EP2/SC1. EXT. GREYROCK POINT. DAY 1. 07:04

SCENE OMITTED

EP2/SC2. EXT. THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. DAY 1. 07:05

GRAVELLE

NSE UNDERTAKERS ASSISTANTS, NSE FUNERALGOERS

[TWO MILES OFFSHORE, A MOTORBOAT BOBS IN WAVES. ON THE BACK IS A RAISED COFFIN DRAPED IN A UNION JACK. AROUND IT STANDS GRIEVING **NSE FUNERALGOERS** LISTENING TO **JOSEPH GRAVELLE** (59), A CLIPPED MAN SURE THAT UNDERTAKING NEED NOT BE UNFASHIONABLE. FROM THE BOAT'S TINNY SPEAKERS ELGAR'S "NIMROD" PLAYS AS GRAVELLE READS A FEW LINES OF TENNYSON]

GRAVELLE:
…"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

[AN NSE FUNERALGOER WIPES HER EYE]

GRAVELLE:
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, we now commit Margaret Crighton to the deep.

[TWO **NSE UNDERTAKERS ASSISTANTS** RAISE THE FLAG-COVERED COFFIN SO THAT IT SLIDES INTO THE SEA. THE UNION JACK REMAINS ABOARD. ONE OF THE NSE FUNERALGOERS TAKES A WREATH OF WHITE ROSES AND THROWS IT INTO THE SEA AFTER THE SWIFTLY SINKING COFFIN]

GRAVELLE
May she rest in peace.

[OUT ON FLOWERS FLOATING]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC3. EXT. GREYROCK POINT. DAY 1. 07:13

CLINT

DOG

[A SURFER PULLS HARD AGAINST THE WATER TO CATCH A WAVE. HE SURFS IT BEAUTIFULLY BEFORE SITTING BACK DOWN ON HIS BOARD.

JUST AS HE'S ABOUT TO KICK BACK INTO THE DEEP, SOMETHING ON LAND CATCHES HIS EYE. ON THE BEACH, A **DOG** IS SNIFFING AROUND A DEAD BODY]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC4. EXT. GREYROCK POINT. BEACH. DAY 1. 07:15

CLINT

DOG

[THE SURFER RUNS THROUGH THE WASH, BOARD UNDER ARM. THIS IS **CLINT**. THE SIGHT THAT GREETS HIM MAKES HIM WRETCH; A NAKED DEAD BODY, BLOATED BY DECOMPOSITION GASSES. EVEN THE DOG IS REPULSED]

CLINT:
(TO DOG) Gross.

CUT TO:

TITLES

EP2/SC5. INT. JUDITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 1. 07:44

JANE, BETH, JUDITH

[JANE'S ON THE PHONE TO CLINT WHILST BETH AND JUDITH SIT AT THE KITCHEN TABLE. JUDITH'S ENGROSSED IN A LINGERIE MAGAZINE AND BETH'S SIMULTANEOUSLY SCROLLING THROUGH HER PHONE, COMMENTING ON JUDITH'S CHOICES AND EARWIGGING HER MOTHER'S CHAT]

JANE (ON PHONE):
And is Davey there yet? I'll be over in fifteen can you hold tight?

[SHE POURS COFFEE]

JANE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D):
Then put a jumper on. Look just hold tight, Clint, or hang ten or whatever you do.

[SHE HANGS UP AND SCRAMBLES TO COOL THE COFFEE IN THE FEW SECONDS SHE HAS LEFT]

BETH:
They've found another one? That's, what, two in as many weeks?

JANE:
Three.

BETH:
Where's this one?

JANE:
Greyrock Point. Clint was out surfing and stumbled on it.

JUDITH:
Clint can stumble on me anytime he fancies.

[JANE MEETS HER MOTHER'S EUPHEMISM WITH SILENCE. BETH POINTS TO AN ITEM IN THE CATALOGUE]

BETH:
Is that lace or –

JUDITH:
Satin. Comes in red or silver.

BETH:
I'd go silver.

JANE:
Not sure this is entirely appropriate for breakfast time.

JUDITH:
Should be by dinner. This lot do same day delivery and it's a big night for Mick.

JANE:
What's special about tonight?

JUDITH:
He's refreshed the menu at the Black Dog. He's got new steaks, says he even caught a few lobsters himself. You should come? Big night for him downstairs so I thought we'd…celebrate upstairs.

JANE:
If I'm done in time I will.

BETH:
(SHOWING JUDITH HER PHONE) Here, this is the tattoo I'm getting.

JANE:
(GIVING JUDITH A LOOK) *If* I approve.

[JUDITH TAKES BETH'S PHONE AND ADJUSTS HER BIFOCALS]

BETH (CONT'D):
It's a barcode tattoo. When you scan it it pings and the display reads my name.

JUDITH:
Does it give you a price too?

[JANE KISSES BETH ON THE FOREHEAD]

JANE (CONT'D):
Look, just text it me and I'll consider it. If it's really nice maybe I'll get the same myself.

[BETH LOOKS HORRIFIED. JANE HEADS OUT]

BETH:
Car keys.

[JANE RETURNS, PICKS UP THE CAR KEYS AND LEAVES AGAIN]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC6. EXT. GREYROCK POINT. BEACH. DAY 1. 08:12

JANE, CLINT

NSE POLICE OFFICERS, NSE JOURNALIST, NSE DOG WALKER, DOG

[JANE STRIDES DOWN THE BEACH TOWARDS CLINT, STILL IN HIS WETSUIT. NEARBY, NSE POLICE OFFICERS HAVE ERECTED A WHITE TENT IN WHICH THE BODY RESTS, HIDDEN. IN THE DISTANCE, A PRESS VAN IS PARKED UP ON THE BLUFFS]

JANE:
Morning Johnny Utah.

CLINT:
Who?

JANE:
Tell me you've seen *Point Break?*

CLINT:
I'm not into snooker.

JANE:
(NOT RISING) Who's washed up this time?

CLINT:
They're pretty far gone.

JANE:
Male or female?

CLINT:
Male, I think. The fish had a really good go.

JANE:
Did you find it?

CLINT:
No, a lady walking her dog. I was catching the swell. Dog walker's with the police now.

JANE:
(NODDING UP AT THE BLUFFS) He been down asking questions?

CLINT:
Who?

JANE:
Journo with the long-lens on the bluff…

CLINT:
I didn't realise there was press here.

JANE:
Top story in the Lighthaven Star.

[JANE HOLDS OUT HER SMARTPHONE AND SHOWS HIM THE HEADLINE STORY. THERE'S A PICTURE OF HIM HOLDING HIS SURFBOARD NEXT TO THE DOGWALKER AND THE WHITE TENT]

CLINT:
Is that me!?

JANE:
Finally a Covergirl. (HEADING TOWARD THE TENT) Shall we have a look?

CLINT:
Uhh…

JANE:
Are you alright?

CLINT:
Yes. No. Quite glad I haven't eaten.

JANE:
Then how about you arrange the undertaker?

CLINT:
Which one?

JANE:
(THE FIRST THAT SPRINGS TO MIND) Try Prince's; they're reliable.

CLINT:
Sure.

JANE:
And do me a favour – don't talk to the press guy on the way up. I don't want our office passing comment. I've got a nine AM with the Devonshire Undertaker's Association so hopefully this'll be the last but the papers'll be all over it.

CLINT:
Think this is another botched sea-burial?

JANE:
Lightning doesn't strike thrice.

[JANE HEADS INTO THE TENT. CLINT SPOTS A CAMERA FLASH FROM THE BLUFFS. HE TUCKS HIS SHORTBOARD UNDER HIS ARM, LIFTS HIS CHIN AND CUTS A BLUE STEEL FOR THE LONG-LENS BEFORE WALKING OFF]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC7. INT. POLICE STATION. DAY 1. 08:56

DORA HORTON

NSE DUTY OFFICER

[A TWITCHY **DORA HORTON** (27) WALKS INTO THE POLICE STATION. SHE FIDDLES WITH HER BANGS OUT OF NERVES. SHE HEADS UP TO THE NSE DUTY OFFICER'S WINDOW]

DORA:
I'd like to report a missing person.

