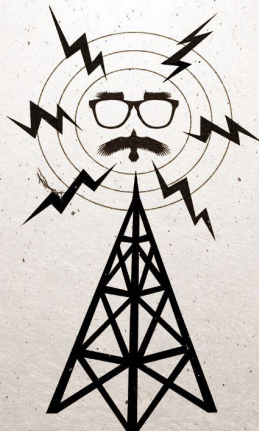


— THE CASE OF —  
THE GREATER GATSBY  
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THE CASE OF THE GREATER GATSBY  
EPISODE 1 - A LONG DECEMBER  
TRANSCRIPT

*[The Case of the Greater Gatsby opening credits music plays]*

Announcer: And now, presenting: Fig and Ford in The Case of the Greater Gatsby. Episode 1: A Long December. Written and created by Sean Persaud and Sinead Persaud.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Hollywood, the tail end of 1940, a brand new decade. It's been a long December, and there's reason to believe maybe this year will be better than the last. That's because we'll finally be done with this case - maybe the worst one of my career.

*[A busy studio lot during the day. Maybe a car drives by, teamsters walk by on break. A far off alarm signals filming in a soundstage.]*

Fig Wineshine: Listen up, Mr. Maitland, when you hire the investigative services of Fig and Ford, Detectives to the Stars - trademark pending - you're getting the only two sleuthhounds west of the M-I-S-S-I-S-S-I-P-P-I who can get to the bottom of any situation, and that's what we've done. This case is as open and shut as a nunnery in Reno.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): That's Fig Wineshine, former junior ace reporter at the Tinseltown Times, and somehow, my partner for the last year. What she lacks in height, she makes up for in volume - both in decibel level AND amount of words spoken.

Fig Wineshine: Your suspicions are as bare bones as a starlet on a cigarettes and grapefruit diet. The facts are as clear as a -

Archibald Maitland: I don't know why I bothered hiring you gumshoes. This was murder. My ex-wife hated Stella. She was always threatening her! "I'll put that spotted whore in the zoo where she belongs!" Who would say something like that?

Fig Wineshine: Well to be fair Mr. Maitland, Stella was a giraffe.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Things have been a little too quiet, which is why I broke my cardinal rule: No cases involving Hollywood. We've got some repairs we need to make at the office, and a man can only subsist on beans for dinner for so long, so when big shot animal trainer Archibald Maitland came by, positive that his ex-wife was trying to sabotage his career by murdering his most prized money maker, we couldn't say no. Which is how we ended up here, on the lot at Hammermeister Studios, audience to an unhinged tirade by one of this town's many misguided narcissists.

Archibald Maitland: A giraffe? She was THE giraffe! How dare you! You're no better than the cops, and their "forensics" and their "Stella showed no signs of blunt trauma" and their "Your ex-wife has lived in France for 3 years and has an airtight alibi," and their "please get out of the station, Mr. Maitland, or we'll have to arrest you!" Oh Stella, you've been besmirched by everyone. I'm so sorry!!

*[He breaks down.]*

Ford Phillips: She had a good life, Mr. Maitland. She even got that honorary Oscar for *Sufferin' Safari*. But she was 25. It was her time.

Fig Wineshine: You know what I always say - giraffes and starlets, you're cooked after your mid-twenties.

Ford Phillips: You do always say that, and it's pretty strange. Sorry for your loss, Mr. Maitland. That'll be a hundred bucks. Three days plus expenses.

*[Archibald, sniffing, flips through some bills.]*

Archibald Maitland: Here you go, you worthless pieces of scum. I hope your giraffes never go through what Stella did.

Fig Wineshine: Well I'd never let my giraffe wear what Stella wore to the Governors Ball, that's for sure.

Ford Phillips: The leopard print was quite gauche.

Archibald Maitland: Bah!! You two can go straight to hell!

*[He storms off.]*

Ford Phillips: Pal, we're already there.

