snowball is an utterly charming, immature, hot mess of a 42 year old mother. Unable to cope with the recent death of her detective father, she displaces her grief by investigating murders in the small village of Barton on Sea (Or 'dead on sea' as it's known locally - average age 94).

Guided by spiritual 'signs' from her dad - robins, bees, white feathers, a misplaced recycling bin - Trudi stumbles her way through investigations supported by her old friend - the practical and atheist Ruth 'Roof' Riley (a 40 year old no nonsense roofer who doesn't look a day under 50). Up against the UK's youngest Detective Sergeant CARL 'Both Feet Firmly on the Ground' PRICE (25 but just about passes for 16) who wants anything but her help; nothing will stop Trudi - a daddy's girl who unconventionally unearths real crimes and brings the perpetrators to justice - all during school hours.

Murder mystery series channelling the energy of Murder She Wrote, Dead to Me and Springwatch.

*I have a constant shame and guilt about crimes I haven't even committed. That's partly because I'm Catholic but mostly because my dad was a detective. My dad was in CID back in the day when, to quote him: 'crooks were crooks and villains were villains but at the end of the day Clare, you could still take them out for a pint.'

My father bought me my first book on serial killers at the age of 12. He installed a healthy fear of men in me; to run not fight when being attacked and to always reverse into a car parking space because you never know when you need a quick get away.

He died ten years ago. I still talk to him. And I think he sends me signals ALL THE TIME. This is a comedy whodunnit about the continuing bonds we have with our loved ones after they are gone and the crazy shit it can make us do. I've seen A LOT of white feathers. I believe every one of them to be a message from my dad.

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