CUT TO:

EP2/SC8. INT. LIGHTHAVEN COUNCIL OFFICES. HALLWAY. DAY 1. 09:04

JANE

[JANE HURRIES DOWN MARBLE FLOORS TOWARDS MEETING ROOMS. SHE HAS IN HER HAND A PRINTED OUT PAGE FROM THE STAR ONLINE.

SHE REACHES A SET OF DOORS UPON WHICH HANGS THE SIGN "*DEVONSHIRE UNDERTAKERS ASSOCIATION EGM*". SHE PUSHES IN]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC9. INT. LIGHTHAVEN COUNCIL OFFICES. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY 1. 09:06

BILL, JANE, MRS BLACKSTONE, MR GRAVELLE, MR PRINCE

NSE UNDERTAKERS

[IT IRRITATES JANE THAT BILL'S STARTED THE MEETING WITHOUT HER. AMONGST THE UNDERTAKERS ARE GRAVELLE, NOLAN PRINCE (43) A DICKENSIAN FELLOW WITH A WHIFF OF THE SHABBY, AND ETHEL BLACKSTONE (53) A DOUR LADY WHO'S NOT FOR TURNING]

JANE:
Thanks for waiting.

BILL:
Punctuality is the politeness of kings. For those of you who don't know her, this is our Coroner, Jane Kennedy –

JANE:
I know everyone here, Bill. This is a problem –

[SHE PLACES THE PRINTOUT ON THE TABLE. THE HEADLINE READS *ANOTHER BODY WASHES UP ON GREYROCK POINT*]

JANE (CONT'D):
Three in a month. We need to talk about reforming the rules for sea-burials.

BILL:
I hope that you are not suggesting those present are lacking in their jobs?

JANE:
It's possible.

PRINCE:
Sorry but everyone here takes a great deal of professional pride in their work.

[MRS BLACKSTONE CLEARS HER THROAT]

GRAVELLE:
These botched sea-burials could easily come from undertakers outside of your jurisdiction –

PRINCE:
On strong currents.

BLACKSTONE:
Why aren't *they* being hauled to an *emergency* general meeting?

JANE:
It is a subject I've raised with the Coroner's Society and it's not *just* here but we can't ignore that it *is* here and something needs to be done about it. Look, it's not my job to tell people how they're disposed of; if you want to have a traditional sea-burial, I'm all for it. But what I won't support is a situation where unidentified bodies keep floating up on my patch as a consequence of botched sea-burials. I can't have it.

BILL:
So what do you propose?

JANE:
(KNOWING IT WILL GO DOWN LIKE LEAD) The simplest thing would be to insist that all bodies buried at sea are subjected to a DNA test.

BILL:
A *voluntary* test?

JANE:
At the moment.

BILL:
Who's going to pay for that?

JANE:
You'd pass that onto the customer.

GRAVELLE:
Undertaking is a highly competitive undertaking. If we raise our rates our customers may well take their business elsewhere.

JANE:
You could all raise your rates.

BILL:
That would be price-fixing, which is illegal.

PRINCE:
And in case you hadn't noticed we're just coming out of a recession.

JANE:
I did catch the news, yes.

BILL:
Or why don't *you* pay for it?

JANE:
My office barely has enough money to keep the lights on, Bill, you of all people should know that.

BILL:
Voluntary DNA testing isn't going to work.

JANE:
Then you could lobby for DNA testing to become law.

BILL:
That would require a change in national legislation…

JANE:
And as Councillor you would be in a perfect position to throw some of your weight that way.

BILL:
I don't see why those who are recently bereaved should have to submit their lost loved one to an invasion of their privacy.

JANE:
It'd be a tiny sample.

BILL:
It's the principle. It's an invasion of their human rights.

JANE:
I'm not entirely sure dead bodies have human rights.

BILL:
(PATRONISING) I think you'll find if you ask a lawyer…

JANE:
I don't need to ask a lawyer, Bill, I am one. And when I was appearing at the Supreme Court they most certainly didn't.

BILL:
Well you're not in London now.

JANE:
(APPEALING TO THE UNDERTAKERS) You won't consider passing this on to your customers?

[SHE IS MET WITH SILENCE]

JANE:
Then perhaps it's time I conducted a review of which undertakers I choose to use in future.

[THE TONE IN THE ROOM IMMEDIATELY CHANGES BUT IT'S TOO LATE. JANE LEAVES]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC10. INT. POLICE STATION. DAVEY'S OFFICE. DAY 1. 09:33

DAVEY, DORA

[DAVEY'S A LITTLE BLEARY-EYED AND IS SLUGGING A COFFEE IN BETWEEN FILLING OUT A MISSING PERSON'S FORM FOR DORA. HIS HEAD'S NOT FULLY SWITCHED ON JUST YET…]

DAVEY:
So who's missing?

DORA:
My boyfriend.

DAVEY:
And when was the last time you saw him?

DORA:
Like, like about a week.

DAVEY:
Be good to be precise about that.

DORA:
Sunday. A week ago on Sunday.

DAVEY:
Ten days. That's a long time.

DORA:
Well he does that. Leaves home and takes off sailing when he needs to clear his head, you know.

DAVEY
Sailing?

DORA:
Yeah he went sailing – boat's gone.

DAVEY:
What sort of boat is it?

DORA:
A National 12. Blue wooden hull. It's called *Hispaniola*.

DAVEY:
Does he sail on his own?

DORA:
Yeah I can't stand the water.

DAVEY:
Me too. How often does he go out?

DORA:
Once, twice a month.

DAVEY:
So you'd say he's experienced?

DORA:
Very.

DAVEY:
And he's gone off unexpectedly before, you say?

DORA:
Yeah but never for this long. He always calls.

DAVEY:
How's his health?

DORA:
Why?

DAVEY:
Doesn't have epilepsy or anything like that?

DORA:
No he's fine. D'you think he's drowned?

DAVEY:
If he'd come off his boat we'd expect to find the wreckage; they can't sail themselves. And I haven't had any reports like that from the Coast Guard but I'll double check.

DORA:
Has been pretty stormy of late -

DAVEY:
When you say *clear his head,* what d'you mean by that?

DORA:
He can get himself into scrapes.

DAVEY:
Trouble?

DORA:
Yeah gets himself into trouble, like. With you lot.

[DAVEY WAKES UP AND FLIPS THE FORM OVER TO THE FRONT PAGE]

DAVEY:
What's his name?

DORA:
Burton. Kevin Burton.

DAVEY:
Your fella's Kevin Burton?

DORA:
You know him?

DAVEY:
I do.

[DAVEY STANDS AND HEADS OUT]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC11. INT. CORONER'S OFFICE. CORRIDORS / OFFICE. DAY 1. 10.11

CLINT, JANE, DAVEY

NSE JOURNALIST

[TELEPHONES ARE RINGING OFF THE HOOK AS CLINT KEEPS UP WITH JANE WHO IS WALKING AT A CLIP. HE HAS IN HIS HANDS FILES WHICH HE IS PASSING OVER HER SHOULDER]

CLINT:
Here's your list of those gone in the night and you've missed your ten AM with the Bereavement Officer –

JANE:
I'll call her.

CLINT:
These are from the community, all natural causes apart from that one which is an RTC but they weren't a donor so…and here's your post and…these are your missed calls and don't forget you're in court at half four. Lots of calls from the press but I've said no comment.

JANE:
Good.

CLINT:
That journalist from the bluff's hanging about…

[JANE FLICKS A LOOK TOWARD A HALLWAY. SHE SPOTS THE NS JOURNALIST WAITING]

CLINT:
Told him you weren't going to be passing comment but he's pretty persistent. And Davey's here.

[CLINT WAITS OUTSIDE THE OFFICE. INSIDE SHE FINDS DAVEY SITTING ON THE END OF THE TABLE]

JANE:
Thanks.

DAVEY:
Clint? Nice pic online.

CLINT:
Cheers. Getting one framed for Mum.

[CLINT GOES. AS JANE SHUTS THE DOOR THE SOUND OF RINGING PHONES FADES. JANE IMMEDIATELY TENDS TO HER EMAILS]

DAVEY:
Thought you said he wasn't efficient.