Fig Wineshine: Is that gonna be the overarching metaphor of this audio drama? Hollywood is hell? Because I think that's a bit passe and on the nose.

Ford Phillips: You know what's on the nose? "Fig and Ford, Detectives to the Stars." We can't name our agency that, there's no mystery to it.

Fig Wineshine: You want a mystery? It's a beautiful December day in the desert, and you look like a sour pig in a blanket. What's with the trench coat? It's 75 degrees!

Ford Phillips: Movie studios are not exactly my favorite place. Not since.... The War.

Fig Wineshine: No, that would be the bottom of a whiskey glass. And -

Ford Phillips: Ssshh! Hide!

*[MUSIC in the distance. A BIG BAND.]*

Fig Wineshine: Is that what I think it is?

Ford Phillips: They're filming Ziegfeld Girls on the lot. Can't let Jimmy Stewart see me. We roomed together in our early 20s. He's a monster.

Fig Wineshine: Really? I've only heard good things. And don't forget, I was a gossip columni—Hey, look! It's Hedy Lamarr! I wonder if she'll sign my hat.

*[The SONG grows louder. A BIG BAND plays. We hear JIMMY STEWART chattering over the sounds of the trumpets.]*

Jimmy Stewart: Sorry, everyone! Seems I've uh, I've forgotten my line! I suppose we'll have to go back and do the tap number with the zebras again.

Robert Leonard: And that's a cut! Goddammit Jim! The line is 'GOLLY'! You can't remember 'GOLLY'???

Jimmy Stewart: Well, now, I'm trying just as uh, hard as I can!

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Behind the glitz, glamour, and breakaway sets of this counterfeit town, you'll find nothing but filth, deceit, and those who will sacrifice anything - and anyone - to get to the top.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): You know, you could just move if you hate it here so much.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Shoot, I thought I was doing a private voice-over.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Sure, but you're not a lone gumshoe anymore Ford, you've got me now! And I can hear all your internal monologues.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Even that one about-

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Yeah, that one too.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Damnit. Hey, look over there. Coming out of Mel Hammermeister's office.

Fig Wineshine: Is that Mo Beats?

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Officer Maurice "Mo" Beats. LAPD. A weaselly little backstabber with a moral compass always pointing towards his bank account.

*[Mo Beats has a smug grin on his face as he approaches Fig and Ford.]*

Fig Wineshine: What do you think he's doing with the head of the studio?

Ford Phillips: I don't know, but it can't be good.

Fig Wineshine: Well, maybe you could go ask her. Weren't you one of her -

Ford Phillips: I don't wanna talk about Mel Hammermeister.

*[Mo Beats approaches.]*

Mo Beats: Well well well, if it isn't the prides of the City of Angels themselves, Figgy Pudding and Ford...pudding.

Ford Phillips: You'll think of something one of these days, Mo.

Fig Wineshine: That's giving him a lot of credit.

Mo Beats: Pshhh. So, word on the street is the gumshoe business isn't really panning out for youse. Not surprising. You coming here to be extras in some kiddie picture? Oh sorry, I forgot, they already chewed you up and spit you out, Fordy-poo.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): He knew how to get under my skin. Of course, he was right. It was years ago when I was just a bright eyed, bushy tailed boy of 11 -

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Wait, are you doing a flashback?

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Yeah, why?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): We don't have time. Meter's almost up. Also, we have some special flashback music so people know when we're flashbacking.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Oh, I didn't realize that. Sorry, it's hard to get used to the audio format.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): I get it, you're very set in your ways.

Mo Beats: HEY! Why you guys just standing there not saying anything? You talking to each other in your heads or sumpin'?

Ford Phillips: Yeah, just figuring out some logistics.

Mo Beats: Youse private eyes and your internal monologues, I swear. You guys are buggier than the Carmel Car Show. Anyways, I gotta 23 skidoo. Me? I gots crimes ta solve.

*[He SNICKERS as he walks away.]*

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Later that night as I glanced over the stack of bills piling up in our office, I couldn't help but think back to the previous night. The night when *she* came bursting back into my life like a scarlet-haired tornado...

*[FLASHBACK MUSIC begins to play.]*

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): OK, now I'm flashing back to last night-

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): No, you don't need to SAY it's a flashback if we have the flashback music play.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): You know what, you wanna do this? Miss Flashback Expert?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Absofruitley. So there we were, last night, playing - and drinking - gin rummy, when:

*[SFX: Door OPENS.]*

Vivian Nightingale: Mr. Phillips, something terrible has happened!

*[Dramatic music!]*

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Really pickled my ham that she only addressed Ford. I was sitting right there.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Vivian Nightingale. Sultry lounge singer and wife of famed newspaper exec, Barnaby Nightingale. About a year ago, she was a prime suspect in a case involving Fig's friend, ingenue actress Wilhelmina Vanderjetski. Vivian was innocent in that case, but I had the feeling that wasn't a common occurrence.

Fig Wineshine: What's the skinny, red?

*[Vivian walks over to the desk and takes a seat.]*

Vivian Nightingale: Oh, why, thank you, it's a strict cigarettes and grapefruit diet. I'm Vivian Nightingale, pleased to meet you.

Fig Wineshine: Yeah, no, we've met - I meant what's the... never mind.

Vivian Nightingale: I'd like to hire you. I'm sure you've heard of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Fig & Ford: Nope./Does not ring a bell.

Vivian Nightingale: The writer?

Fig & Ford: Don't really have time to read anymore./Personally, I hate books.

Vivian Nightingale: The author of such American classics as *The Beautiful and the Damned* and *The Great Gatsby*?

Fig Wineshine: Maybe we just cut to the part where you explain who he is and what happened.

Vivian Nightingale: Fitzzy was a paramour of mine. A once vaunted author of prestige novels who had moved out to California to make a quick buck writing for the silver screen. He thought he was slumming it.

Ford Phillips: He wasn't wrong. He dead?

Vivian Nightingale: My my, Mr. Phillips, are you always so keen to skip the foreplay?

Ford Phillips: Only when there's money involved.

Fig Wineshine: Come on, guys!

Vivian Nightingale: Fitzzy died on the 20th of December. Heart attack. Or so they say.

Ford Phillips: And what do you say?

Vivian Nightingale: I say he was murdered.

*[Dramatic music sting!]*

Fig Wineshine: What makes you so sure?

Vivian Nightingale: Fitzzy had lots of enemies. My husband, Barnaby, chief among them.

Fig Wineshine: This Barnaby, he aware that you're cheating?

Vivian Nightingale: Oh now, I wouldn't call it cheating. It's more of a game really. A game where I cheat on him and he won't divorce me.

Ford Phillips: Look Mrs. Nightingale -

Vivian Nightingale: It's Miss.

Ford Phillips: But you're married and you took your husband's last name.

Vivian Nightingale: Yes.

Ford Phillips: I see. Miss Nightingale, if the cops and coroner did their jobs and decided Fitzgerald died of a heart attack, we need more to go on than a hunch.

Vivian Nightingale: Fitzzy was also working on something big. Something that was going to tear this whole town apart.

Fig Wineshine: A kaiju near the San Andreas fault?

Vivian Nightingale: Joke all you want.

Fig Wineshine: I was being serious. I'm always serious about kaijus.

Vivian Nightingale: Fitzzy was a gifted observer of the ways power and lust and greed corrupt. And he had turned his eye on the most powerful and lustful in the greediest, most corrupt town in the world. His book, *The Great Gatsby*, was about the seedy underbelly of the American Dream and the illusion of money and social status. He was writing a sequel based on his time in Hollywood, basing his characters on the real life stars and moguls he worked with, using their scandals and most hidden desires as fodder to explore the human condition. It was called... *The Greater Gatsby*.