JANE:
He isn't. Apparently the storms have brought in a swell and he wants to clock off by lunch. Which isn't going to happen. If this is a social call can it wait?

DAVEY:
Tell me about this body that's washed up. How long was it in the water?

JANE:
Haven't got the PM yet but bodies rot quickly when they're exposed. This one's particularly grim. (BLOWS CHEEKS OUT) Looks like the marshmallow man.

DAVEY:
Have you got an ID?

JANE:
It's further gone than the other two, getting an ID from it's going to take a miracle.

DAVEY:
Could it be this guy?

[HE PUTS A MUGSHOT OF KEVIN BURTON ONTO THE TABLE]

JANE:
Honestly, the fish had a right go. The clothes had been torn off by bloating and the only thing on him was a watch.

DAVEY:
Kevin Burton. He's a troublemaker and he's missing. Rubs people up the wrong way, gets into fights. I've arrested him a few times but he's never been charged. He went sailing ten days ago and didn't come back.

JANE:
My bloat'n'float's a botched sea-burial.

DAVEY:
If it's this guy it's *my* bloat'n'float.

JANE:
The body's mine, not yours.

[JANE STANDS AND CRACKS THE DOOR SLIGHTLY, TRYING TO GET A GLIMPSE OF THE HALLWAY]

DAVEY:
It was stormy when he went out.

[BEAT]

JANE:
If you've arrested him don't you have his DNA in your system?

DAVEY:
Should but we can't find it. I'm chasing up the National Database but I think this is my man.

JANE:
My man. Maybe *your* man just had a blowout with his girlfriend and gone off for some space.

DAVEY:
Or maybe he's lying in the mortuary.

JANE:
Have you checked out where he works?

DAVEY:
Going to now. Are you alright?

JANE:
Fine, just don't want to talk to the flipping journalist in the hallway.

DAVEY:
Then don't.

JANE:
Can't exactly avoid him, Davey, he's camped out in my office.

DAVEY:
Then get out of your office. I'm going to the Hippodrome Casino.

JANE:
I don't like to gamble before lunch.

DAVEY:
Burton worked security there. Come on, prove me wrong.

JANE:
Ok, never too early for a flutter.

[JANE HEADS OUT AFTER DAVEY, KEEN TO AVOID HAVING TO TALK TO THE JOURNALIST]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC12. EXT. HIPPODROME. DAY 1. 11.05

DAVEY, JANE

[JANE AND DAVEY PULL UP OUTSIDE THE HIPPODROME ON THE SEAFRONT. IN DAYLIGHT IT'S A SORE SIGHT]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC12A. INT. HIPPODROME CASINO FLOOR. DAY 1. 11:06

DAVEY, JANE

NSE CLEANER

[JANE AND DAVEY HEAD PAST SLEEPY ROULETTE TABLES. AN NSE CLEANER HOOVERS THE FLOOR. DAVEY ASKS HER WHERE TO GO. SHE POINTS]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC13. INT. HIPPODROME CASINO. DAY 1. 11:11

DAVEY, JANE, HARVEY CAMPBELL

[HE WOULD HAVE BEEN HARD TO FIND WERE IT NOT FOR THE LOUD GRUNTING COMING FROM HIS OFFICE. WHEN THEY ENTER, DAVEY AND JANE FIND A HUGE MAN LYING ON A BENCH BENEATH AN EVEN HUGER BAR OF WEIGHTS. THIS IS HARVEY CAMPBELL (51), CASINO OWNER]

HARVEY:
Seven!

DAVEY:
Harvey Campbell?

[CAMPBELL KEEPS LIFTING]

DAVEY (CONT'D):
(FLASHING ID) DS Higgins and this is my colleague Jane Kennedy.

[JANE THROWS DAVEY A SIDEWAYS LOOK]

DAVEY (CONT'D):
We're looking for Kevin Burton.

HARVEY:
Eight!

DAVEY:
We understand he works here?

HARVEY:
Niiiiiiine!

DAVEY:
(TO JANE) Is this a gym or a Bingo hall?

HARVEY:
Ten!!

[WITH ALL HIS EFFORT HE PUSHES THE BAR ONTO THE HOOKS THEN SITS UP, TOWELLING SWEAT AND INSPECTING HIS MUSCLES IN THE MIRRORS]

JANE:
(SOTTO) Or a hall of mirrors?

HARVEY:
(WINKING) Got mirrors on the ceiling too, love.

DAVEY:
Burton.

HARVEY:
What about him?

DAVEY:
Seen him?

HARVEY:
You think he'd come back here. (SCOFFS) Please.

DAVEY:
When was the last time you did?

HARVEY:
Did his shift on that Saturday and that's it. Vanished.

DAVEY:
Has he ever missed work before?

HARVEY:
Too precise for that; got that sportsman's mentality. Hasn't missed a day in three years.

DAVEY:
And you'd say you know him well?

HARVEY:
Should do. Promoted him for long enough. Heavy-weight division. Good fighter, hands like shovels.

DAVEY:
Burton's a boxer?

HARVEY:
Could lift more than me. (AT JANE) And I'm pretty big.

JANE:
The only muscles I like are in seafood.

HARVEY:
It's not a crime til someone reports it right, and I haven't so who's grassed?

DAVEY:
What makes you think there's a crime, Mr Campbell?

HARVEY:
The money.

DAVEY:
We're just investigating a missing person.

[HARVEY SITS, REALISING HE'S DROPPED HIMSELF IN IT]

HARVEY:
(RELUCTANTLY DIVULGING) Look, every weekend a security truck collects the casino's earnings and a week ago Saturday seventy-five grand goes missing between the front door and the van.

JANE:
And Burton was on security?

HARVEY:
Looks *and* brains.

DAVEY:
Why haven't you reported that?

HARVEY:
Probably should have done.

DAVEY:
Well would you like to make a statement?

HARVEY:
No thanks. I can look after myself.

DAVEY:
How about you leave the law and order to me?

HARVEY:
And how about you toddle back to your station. (TO JANE) You can stay if you like?

JANE:
Think I'll toddle too. Good morning, Mr Campbell.

[THEY GO. HARVEY PICKS UP HIS PHONE]

HARVEY (INTO PHONE):
Police have got a sniff of Burton. Yeah well get up here.

[HE SLAMS THE PHONE DOWN]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC14. EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE. DAY 1. 11:43

CLINT, DAVEY, JANE

[DAVEY AND JANE STEP OUT OF HIS CAR. WAITING FOR THEM BY THE OFFICE DOORS IS CLINT, FILES IN HAND]

DAVEY:
An exemplary employee goes missing from work the same day as he goes missing from home after going sailing *and* a body washes up ten days later…*And* the missing's a suspect in a robbery.

JANE:
A robbery that hasn't been officially reported.

DAVEY:
A suspect in a *suspected* robbery then.

JANE:
My gut still says it's a botched sea-burial not Burton.

DAVEY:
Yeah well mine doesn't.

[THEY REACH CLINT]

CLINT:
(HANDING HER THE PM) PM's ready.

JANE:
Great. Is that journalist still here?

CLINT:
Not leaving til he gets your comment.

JANE:
Not going to happen. (TO DAVEY) Let's see the body.

[JANE TURNS]

CLINT:
If that's everything I'm going to nip out -

DAVEY:
(TO JANE) Maybe you're hanging onto your view because you're cheesed off at the Undertakers Association.

JANE:
Or maybe because three in a month's a pattern I can't ignore.

DAVEY:
You follow your gut, I'll follow mine. But I'm telling you I'm right.

JANE:
And what's at stake?

DAVEY:
How about a steak. From Mick's new menu?

JANE:
Alright. Clint, I want you to doorstop all the Undertakers on our books registered to perform sea-burials. Get a description and history for all sea-burials in the last two months.

CLINT:
(GUTTED) Can't I just call them?

JANE:
No. They'll evade. There are a half-dozen across the whole county.

CLINT:
That's…miles.

JANE:
You can go surfing tomorrow.

CLINT:
The swell will be over tomorrow.

JANE:
You're on my time, Clint, not yours. Keep me posted on what you find.

[JANE UNLOCKS HER CAR, DAVEY FOLLOWS]

JANE (CONT'D):
And Clint? Beware Greeks bearing gifts.