Fig Wineshine: Wow. That's a pretty good title.

Ford Phillips: It's certainly evocative. So this Gatsby character, what? Moves to Los Angeles and becomes an actor or-

Vivian Nightingale: No, Gatsby dies at the end of the first book.

Fig & Ford: For Pete's sake, that's just a clear spoiler!/Oh come on, maybe I was gonna read it!

Vivian Nightingale: The story is told through the eyes of his old friend, Nick Carraway, who would move to Los Angeles and become a screenwriter. Fitzzy couldn't get his publisher interested in a sequel to the book, so he figured he'd write it as a movie. He knew everyone's secrets, and this manuscript exposed them all.

Fig Wineshine: Sounds like a touch of plagiarism.

Ford Phillips: Yeah well, that's Hollywood for you.

Vivian Nightingale: His wife Zelda would say the same thing. Apparently he used parts of her letters and journals word for word.

Ford Phillips: Ok, so he's not a stranger to this sort of thing. Who has the manuscript now?

Vivian Nightingale: Mmm, now you're asking the right questions.

Ford Phillips: Wow, well, thanks.



Vivian Nightingale: That's the thing. No one knows where the manuscript is.

Fig Wineshine: Sounds like someone didn't want their well kept secrets being plastered all over every movie screen in America.

Ford Phillips: So you got a down on his luck screenwriter making enemies all over town, threatening to reveal their secrets. He dies and the script with all the secrets is stolen. And someone is covering it up.

Fig Wineshine: So someone wanted to protect their secrets.

Ford Phillips: Or use someone else's as leverage.

Vivian Nightingale: Fitzzy was working for Mel Hammermeister at the studio. She's one of the most powerful people in Hollywood.

Ford Phillips: Mel Hammermeister. My old boss. Had me doing drills from morning til dark during... The War.

Fig Wineshine: And by drills you mean?

Ford Phillips: Vocal drills, mostly. "Why oh why oh why oh, did I ever leave Ohio."

Fig Wineshine: There it is. Well she's definitely the sort that could pay off whoever she needed. And Scotty had a wife, you said? Zelda? Suspects are piling up already.

Vivian Nightingale: So. Will you take the case?

Fig Wineshine: Me, personally? I'd love to de- cover up the murder of an innocent person and bring the real perpetrators to justice. Just a little fact about me. But my compadre in crime here has a real bugaboo for cases with anything Hollywood centric and/or adjacent.

Ford Phillips: If it's about Hollywood, I'm about as far away as I can get from it. You've got a compelling argument, and gams that should be insured by Met Life, but I just can't do it.

Vivian Nightingale: Are you sure, Mr Phillips? Is there ...*[a little sexy sax tune plays]* anything I can do to change your mind?

*[Ford gulps.]*

Ford Phillips: Sorry Miss Nightingale, but I wouldn't take it unless the sky was falling.

*[SFX: PART OF THE CEILING CAVES IN.]*

Ford Phillips: That was a ceiling tile, not the sky. Still not taking the case. We really need a new office. Write that down, Fig.

Fig Wineshine: It's the only thing on our To-Do list.

Vivian Nightingale: Color me disappointed, Ford Phillips. Let me know if you change your mind. This case could be good for you. Really put you on the map.

*[FLASHBACK music outro...]*

Ford Phillips: Flashback over.

Fig Wineshine: We know! There was flashback music.

Ford Phillips: Just making sure. Things can get confusing in audio format.

Fig Wineshine: Ah, Charlie Chaplin's leather chaps, all this flashbacking has made us late for our meeting with Wilhelmina at Bixby's, come on.

Ford Phillips: Yeah yeah, I'm coming.

Fig Wineshine: Wilhelmina Vanderjetski is a childhood friend of mine and one of the biggest starlets in Hollywood. We helped her out of a jam last year in a case of a blackmail scheme that turned out to be run by her own husband, studio exec Roger Haircremé. Since then, Willie's been a little on edge, especially now that Roger's been sent to the slammer for a separate incident. We have a standing meeting at Bixby's Lounge once a week to make sure everything's copacetic.

Ford Phillips: None of that was voice over.

Fig Wineshine: Darnit, really? That was all out loud?

Ford Phillips: Yeah, heard every word. Danny Saxman from next door probably did too.

Danny Saxman (*from next door*): Oh yeah, heard it all, neighbor!

Fig Wineshine: It's so hard to tell!

Ford Phillips: See? It's confusing.

*[Fig and Ford enter Bixby's Lounge to the sounds of jazz piano and clinking glasses.]*

Bixby Crane: Well, well, well! If it isn't Fig Wineshine and Ford Phillips! My two favorite detectives.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Bixby Crane. Purveyor of quality cocktails to the stars and one of the last good men left on the West Coast. Bixby's Lounge is my favorite watering hole and a beloved performance space for Hollywood's up-and-coming talent. Vivian Nightingale is among his roster of lounge singers.

Bixby Crane: The usuals?

Ford Phillips: Make it three fingers this time, Bixby. And I do mean of whiskey.

*[As Bixby POURS...]*

Bixby Crane: Long day?

Ford Phillips: Long life.

Fig Wineshine: And I'll have a Mary Pickford. Extra cherries. Cookie on the rim.

Bixby Crane: A girl after my own heart.

*[A cocktail shaker rattles as the door opens and WILHELMINA VANDERJETSKI calls out.]*

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Fig! Ford!

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Wilhelmina Vanderjetski, real name: Lily Thomas. With a hard TH. As joyful as she is clueless, she married one of the most powerful producers in Hollywood and took off to fame and fortune. Her career was unaffected by the bad business with her husband last year - she's starred in 2 hit movies since then and is currently leading up an all star cast in a long-in-development and very... interesting interpretation of the recent novel *The Grapes of Wrath*.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: I knew I'd find you both here! I mean, since Ford is an alcoholic.

Ford Phillips: While that's not untrue, you do realize that we also have an appointment.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: If you say so! You'll be happy to hear that the first week of shooting on my new film, the Prohibition-era tap-dancing Western adaptation of *The Grapes of Wrath*, has been going swimmingly despite all the hiccups in pre-production! The top banana Mel Hammermeister even told the director to give me more dance solos!

Bixby Crane: You mean to tell me your boss is a banana?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Bixby! Would you pour a gal from Minnesota a Lily Thomas special?

Bixby Crane: A cold glass of half-and-half garnished with a spritz of heavy cream?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: That's the ticket!

Ford Phillips: How many tap dancing numbers does an adaption of *The Grapes of Wrath* need?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: According to my fearless director Whitley Trufflehaus, at least seven or the Academy won't consider it for a Best Tap Dancing Oscar.

Fig Wineshine: I'm really chuffed that it's going well, Willy. I remember when we were in school dreaming about our futures in Los Angeles. It all seemed so far away and yet, here we are. You remember how we were both in that philosophy class with that professor? ...

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): It was while Fig and Willy were reminiscing about their freezing midwestern days that I noticed something strange at Bixby's. A group of mismatched patrons, eyes furtively darting around. Bixby had left us to go usher them into the back. One of them looked familiar; another looked far too young to be drinking. When Bixby returned to the bar, I engaged him in a little Q&A.

Ford Phillips: Hey, who were those folks who just crept into the back? I thought I recognized one of them.

Bixby Crane: Oh, uh, just some folks who host a book club in the back room sometimes. Got the space, might as well use it! Excuse me!

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): He excused himself to help another customer but didn't realize I could still see him as he just stood on the other side of the bar, staring at the wall. He's about as good a liar as I am a dressage jockey: mediocre at best and should have given it up a lot sooner than I did. Something was up at Bixby's.