[OUT ON CLINT, PERPLEXED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC15. INT. MORTUARY. DAY 1. 11:59

JANE, DAVEY

NSE LAB ASSISTANT

[DAVEY OPENS THE MORGUE BODY CABINET AND PULLS A BODY OUT ON A TRAY. IT'S IN A BODY BAG]

JANE:
(READING REPORT) *Decomposition consistent with immersion at sea. Extensive PM predation by sea creatures rendering ID impossible at this stage.* Excellent.

DAVEY:
How old was he?

JANE:
Says by the pink teeth thirties or forties.

DAVEY:
Tick. Time of death?

JANE:
Anything up to a fortnight ago.

[OUT OF OUR SIGHT, DAVEY LOOKS IN THE BODY BAG AND GRIMACES]

DAVEY:
Tick again. Hello. What's it got on the teeth?

JANE:
Teeth…(FLIPPING THE PAGE)…he's missing his cuspid on the upper right -

DAVEY:
And who tends to lose their teeth?

JANE:
Sugar addicts.

DAVEY:
More Sugar Ray Leonards…boxers. Tick, tick, tick. And he's a big lad too…

JANE:
Once a body's been exposed like this you can't tell how muscly they were. Especially when they're this inflated by…(READS) death gasses. Hold on –

DAVEY:
What?

JANE:
Cause of death…

DAVEY:
Drowning.

JANE:
Cause of Death: *Blunt trauma to basal skull and upper cervical vertebrae. Traumatic basal subarachnoid haemorrhage as a consequence.*

[JANE FEELS THE WIND TAKEN OUT OF HER SAILS IS BLOWING INTO DAVEY'S]

DAVEY:
Burton steals money, gets chased down by heavies who whack him in the back of a head with a baseball bat and chuck him into the sea. Shuffled off.

JANE:
Still haven't got DNA.

DAVEY:
You're grasping at straws.

[JANE CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL HE'S RIGHT]

DAVEY:
That all?

JANE:
Just the personal effects – the watch he was wearing.

[JANE HOLDS UP THE EVIDENCE BAG CONTAINING A GOLD ROLEX]

JANE (CONT'D):
Pretty fancy for a security guard.

DAVEY:
Not if it's a fake. They've misspelled Rolex.

[HE TOSSES THE WATCH AT HER AND THEN FREEZES, AS IF HE CAN HEAR SOMETHING…]

DAVEY:
What's that? What's that sound? That…sizzling? (SNIFFS) And that…smell…sounds and smells like a steak…

[JANE HEADS OUT LETTING DAVEY ENJOY HIS JOKE ALONE]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC16. INT. MORTUARY. CORRIDOR. DAY 1. 12:07

DAVEY, JANE

[DAVEY AND JANE WALK TOWARD THE EXIT]

DAVEY:
Reckon Mick can rustle up a béarnaise sauce? Peppercorns give me heartburn.

JANE:
It's not necessarily murder. Could be a bad gybe. If you turn a boat the wrong way the boom rips right across it could easily clatter you at head-height.

DAVEY:
Our bet's not on whether it's a murder or not, it's on whether that's Kevin Burton in there benchpressing his coffin.

JANE:
I'm not buying you steak til we get confirmation on the DNA.

DAVEY:
Then let's pay his Mrs a visit.

[THEY PUSH THROUGH THE EXIT DOORS]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC17. EXT. GRAVELLE'S UNDERTAKERS. DAY 1. 12:08

CLINT

[CLINT PULLS UP IN FLORENCE (CAMPERVAN). HIS SURFBOARD IS STRAPPED TO THE ROOF, HE'S GOT THE WINDOWS DOWN AND IS PLAYING "FLAKE" BY JACK JOHNSON A LITTLE TOO LOUDLY. FROM HIS REARVIEW MIRROR, FLUFFY DICE HANG AND IN HIS WINDSCREEN IS A STICKER FOR HIS BELOVED PLYMOUTH ARGYLE FC]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC18. INT. GRAVELLE'S UNDERTAKERS. DAY 1. 12:09

CLINT, GRAVELLE

[A BELL TINKLES AS CLINT ENTERS. CAREFULLY FRAMED PHOTOS LINE THE WALLS SHOWING THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF FUNERALS ON SALE, ALL TWEE AND GAUCHE]

GRAVELLE:
Can I help?

CLINT:
(TURNING) You do sea-burials?

GRAVELLE:
Indeed.

CLINT:
Don't suppose I could have a list of the ones you've done in the last month?

GRAVELLE:
Which rag are you from? Which newspaper?

CLINT:
I'm not.

GRAVELLE:
It's not us, ok?

CLINT:
I'm from the coroner's office.

GRAVELLE:
(SUDDENLY WARMING) Why didn't you say, sweetie!? You don't look much like a coroner.

CLINT:
How are they meant to look?

GRAVELLE:
Somehow more…wizened and sinewed.

CLINT:
So can I have the records, please?

GRAVELLE:
Perhaps you'd like a drink? Cup of tea or a fruity juice?

CLINT:
No thanks.

GRAVELLE:
A slice of cake? We've a gateaux freshly baked; death by chocolate…

CLINT:
Just the records for whatever sea-burials you've done in the last month.

GRAVELLE:
Hold the fort.

[GRAVELLE HEADS OFF INTO THE BACK OFFICE TO RUMMAGE THROUGH A CABINET]

GRAVELLE (CONT'D):
I hope you'll forgive my tone – we've had hell from the press all day.

[CLINT PEERS AT THE PICTURES ON THE WALLS. GRAVELLE RETURNS]

GRAVELLE (CONT'D):
There are two. Here they are. The last one we did was this morning. Margaret Crighton; lovely lady.

CLINT:
Thanks.

GRAVELLE:
You will take care of them, won't you sweetie? And you'll send my very warmest to Jane? In fact, why don't you give her the cake?

CLINT:
I –

GRAVELLE:
Really, I insist.

CLINT:
Ok. Thanks for the files.

GRAVELLE:
Anytime, come again.

[CLINT TAKES THE CAKE BOX AND THE FILES AND HEADS OUT, SLIGHTLY PERPLEXED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC19. EXT. DORA'S HOUSE. DAY 1. 12:13

DAVEY, JANE, DORA

NSE HEAVY

[DAVEY AND JANE WALK UP THE DRIVEWAY AND RING THE BELL. AS THEY WAIT, THEY SPOT A BLACK RANGE ROVER WITH A HEAVY AT THE WHEEL WATCHING THE HOUSE. AS SOON AS HE'S SEEN HE DRIVES AWAY. DORA APPEARS]

DAVEY:
Can we come in?

[THEY HEAD INSIDE]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC20. INT. DORA'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY 1. 12:14

DAVEY, DORA, JANE

[DORA KEEPS THEIR CONVERSATION IN HER HALLWAY]

DORA:
You've found a body, I've seen it on the news –

JANE:
We have found a body but we don't know who it is.

DORA:
It's him, right?

DAVEY:
We don't know.

DORA:
Going half crazy here – phone's ringing off the hook.

DAVEY:
If you'd like I can organise for a liaison officer to be with you?

DORA:
No, no I'd rather be on my own.

JANE:
We'd like to do a DNA check, would that be alright?

DORA:
What do you need?

JANE:
Best thing is if we could contact his mother.

DORA:
She died 2005.

JANE:
Then who's his next of kin?

DORA:
Me, I guess.

JANE:
You don't share DNA with him. Perhaps we could take something of his? Toothbrushes are best.

DORA:
He took it with him sailing.

DAVEY:
Or if he has a glass he uses, perhaps by his bedside?

DORA:
He hasn't.

DAVEY:
Could you check?

DORA:
I washed it up…I'm a clean freak.

[JANE RUNS HER FINGER OVER THE TOP OF A SURFACE. IT IS DUSTY]

DAVEY:
Alright, well if you have any items you could bring in that would help us identify him –

DORA:
I'll do my best.

JANE:
Was he missing any teeth?

DORA:
Don't think so.

JANE:
You're sure?

DORA:
Yeah.

DAVEY:
And did he wear a watch?

DORA:
Yeah he did. A Rolex. I got it for him.

JANE:
Where d'you get the money for something like that?

DORA:
It was a fake. Not that he knew.

DAVEY:
(TO JANE) Shall we (go)?

JANE:
Sorry, one last thing. What colour were his eyes?

[BEAT. DORA IS FLOORED]

DORA:
I don't know.

[BEAT]

JANE:
Thanks Dora, we'll be in touch.

CUT TO:

EP2/SC21. EXT/INT. DORA'S HOUSE / DAVEY'S CAR. DAY 1. 12:16

DAVEY, JANE

[DAVEY AND JANE ARE BACK IN HIS CAR]

JANE:
Fishy.

DAVEY:
She knew about the watch.

JANE:
But how can she not know whether the man she lives with's missing any teeth? I think I'd notice if you looked like Goofy.

DAVEY:
Goofy wasn't missing teeth he just had a big gap.

[DAVEY TURNS THE ENGINE ON AND THEY DRIVE AWAY]

DAVEY:
Maybe there was a struggle on the boat and his tooth's knocked out. Or his tooth's knocked out in a gybe or whatever you called it.

JANE:
And what about the colour of his eyes?

DAVEY:
What about them?

JANE:
She would know.

DAVEY:
Maybe she was colourblind.

JANE:
Women can't be colourblind, Davey.

DAVEY:
That's a porkie, isn't it?

JANE:
Ok, but everyone knows the colour of their partner's eyes.

[SILENCE]

JANE (CONT'D):
Davey tell me you know the colour of Annette's eyes.

DAVEY:
Course.

JANE:
What colour are they?

[BEAT]

DAVEY:
I don't know.

JANE:
Never admit that to her. Ever.

DAVEY:
(BEFORE THINKING, WITHOUT NEEDING TO LOOK AT HER) I know the colour of your eyes.

JANE:
(SILENTLY DELIGHTED) Yeah, never admit that to her, either.

[THE AWKWARDNESS IS SPARED BY DAVEY'S MOBILE RINGING. JANE ANSWERS IT]

JANE (CONT'D):
(SHE ANSWERS) Inspector Observant's phone. (BEAT) He's driving, it's Jane. (BEAT) Ok. Got it. Thanks.

[SHE HANGS UP]

JANE (CONT'D):
They've found a boat.

CUT TO:

EP2/SC22. EXT. CLIFFS. DAY 1. 12:35

DAVEY, JANE

NSE POLICE OFFICERS, NSE HEAVY

[JANE AND DAVEY DESCEND THE HILLSIDE. JANE PAUSES, WARY OF THE HEIGHT OF THE CLIFFS.

ON THE CLIFFTOP ROAD, JANE SPOTS THE SAME RANGE ROVER WATCHING THEM]

JANE:
(OF THE RANGE ROVER) Seen we've got a shadow?

DAVEY:
He'll be one of Campbell's. Boat's over here.

[REVEAL THE POINT WHERE A BOAT'S BEEN WRECKED. DAVEY HEADS DOWN TOWARDS IT.

JANE, WOBBLY, FOLLOWS HIM]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC23. EXT. CLIFFS. SEA EDGE. DAY 1. 12:37

DAVEY, JANE

NSE POLICE OFFICERS, NSE HEAVY

[DAVEY GIVES JANE A HAND AS SHE CLAMBERS ONTO THE ROCKS. THE WATER IS QUITE FIERCE]

JANE:
How did it get here?

DAVEY:
It fell from the sky.

JANE:
We're twelve miles from where the body was found – how come the boat's here and the body's there?

DAVEY:
Maybe the boat sailed on without him?

[THE NSE POLICEMAN PLUCKS A PIECE OF WOOD OUT OF THE WATER AND HOLDS IT UP SO DAVEY CAN READ IT]

DAVEY:
Hispaniola.

JANE:
(DEFLATED) I'll have Mick heat a pan.

[SHE HEADS BACK UP THE HILL]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC24. EXT. PRINCE'S UNDERTAKERS. DAY 1. 12:43

CLINT

[CLINT ROLLS UP BLARING "CALIFORNICATION". HE GETS OUT AND SEES THE TATTY VENEER OF PRINCE'S UNDERTAKERS]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC25. EXT/INT. COUNTRY ROADS / DAVEY'S CAR. DAY 1. 12:47

JANE, DAVEY

[DAVEY AND JANE DRIVE BACK TOWARDS LIGHTHAVEN IN SILENCE. DAVEY STARES AT HER]

DAVEY:
Oh come on Calamity, don't look so glum.

JANE:
I'm not.

DAVEY:
There's still a body. And it's a murder, that's much more exciting than someone falling overboard.

JANE:
If you'd stolen seventy-five grand would you really jump into a boat and sail away? And in a storm? You just wouldn't.

DAVEY:
Maybe he wanted to keep a low profile, not a lot of CCTV at sea.

JANE:
Just sticks in my throat.

DAVEY:
Not as much as the steak will. You just hate losing.

JANE:
Take a left here, can you? I'm gonna work from home.

DAVEY:
You don't have to buy me steak, it's fine.

JANE:
We made a deal so I'll stick to it. But you can do me a favour and put me out of my misery by getting that DNA match. Must be in by now.

[THEY DRIVE ON]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC26. INT. PRINCE'S UNDERTAKERS. DAY 1. 12:49

CLINT, PRINCE

[THE INSIDE OF NOLAN PRINCE'S ESTABLISHMENT IS SHABBY, THE BLINDS ARE MALADJUSTED, AND THERE'S A MUSTY WHIFF IN THE AIR. PRINCE COMES THROUGH FROM HIS BACK OFFICE]

PRINCE:
Can I help you, son?

CLINT:
I'm from the Coroner's Office in Lighthaven. I understand you do Sea-Burials.

PRINCE:
We do.

CLINT:
Any in the last month?

[A TELEPHONE IN A BACK ROOM RINGS]

PRINCE:
Would you excuse me for just the one moment?

[PRINCE SLINKS INTO THE BACK OFFICE. CLINT SNOOPS AROUND.

FROM THE BACK OFFICE, CLINT OVERHEARS SNIPPETS OF CONVERSATION]

PRINCE (OOV):
Canine….yes, it's gone…certain…

[CLINT TURNS HIS ATTENTION BACK TO THE ROOM. IT'S TATTY AND DISORGANISED.

PRINCE RETURNS]

PRINCE:
Where were we?

CLINT:
Dog person?

PRINCE:
(BEAT) Oh, yes. Dog's gone missing.

CLINT:
Sorry about that.

PRINCE:
We've done sea-burials in the past, yes.

CLINT:
Can I see the files?

PRINCE:
You can. (HEADING BACK INTO THE OFFICE) Two in the last month, two ladies, in fact…I'll just…

CLINT:
Ladies?

PRINCE:
Yes. Why?

CLINT:
It doesn't matter.

PRINCE:
Really, it's no trouble.

CLINT:
No, that's cool. Thanks though.

[CLINT HEADS FOR THE DOOR. PRINCE JOGS OVER AND HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN]

CLINT:
Hope your dog comes back.

CUT TO:

EP2/SC27. EXT. PRINCE'S UNDERTAKERS. DAY 1. 13:01

CLINT, PRINCE

[AS CLINT HEADS TOWARD HIS VAN, PRINCE FOLLOWS]

PRINCE:
Plymouth Argyle fan.

CLINT:
Yeah.

PRINCE:
I'm a Pilgrim too, for my sins. Are you a season ticket holder?

CLINT:
Just go when I can.

[CLINT GETS INTO HIS VAN. PRINCE WALKS OVER]

PRINCE:
If you'd like freebies to any matches my friend's got a box he never uses. I'm sure he'd be happy for you to have it free when he's not.

CLINT:
Serious?

PRINCE:
If that appeals, this is my number.

[PRINCE REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND WITHDRAWS A BUNCH OF RECEIPTS. HE WRITES HIS NUMBER ON ONE AND HANDS IT TO CLINT]

PRINCE:
Be sure to send my best to Jane? (WINKS) And make sure she sends work in return.