*[Fig is still talking about her and Willie's dreams.]*

Fig Wineshine: ...And then you'll bring me as your plus one, and I'd ride in on an elephant to your first premiere with an entourage of meerkats all dressed in little capes.

Ford Phillips: What? Nevermind. I don't want to know.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: I really thought that after the world found out about my stage name they'd abandon me. I'd become another Hollywood star doomed to security.

Fig Wineshine: You mean obscurity?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: No no! My friend Glenn has had some trouble getting auditions lately. Probably cuz *\*whispers\** he's Canadian. He had to take a job in security at a department store. Anyways! I was so scared that the public would turn on me but they haven't! In fact, I've started receiving fan mail again! Look, I brought some!

*[Willy takes out a stack of fan mail and DUMPS it on the bar.]*

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: This one says, "Dear Mrs. Vanderjetski, I love that you didn't take your husband's name. You're an inspiration to women everywhere!"

Fig Wineshine: Let me see one. Oooh! This one says "Your face lights up the silver screen." Also, they request a lock of your hair and one eyelash. Ew.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: And this one says, "Dear Wilhelmina Vanderjetski. We're always watching. Waiting. We will strike when you least expect it. No one can save you. Get out of town before it's too late." Isn't that sweet?

Fig Wineshine: Sweet? What part of that is sweet?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Well, they said they're 'always watching,' *my movies*, and they're 'waiting' for my *next film*! Sometimes you have to read between the lines.

Ford Phillips: And sometimes the lines do the work for you. What about the part where it says 'no one can save you, get out of town before it's too late?'

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: They're just joking! A little banter between friends!

Fig Wineshine: What about the part where all these letters and words were cut from newspapers and magazines? Willy, this this is a death threat!

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: What! No! I can't believe it! Who would send a starlet threatening notes?

Fig Wineshine: Other than your husband?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Yes, other than him!

Fig Wineshine: I dunno, but this isn't good. This is yuckier than a yogurt left in a Yucatan yurt. More nefarious than a cup of decaf coffee. More suspicious than a conscientious Bostonian driver.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: What am I to do? With Roger in jail, I'm all alone at the estate with no one at all but our staff of eighteen and my four corgis and aviary of synchronized dancing doves.

Fig Wineshine: You need someone watching over you. A bodyguard.

Ford Phillips: Don't look at me. I've spent my whole life trying to get away from the studios.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Fig, please, will you? I can pay you whatever you need!

Fig Wineshine: I'd never accept money from my gal.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Well, how about I lease you all a brand new office? When I went to find you there, the door had been taken off its hinges. It's not a great neighborhood. Hardly any pressed juice bars.

Ford Phillips: Dagnabit, the Hinge Highwaymen of Highland Park don't usually case joints downtown.

Fig Wineshine: I've heard those door thieves have expanded their venture. They've got ne'er-do-wells nestled up in every neighborhood of SoCal by now. No door is safe.

Ford Phillips: We'll take the deal, Wilhemina. Fig will act as your bodyguard, we get a new office. Somewhere nice like Los Feliz or Pasadena.

Fig Wineshine: Pasadena's too far.

Ford Phillips: Too far from what?

Fig Wineshine: The stuff. You know. The stuff.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: It will be so swell to have you there, Fig! People sure are bent outta shape over the passing of Mr. Fitzgerald. It's been so gloomy lately. Cliff's been off his game. His chasse-rock-step hasn't had nearly as much pep in it. Having you around will certainly brighten the place up.

Fig Wineshine: It will be good to be on the lot, I can do some digging. Find out what people really thought of F. Scott.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Holy canoli, does that mean you think he was murdered?

Ford Phillips: We don't think anything. We aren't taking that case!