[UNSURE WHAT THIS MEANS CLINT DRIVES OFF]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC28. INT. JUDITH'S HOUSE. OFFICE. DAY 1. 13:07

JANE

[JANE PINS UP THE PM REPORT. SHE ALSO PINS AN A4 1:1 SCALE PHOTO OF KEVIN BURTON'S WATCH. LASTLY SHE PINS UP AN OLD PROMO PICTURE OF BURTON AS A BOXER]

JANE:
I know when you died and I know how you died, but if you could tell me *where* you died, and better still *who* you are, that would help. (ADDRESSING THE PICTURE OF BURTON) Let's say it *is* you. You stole some money and thought you'd sail away but someone caught up with you and tossed you overboard. Really? Look at the size of you. And for seventy-five grand. You risk everything to steal that and you leave behind a woman who doesn't know which teeth you're missing, can't remember the colour of your eyes and buys you fake presents? Doesn't fit does it?

[HER EYES FALL ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAKE ROLEX]

JANE:
None of it…fits.

[JANE PRESSES HER ARM AGAINST THE PHOTO. IT LOOKS TO HER LIKE THE WATCH IS TOO SMALL. AN IDEA DROPS INTO HER HEAD]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC29. INT. POLICE STATION. DAVEY'S OFFICE. DAY 1. 13:12

DAVEY

NSE POLICE OFFICERS, VOICE (OOV)

[DAVEY SITS AT HIS DESK LOOKING AT BURTON'S RECORDS ONSCREEN. HE'S HANDSFREE ON HIS LANDLINE, ON HOLD TO THE POLICE NATIONAL DNA DATABASE. THE HOLD MUSIC IS A MUZAK VERSION OF *WHO ARE YOU* BY THE WHO]

VOICE (OOV):
National DNA Database…

DAVEY (INTO PHONE):
(PICKING UP THE RECEIVER) This is DS Higgins from Lighthaven Police, I'm having trouble with a file…

[BEAT]

DAVEY (INTO PHONE) CONT'D:
Kevin Burton, yeah, I'm sure we've done a DNA test on him in the past but it's not showing.

[BEAT]

DAVEY (INTO PHONE) CONT'D:
Arrested but not charged back in…June two thousand and twelve. I don't know if that's a glitch or…

[DAVEY'S EYES WIDEN]

DAVEY (INTO PHONE) CONT'D:
Deleted!?

CUT TO:

EP2/SC30. INT. BLACK DOG. DAY 1. 13:21

MICK, JUDITH, JANE

NSE CUSTOMERS

[JUDITH AND JANE ARE PEERING INTO A BUCKET AT THE BOTTOM OF WHICH IS A LIVE LOBSTER. JANE'S EATING LUNCH]

JANE:
And Mick caught it himself?

MICK:
You don't catch lobsters, you let them catch themselves in traps.

JANE:
How're you going to kill it?

MICK:
Not sure yet.

JANE:
Mum, shut your eyes for a sec.

JUDITH:
Are you giving me a present, I love surprises.

JANE:
(TO MICK) What colour are mum's eyes?

MICK:
I don't spend a lot of time looking at her eyes. But blue. Blue as a summer sky.

[JUDITH OPENS HER EYES AND BEAMS]

JUDITH:
Got such a treat for you later.

MICK:
If you don't know the colour of your lover's eyes you've got no business knowing her otherwise. You know, in the biblical sense.

[JANE'S PHONE RINGS]

JANE:
Davey.

[HER EYES WIDEN]

JANE:
Coming now.

[JANE HEADS OUT WITHOUT HER SANDWICH]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC31. EXT. LIGHTHAVEN. FISH & CHIP SHOP. DAY 1. 13:25

JANE, DAVEY

NSE PASSERS BY

[JANE ARRIVES JUST AS DAVEY'S EXITING THE CHIP SHOP. THEY STROLL TOWARDS A BENCH]

DAVEY:
They keep DNA for three years.

JANE:
Thought you kept it forever.

DAVEY:
Used to, but now we keep it for three years and after that, if they want it wiped, they can fill out some form and we have to ditch it.

JANE:
But Kevin Burton was arrested –

DAVEY:
But never charged. And that was in 2012 – thee years ago. And when did his request to clean his record come in? First of last month.

JANE:
If someone wanted to vanish he's doing a good job.

DAVEY:
Still doesn't explain the Rolex. If that's not Burton, how come that body's got Dora's fake?

JANE:
I don't think it's Burton's watch. Look.

[SHE PULLS THE WATCH OUT OF AN EVIDENCE BAG AND TRIES TO PUT IT ON DAVEY BUT IT'S TOO TIGHT]

JANE (CONT'D):
How's a heavyweight boxer got wrists thinner than you? Hands like shovels, he said.

DAVEY:
I am pretty tough; I lift weights, ok.

JANE:
Davey, the only thing you've ever lifted's a pint glass. Dora's not giving us the full picture.

DAVEY:
Well she's clearly not prepared to voluntarily give us DNA…suppose I could get a warrant, could trap her that way.

[A TEXT LANDS FOR JANE FROM "BETH". SHE OPENS IT BUT WE DON'T SEE WHAT IT READS]

JANE:
You ever caught a lobster?

DAVEY:
Why!?

JANE:
You don't catch a lobster. You let it catch itself.

[DAVEY'S PERPLEXED AS JANE SPRINGS UP AND HEADS OFF. HE FOLLOWS]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC32. INT. BLACKSTONE'S UNDERTAKERS. DAY 1. 13:36

CLINT, MRS BLACKSTONE

[ETHEL BLACKSTONE'S BUSINESS IS SPARTAN BUT METICULOUSLY CLEAN. DEATH IS COLD AND SHE HASN'T WARMED IT UP]

CLINT:
Can I speak to the Undertaker please?

MRS BLACKSTONE:
You're looking at her.

CLINT:
I'm here from the Coroner's Office…

MRS BLACKSTONE:
And you've come about these botched sea-burials. Well we haven't done any. We don't have the custom.

CLINT:
You mean you don't do them?

MRS BLACKSTONE:
No I mean we don't have that kind of customer. The rich kind.

CLINT:
Thanks for your time.

[CLINT HEADS OUT]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC33. EXT. BLACKSTONE'S UNDERTAKERS. DAY 1. 13:37

CLINT, MRS BLACKSTONE

[MRS BLACKSTONE FOLLOWS CLINT BACK TO HIS VAN]

MRS BLACKSTONE:
I won't pay to be in your pocket.

CLINT:
Why would you pay to be in my pocket?

MRS BLACKSTONE:
We get our business two ways. The first's when you call us. Let's say a person dies in a road accident. Police are called and they contact your boss who then calls an undertaker to remove the body.

CLINT:
I know how the job works -

MRS BLACKSTONE:
That's the most valuable call in this business because when that person's loved one organises the funeral they'll need an undertaker to prepare things. And your everyday Joe Public doesn't know a great number of undertakers so they tend not to shop around.

CLINT:
So they use the undertaker the coroner calls –

MRS BLACKSTONE:
Pays to be in her pocket.

CLINT:
Jane's honest.

MRS BLACKSTONE:
Not suggesting she isn't. But she could cast the net wider. There're a lot of undertakers in this area but she's only got a handful on speed-dial. That breeds complacency. Maybe that's why these bodies keep floating up.

[BEAT]

CLINT:
You said there were two ways you get your business…

MRS BLACKSTONE:
The other's advertising. But since the local paper's owned by Bill Jeffries, who *also* chairs the Undertakers Association meetings…

CLINT:
…makes him a difficult person to criticise.

MRS BLACKSTONE:
Not just a hat rack. Rates go up month on month. Squeezes out small operators like me.

[CLINT RUMMAGES IN HIS POCKET FOR SOMETHING TO WRITE ON]

CLINT:
Let me see what I can do.

MRS BLACKSTONE:
I don't want preferential treatment, I just want it to be a fair distribution of work.

CLINT:
To be honest, you're the only person I've met today who hasn't tried to scratch my back.

MRS BLACKSTONE:
See what I mean?

CLINT:
What's your number?

[MRS BLACKSTONE TAKES THE PIECE OF PAPER AND WRITES HER NUMBER DOWN. SHE TURNS IT OVER AND READS THE BACK]

MRS BLACKSTONE:
Don't get yourself mixed up in gambling. I lost my first husband to the horses.

[CLINT LOOKS AT THE PAPER. IT'S THE PIECE THAT PRINCE GAVE HIM: A GAMBLING CHIT]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC34. EXT/INT. DORA'S HOUSE. DAY 1. 14:01

DORA, JANE, DAVEY

[DORA OPENS HER FRONT DOOR REVEALING DAVEY AND JANE. DORA POKES HER HEAD OUT TO SEE WHETHER THE RANGE ROVER IS STILL AROUND. IT IS NOT]

JANE:
Just us.

DAVEY:
I'm afraid we still haven't identified the body.

DORA:
What else do you need?

DAVEY:
Any identifying features you can think of.

[DORA'S SHIFTY]

DORA:
His tooth. I don't know why I didn't think of it before. He had a false tooth here. I think it's called a canine? Got knocked out in a boxing match.

[JANE REMAINS POKERFACED]

JANE:
It's up to me to confirm that the body we've discovered is Mr Burton. To make sure I can I need you to tell me whether he had any tattoos.

DORA:
Tattoos?

JANE:
Perhaps like this one? A tattoo of a barcode on his right hip?

[JANE DIGS OUT HER SMARTPHONE AND OPENS THE TEXT FROM BETH. IT'S A PICTURE OF THE TATTOO SHE WANTS]

DORA:
Yeah, I think he did.

JANE:
Do you have a picture of him with that tattoo?

DORA:
Don't think so.

JANE:
If you did I'd be able to sign the death certificate.

[BEAT. DORA NODS]

DORA:
I'll see if I can find one.

JANE:
Be in touch as soon as you can.

[JANE AND DAVEY TURN THEIR BACKS TO DORA AND WALK AWAY. FROM THE FRONT WE SEE JANE THROWING A WINK AT DAVEY, UNSEEN BY DORA]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC35. INT. CORONER'S OFFICE. ENTRANCE / HALLWAY/ OFFICE. DAY 1. 14:34

DAVEY, JANE, CLINT

NSE JOURNALIST

[JANE AND DAVEY STRIDE BACK INTO THE OFFICE]

DAVEY:
You really gonna let Beth get herself that barcode?

JANE:
She won't go through with it. I told her I quite fancied the same myself. Quickest way to stifle your teenager's fashion choice is to tell them you want it too.

[JANE SEES THE NSE JOURNALIST AND STRIDES PAST]

JANE:
Not now.

[WE STAY ON DAVEY AND JANE AS THEY HEAD INTO THE OFFICE. JANE LOOKS AT HER COMPUTER]

JANE:
Come on Dora.

DAVEY:
You know if she drops herself in it that still leaves us with an unidentified body?

JANE:
It does, but there's a big upside for me. Free steak.

[CLINT RETURNS]

CLINT:
(PLACING FILES ON HER TABLE) Four sea-burials from two undertakers, but none match your man.

JANE:
Which ones were they?

CLINT:
These two were done by Gravelle's in Brixham and Prince's in Torquay did two but they were both females, so…

JANE:
And nothing out of the ordinary?

CLINT:
Not to do with the burials. Sorry. Prince likes a flutter but that's no crime.

DAVEY:
Likes a what?

CLINT:
Flutter. He gave me his number on the back of a casino chit. Weirdo.

JANE:
Which casino?

[HE PULLS THE CHIT FROM HIS POCKET]

CLINT (CONT'D):
(READING) The Hippodrome.

[JANE AND DAVEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. JANE'S COMPUTER PINGS]

JANE:
When it rains…

DAVEY:
She's emailed?

JANE:
What a lovely picture of Kevin Burton with a barcode tattoo…

[DAVEY LOOKS AT THE COMPUTER SCREEN]

DAVEY:
Has she done that with a biro?

JANE:
She puts the artist in escape artist…

CLINT:
You've identified the dead body?

JANE:
We've identified a body…

DAVEY:
…but it's not dead. That photo's definitely been taken in that house –

JANE:
Best place to hide's in plain sight.

[JUST AS DAVEY IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, JANE'S PHONE STARTS RINGING]

JANE:
It's her.

[THE ROOM SILENCES]

JANE (ON PHONE):
(INNOCENT) Jane Kennedy? Have you? Ok let me just check my computer…

[BEAT]

JANE (ON PHONE):
Yes, I've got it here. And how old is that picture? About five years.

[BEAT]

JANE (ON PHONE):
Yes I think I can, but I'm going to need your signature on the death certificate too, as his Next of Kin…could you meet me at the police station? Soon as you can. Sorry for your loss.

[JANE BEAMS AND HANGS UP]

DAVEY:
We'll get her on perverting the course of justice.

JANE:
And Burton?

DAVEY:
Here's hoping he's home alone…

[THEY ALL HEAD OUT]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC36. EXT. DORA'S HOUSE. DAY 1. 14:56

DAVEY

NSE POLICE OFFICERS

[SEVERAL POLICE CARS SILENTLY SPEED UP TO DORA'S. DAVEY HOPS OUT OF ONE. HE WALKS TO DORA'S FRONT DOOR AND KNOCKS. NOTHING.

DAVEY THEN MOVES AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE AND PEERS THROUGH A WINDOW]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC37. INT/EXT. DORA'S HOUSE. DAY 1. 14:57

DAVEY

NSE KEVIN BURTON

[DAVEY'S HEAD PEERS THROUGH THE WINDOW, AND, LIKE A RABBIT IN THE HEADLIGHTS, NSE KEVIN BURTON STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS LIVING ROOM. A MOMENT'S STILLNESS BEFORE HE SPRINTS TOWARDS THE BACK DOOR]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC38. EXT. DORA'S HOUSE. BACK GARDEN. DAY 1. 14:58

DAVEY

NSE KEVIN, NSE POLICE OFFICERS

DAVEY:
He's running!

[DAVEY SPRINTS AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE AND INTO THE BACK GARDEN. UP AHEAD, KEVIN LEAPS OVER A FENCE. DAVEY FOLLOWS]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC39. EXT. BACK ALLEYS. DAY 1. 14:59

DAVEY

NSE KEVIN

[DAVEY DROPS DOWN INTO THE ALLEY AND CONTINUES CHASING]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC40. EXT. FIELD. DAY 1. 15:01

DAVEY, HARVEY

NSE KEVIN, NSE POLICE OFFICERS, NSE HEAVY

[KEVIN'S GAINING DISTANCE ON DAVEY. KEVIN BREAKS OUT OF THE ALLEYWAY AND INTO A FIELD BUT HIS PATH'S BLOCKED BY THE RANGE ROVER. HE JUMPS AND SKIDS OVER THE HOOD AND CARRIES ON. OUT OF THE BACK OF THE CAR LEAPS HARVEY WHO RUGBY TACKLES HIM. WITH KEVIN PINNED HARVEY PULLS HIS ARM BACK READY TO BEAT HIS HEAD INTO MINCEMEAT BUT…]

DAVEY:
Don't even think about it.

HARVEY:
Where's my money?!

DAVEY:
Hand him over.

[RELUCTANTLY, HARVEY DOES THE RIGHT THING. HE PICKS KEVIN UP OFF THE GROUND AND LITERALLY HANDS HIM OVER]

DAVEY:
Kevin Burton, you're pretty fast for a dead man.

[OUT ON DAVEY, DELIGHTED HE'S CAUGHT HIS MAN]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC41. INT. POLICE STATION. LOBBY. DAY 1. 15:12

JANE, CLINT, DORA

NSE POLICE OFFICERS

[JANE WAITS IN THE POLICE STATION LOBBY FOR HER LOBSTER, CLINT REAPPEARS, EXCITED]

CLINT:
She's pulling up.

[SEVERAL NSE POLICE OFFICERS LIE IN WAIT. THE DOORS SWING OPEN AND THE LOBSTER ENTERS]

JANE:
Bad news or good news?

DORA:
Good news.

JANE:
Good news is your boyfriend's alive. Bad news is you're about to be arrested for perverting the course of justice…

[TWO NSE POLICE OFFICERS STEP EITHER SIDE OF HER]

JANE:
(SKEWERING) I do have a question, though. Did you take the boat to those rocks before or after we first visited you?