*[footsteps as Bixby approaches]*

Bixby Crane: Vivian mentioned she was coming to you with information about Mr. Fitzgerald. Nice fellow. He would come in for his uh... book club. He could pack down drinks like I'd never

seen. Real sad - seemed disillusioned with the whole Hollywood scene. Told me he found it phony and off-putting and wanted to find a way out. Poor guy. Looks like he never did.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): A man who found himself embroiled in the toxic sham of Los Angeles? Home to the tar pits of society? And actual Tar Pits that are honestly pretty interesting. The man could have escaped. Gone back to writing novels somewhere where the air wasn't thick with smog. Where the people you smile at on the street aren't praying for your failure. And from what it sounds like... he wanted to expose the Hollywood hoax to the world. I think I know someone who could relate...

Fig Wineshine: Is it you Ford? Could you relate?

Ford Phillips: We really have to figure out this voice over thing.

Fig Wineshine: Are you saying you want to take Vivian's case? She's on in five! I'd love nothing more than to tell her the good news. Especially if it will make her stop singing.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: I think she has a lovely voice! I told the casting directors to give her my part in *The Grapes of Wrath*, but they said no!

Ford Phillips: If we do this, I need to go to the morgue first and see the body to make sure we aren't wasting our time.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: How fun! My father worked at the local morgue back in Sweet Lake Falls. It was so inspiring to watch him do his thing with a scalpel! There was that one time I was playing hide and seek with myself and he locked me in one of the cold lockers overnight. That was less fun. My mom says I never recovered. But I think I'm doing just fine, thank you! Hey Bixby, make my next one a double.

Fig Wineshine: Just drinking straight cream, huh?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: For the protein!

Fig Wineshine: All right. Then it's settled. I'll play bodyguard, and get the scoop on our sibylline screenwriter over at the studio. Ford, you make an appointment at the morgue, and let's find out with certainty that our boy Fitzzy was murdered. If he was, I think our main suspect just walked in.

*[A drumroll as the Emcee steps up to the mic]*

Emcee: Ladies and gentlemen, the songbird of Sunset, the temptress of Tinsel Town, the redhead of Redondo Beach, which is where her dad moved after her parent's divorce... Miss Vivian Nightingale!

*[Audience applause]*

Fig Wineshine: Sorry, but I don't have the bandwidth for a song right now. Can we just go straight to the credits?

*[The Case of the Greater Gatsby closing credits theme plays]*

Sean Persaud: Shipwrecked Comedy Presents The Case of the Greater Gatsby

Written and created by Sean Persaud and Sinead Persaud

Directed by William Joseph Stribling

Featuring:

Sean Persaud as Ford Phillips and Jimmy Stewart

Sinead Persaud as Fig Wineshine

Tim de la Motte as Archibald Maitland

Tom DeTrinis as Robert Leonard

Matthew Mercer as Mo Beats

Mary Kate Wiles as Vivian Nightingale

Joey Richter as Danny Saxman

Dante Swain as Bixby Crane

Sarah Grace Hart as Wilhelmina Vanderjetski

And Christopher Higgins as the Emcee

Original music by Dylan Glatthorn

Additional music by Kevin Luce

Audio recording by Ears Up Studio and Noah Hunt Audio

Mixing and Sound Design by Lizzie Goldsmith

Executive Producers Paul Komoroski & Michael Walsh

Produced by Sean Persaud, Sinead Persaud, and Mary Kate Wiles

Special thanks to Kickstarter backers Katie Adamczyk, Ally Brown, Zainab Khan, Shao Chih Kuo, Jane Leach, Avalee Long, Lisel Perrine, Halsea Root, The Rude Mechanicals, Heather Tennant, and Justin Waterman.

Please rate and review the show wherever you listen.

Visit Shipwrecked Comedy on YouTube to view the prequel film for this series, The Case of the Gilded Lily, or many of our other projects, like our modern adaptation of Washington Irving's The



Legend of Sleepy Hollow, Headless: A Sleepy Hollow Story. Join Shipwrecked Comedy on Patreon to get early access to Greater Gatsby episodes and exclusive behind the scenes content.

*[Music fades out. End of episode.]*