[OUT ON DORA FIGURING OUT SHE'S BUSTED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC42. INT. HIPPODROME CASINO. ROULETTE TABLE. NIGHT 0. 23:09

PRINCE, DAVEY (V/O)

NSE CROUPIER, NSE GAMBLERS, NSE WAITRESSES

[CCTV FOOTAGE SHOWS PRINCE SITTING IN HIS MORNING DRESS SITTING AT A ROULETTE TABLE]

DAVEY (V/O):
Mr Prince, what can you tell me about your relationship with Kevin Burton.

PRINCE (V/O):
Don't have one.

DAVEY (V/O):
Have you ever been to the Hippodrome Casino?

PRINCE (V/O):
I don't think so.

DAVEY (V/O):
Would you look at the video, please? Is this you at the Hippodrome Casino on the evening of July 14th 2012?

CUT TO:

EP2/SC43. INT. HIPPODROME CASINO. BAR. NIGHT 0. 23:55

PRINCE, DAVEY (V/O)

NSE GAMBLERS, NSE WAITRESSES, NSE KEVIN

[CCTV FOOTAGE SHOWS PRINCE AT THE BAR DRUNK AND STRUGGLING TO STAND]

DAVEY (V/O):
And is this you having one too many on that same night?

PRINCE (V/O):
Can't remember.

[PRINCE STUMBLES AND BUMPS INTO AN NSE GAMBLER. A BRAWL ENSUES. SECURITY GUARD KEVIN BURTON ENTERS THE PICTURE AND HAULS PRINCE AWAY]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC44. INT. HIPPODROME CASINO. ENTRANCE. NIGHT 0. 23:56

PRINCE, DAVEY (V/O)

NSE KEVIN

DAVEY (V/O):
And is this you being thrown out of the Hippodrome Casino on that same night? By Kevin Burton.

[PRINCE'S DRAGGED TOWARDS THE EXIT BY KEVIN. WE PULL OUT OF THE CCTV AND…]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC45. INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM 1. DAY 1. 16:23

DAVEY, PRINCE

NSE LAWYER

[…THROUGH A TV INTO AN INTERVIEW ROOM. NEXT TO HIS LAWYER, PRINCE SITS THE OTHER SIDE OF A TABLE FROM DAVEY. A TAPE RECORDS HIS CONFESSION. IN THE BACKGROUND, A LARGE ONE WAY MIRROR REFLECTS THE INTERVIEWEE]

DAVEY:
The Coroner tells me that you've always done exemplary work…

PRINCE:
(LOOKS TO HIS LAWYER AND THEN BACK) I never meant for any of this to happen.

DAVEY:
What happened?

PRINCE:
My wife died and I fell off the rails. Gambling made me feel good but before I knew it I got into so much debt. It was his idea. Burton. He knew what I did for a living – used to call me The Man in Black –

DAVEY:
What part did you play in the robbery?

PRINCE:
(ADAMANT) Nothing. I didn't steal a thing…I just helped him…disappear.

DAVEY:
By botching sea-burials.

PRINCE:
I only did the one. I saw on the news that a couple of bodies had floated up and thought it'd be easy just to add another. He said if I made it look like he'd died he'd pay off my debts so I just put a few of Burton's things on a corpse that came my way and dropped it off the headland. I knew soon as the body washed up it'd be next to impossible for you to identify that it *wasn't* him, and without DNA…

DAVEY:
So who's body is it?

PRINCE:
Theodore Rosenstein. He was an alcoholic. Homeless, broke his neck falling off a bench.

DAVEY:
And what about the other bodies?

PRINCE:
Not mine. Someone's been doing sea-burials on the cheap but your Coroner's on that now. You don't want to cross her.

DAVEY:
Tell me about it.

[DAVEY TURNS TO THE MIRROR]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC46. INT. POLICE STATION. OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY 1. 16:24

JANE, CLINT, DAVEY, PRINCE

NSE LAWYER

[JANE AND CLINT WATCHES THROUGH ONE-WAY GLASS AS DAVEY TURNS AND WINKS AT THEM. JANE'S IN HER COURT ATTIRE. SHE AND CLINT STEP OUT OF THE ROOM…]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC47. INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR. DAY 1. 16:25

JANE, CLINT

[…AND INTO THE CORRIDOR]

JANE:
Sorry you missed out on the swell.

CLINT:
It's ok, forecast's good for the morning too.

JANE:
Come in an hour later.

CLINT:
Not done with today yet. You've got Court in 5. And that journalist's still waiting…

JANE:
I'll have a word when I'm done.

CLINT:
(PLUCKING COURAGE) One last thing. I think we should reassess which undertakers we call when bodies first show.

JANE:
What's wrong with the way we have it?

CLINT:
There's a feeling in the trade that we favour some more than others. Maybe that's why this sort of stuff's been happening. I feel we should make sure we spread the work evenly so no one gets left out.

JANE:
I'll bear that in mind. You've done great work today. Clint.

[HE BEAMS AND HEADS OFF]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC48. INT. BLACK DOG. DAY 1. 18:03

JANE, MICK, BETH, JUDITH, DAVEY

NSE CUSTOMERS

[A LOBSTER CRAWLS ACROSS THE BAR TOP. IT'S OBSERVED CLOSELY BY MICK, BETH AND JANE. IN THE BACKGROUND JUDITH WAITS IMPATIENTLY BY THE STAIRS]

MICK:
(TO JANE) Come on you deal with dead things all the time. Should be second nature by now.

JANE:
I don't kill stuff, Mick, it's dead when it arrives.

JUDITH:
(WITH GROWING IMPATIENCE) Mick? Before it gets too busy…

[DAVEY ARRIVES AND HEADS TO THE BAR]

MICK:
You'll kill Jeff won't you, Davey?

DAVEY:
Why, what's he done?

BETH:
Jeff's Mick's lobster. Someone's ordered him and Mick's too chicken.

MICK:
We've become quite attached.

BETH:
Shouldn't've given it a name. I'm telling you, as soon as you give something a name…

JUDITH:
Just cut off it's head.

JANE:
No, that's cruel, drop it in boiling water.

MICK:
(IGNORING HER) Davey, if you kill Jeff your steaks are on the house.

JUDITH:
(AT THE END OF HER WICK) Michael Sturrock. What I'm wearing under this is pretty itchy. So, if you don't come upstairs and take it off *right now*, you're getting Jeffed too.

MICK:
(TO BETH) Keep the bar for me, would you?

BETH:
I'm underage.

MICK:
I'll only be a minute.

[MICK HEADS UPSTAIRS. DAVEY LOOKS AT JEFF AND PICKS UP THE KNIFE]

DAVEY:
Alright Jeff. Shut all your eyes.

[ALL TURN AWAY AS DAVEY HOLDS THE BLADE ABOVE JEFF'S HEAD. BEAT. DAVEY GIVES IN AND PUTS THE KNIFE DOWN]

DAVEY (CONT'D):
I can't.

BETH:
Mum, do the bar.

JANE:
Where are you going?

BETH:
I'm breaking Jeff out of this prison. He's going back in the sea.

[BETH GRABS JEFF AND LEAVES. JANE GOES BEHIND THE BAR]

JANE:
Get anything out of Burton?

DAVEY:
Full confession.

JANE:
How did you get him to talk?

DAVEY:
Told him his girlfriend couldn't remember the colour of his eyes. Pretty sure they're not going to last. And green, by the way, Annette's eyes are green, just temporarily slipped my mind.

JANE:
Course it did.

DAVEY:
Wouldn't forget a thing like that. Now do us a pint on the house, eh?

[JANE RAISES AN EYEBROW AND PULLS HIM AN ALE]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC49. INT. CORONER'S COURT. CORRIDOR. DAY 2. 09:58

JANE, CLINT

[JANE HEADS INTO COURT CARRYING HER FILES. CLINT FOLLOWS AND OPENS THE DOORS]

CLINT:
All rise for the Coroner.

[FINAL CAPTION:

"THEODORE ROSENSTEIN: 44.

CAUSE OF DEATH: SUBARACHNOID HAEMORRHAGE"]

END OF EPISODE.